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THE
MONTHLY REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1830.

Art. I.—*The Cabinet Cyclopædia.* Conducted by the Rev. Dionysius Lardner, L.L.D., F.R.S., L. and E., and assisted by eminent Literary and Scientific Gentlemen. *History.—Scotland.* By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. vol. i. pp. 352, foolscap 8vo. London: Longman and Co., and J. Taylor. 1830.

We feel not a little sorry and disappointed, that we cannot congratulate Dr. Lardner on the *debût* of his "Cyclopædia," emblazoned though it be, with the name of so distinguished an author as Sir Walter Scott. Looking, however, merely at the size and appearance of the volume, as a specimen of the work in general, it must at once be pronounced well calculated to compete with other popular publications of a similar kind; and this alone cannot fail to obtain it a wide circulation.

But we turn for a moment to Dr. Lardner's plan, as it is sketched in the prospectus. It sounds, we confess, very imposing to hear this 'Cyclopædia' described as 'forming in itself a *complete library*, affording an extensive and infinitely varied store of instruction and amusement, presenting just so much on every subject as those not professionally engaged in it require—convenient in size, attractive in form, elegant in illustrations, and most moderate in expense." (*Prospectus, page* 4). "That this end may be attained," we are farther told, "it will be necessary, as far as possible, to divest science of its technicalities; to abandon its conventional language; to dispense with those great aids to expression derived from peculiar forms of notation; and to unfold its truths in the colloquial phraseology of ordinary life. To do all this without sacrificing that soundness of reasoning, and those fine generalizations which constitute the spirit of true science, and alone distinguish it from knowledge merely practical, is *possible only for those who are conversant with its most profound details.*

Impressed with this conviction, the conductor has thought it advisable to solicit the aid of some of the highest characters in the scientific world." (Page 7). But he could not in our humble opinion have committed a more palpable mistake. He ought rather to have solicited those whose scientific writings have acquired deserved popularity, such as Dr. Arnott, Mr. Charles Bell, Mr. J. L. Knapp (author of the Journal of a Naturalist), Mrs. Marcet, &c.; but in his list of names we do not find one of this description in the scientific department, though the greater number are distinguished for the abstruseness and profundity of their published works—qualities the very opposite of those required. It is indeed exceedingly rare to meet with a man of science who has a talent for exhibiting his knowledge in a popular and attractive form; and for this reason, amongst others, that he is not aware, and does not feel, that the technical forms of expression so familiar to himself are totally unintelligible to others,—while his mind is, for the most part, too stiff and unwieldy to trip it amongst the lighter and more amusing departments of knowledge. We happen to know, however, that several of the scientific gentlemen, whose names do honour to Dr. Lardner's prospectus, self-flatteringly conceive themselves well fitted for the task of popularizing science. When any of them succeeds in this, however, it will be time enough to triumph: till then they must remain contented with the fame which they have already most deservedly acquired for their purely scientific productions. If they succeed in illuminating the pages of the 'Cyclopædia,' we shall be amongst the first to hail the dawn of their fame in so praise-worthy an undertaking.

Our readers we foresee will be no less surprised than we were, to find Sir Walter's History of Scotland precisely of the character which we have anticipated from the prospectus of the whole 'Cyclopædia.'

The history before us, in a word, is dry, meagre, and lifeless—a mere scaffolding of chronological notices without the filling up, like those sapient productions yclept skeleton sermons, which some young divines task themselves to be-patch with pulpit paragraphs. Sir Walter, we perceive, is fully aware of this, and partly acknowledges the influence of the deadening spell of the abridger under which he composed it, when he talks of it as a 'graver publication,' and of 'the necessity of rejecting many details which engage the attention and fascinate the imagination.' But this, it cannot fail to be remarked, is in direct opposition to the prospectus itself, which expressly promises the "excluding of dry details," and the introduction of "tales which have been hallowed by antiquity, or perpetuated by the fascination of poetry." As this was the very province where Sir Walter could have shone unrivalled, it certainly was preposterously bad policy to set him the task of compiling a couple of arid volumes of chronological annals—for which, with all deference, we deem him peculiarly unfit, from his great want of accuracy, of which we gave a very striking example in our Review of his "Tales of a Grandfather,"* and to which we could add several from the volume before us. We shall only for the present advert to one or two singular misstatements.

'The most numerous people in Scotland,' says Sir Walter, 'seem to have been the Picts. The successes of the Saxons had, indeed, driven them, as a nation, from Lothian, and their possession of Galwegia (Galloway and part of Ayrshire), was only partial. But they possessed Fife and Angus, Stirling, and Pertshire; more north of this they held all the north-eastern counties. Wrad, the last of the Pictish monarchs, died at Forteviot, in 842, fighting in defence of his capital and kingdom, and the Pictish people were subdued. Tradition and ancient history combine in representing Kenneth, when victorious, as extirpating the whole race of Picts, which we must consider as an exaggeration. More modern authors, hocked at the improbability of such an incident, have softened it down, y supposing, that on the death of Wrad, Kenneth occupied the Pictish hrone by inheritance, as lawful heir in right of his grandmother Urgadria. But it is a great bar to this modified opinion, that from the time of Kenneth Macalpine's victory over Wrad, no more is spoken in Scottish history, of the Pictish people or the Pictish crown.'—p. 12.

It is singularly unfortunate, however, that Sir Walter himself, n this very volume, a few pages onwards, affords the means of ontradicting his decision respecting the disappearance of the icts. In speaking of the army of David I., no less than three undred years after the era of Wrad and Kenneth, he quotes a onkish chronicle, as saying "That accursed army consisted of ormans, Germans, and English, of Cambrian Britons, of Northumbrians, of men of Teviotdale and Lothian, of Picts, commonly alled men of Galloway, and of Scots." (p. 27). Sir Robert Sibald, also, distinctly proves that the Picts were recognised as a eople even so late as the time of William the Conqueror. Sir obert quotes the following passage from Ingulphus. "After the eath of the renowned King Edward, Athelstane, his son, suceeded. Against him Anlapp, son of Sitric, formerly King of orthumberland, rebelled, and carried on a cruel war. Having ntered into a confederacy with Constantine, King of the Scots, nd Owen, King of Cumberland, and many other barbarous chiefs, e fought the King of England. The army which Anlaff drew gether consisted of a vast multitude of Danes and Norwegians, cots and Picts, &c." And in another place, Ingulphus says "He ad passed the troops of the Orkney men and the *Picts*.† And is certain there were some of them, under the name of Picts, in

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* Monthly Review for March, 1829, p. 338.

† "The number of this army was very great. It was conveyed to the umber in 615 ships."

England, in the time of William the Conqueror, as appeareth from a statue of his we shall give you, which the learned seldom furnisheth to us, from an imperfect copy of Hoveden, the English historian, and from William Lambard's *Codex de Priscis Anglorum Legibus*, wherein he says, 'There are published several of the ancient laws of England, which, however, do not everywhere agree with the copy I use.' He judgeth it fit to exhibit it in his notes and *Specilegium ad Eadmerum*, page 189, thus—'William, by the grace of God, King of England, and Duke of the Normans, to all his subjects of France and England greeting—Law. li. Of Religion and the public Peace:—We ordain, in the first place and above all, that one God be worshipped through all our kingdom, and that the faith of Jesus Christ be kept inviolate, that there be peace, security, concord, and justice, betwixt the English and Normans, the Franks and Britons of Wales and Cornwall, the *Picts* and Scots of Albany, &c.' William obtained the crown of England in 1066. This statute, therefore, if correctly edited, points out the existence of the Picts as a separate people towards the end of the 11th century."—*Sibbald's Account of Fife and Kinross.*

Sir Walter, therefore, has evidently drawn a hasty and inaccurate conclusion in the passage which we have above quoted. His account of the Picts, as a people, abounds with similar inaccuracies. He tells us, for example, that the Picts 'were Celts by origin,' but 'mingled with settlers from the north, of Gothic name, descent, and language.' (p. 7.) And again, that the Pictish language 'was probably Celtic, with a strong tinge of Gothic.' (p. 12.) Those who know any thing of the character of the Celts, as a people, must at once perceive that this is erroneous; for they have in all ages, as they now remain, been peculiarly averse to mingle with strangers, and their language is so radically different from the Gothic dialects, that any amalgamation, or 'tinge,' as Sir Walter has it, is out of the question. We would ask him whether there is now the slightest 'tinge' of Saxon in the dialect of the Celtic tribes in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, whose intercourse is almost daily with the Saxon part of our population? This intercourse, also, we may fairly conclude is much more intimate and close in the case of our modern Celts, than it could be from his supposed mingling of Gothic settlers; yet Sir Walter knows well that, except in a very few words, forced into the Cambro-British and Erse dialects, by the introduction of modern inventions among them, their language has not derived the slightest tinge from our vernacular Saxon, no more than *it* has done from the Celtic.

More than this, we are prepared to bring forward unquestionable proof that the Celtic language was not understood by the Picts so far back as the year 565, or soon after. In that year, St. Columba, who was indisputably a Celt, arrived from Ireland, as an Apostle of Christianity, and it is from a life of him, written in

679, by Adomnan, of Iona, one of his successors, that we extract the following remarkable passage:—"Illo in tempore quo S. Columba in Pictorum provincia per aliquot demorabitur dies, quidam cum tota plebeius familia verbum vitore, *per interpretorem*, sancto predicante viro, audiens credidit."—(*Adomn. vit. Columb.* ii. 12.)—This, to our apprehension, is quite conclusive, particularly as it comes from the pen of a Celtic ecclesiastic of no mean talent, who actually lived amongst the Picts nearly two hundred years before their supposed extinction.

And here the remark is forcibly pressed upon our notice, that Sir Walter seems to attach so little importance to the introduction of Christianity and the labours of the early missionaries, though this was one of the most extraordinary events of the period, and produced consequences worthy of being recorded in a much more prominent manner, than the very general terms which he has seen fit to employ. We are strongly tempted to introduce here, a brief sketch of what he has so strangely omitted, drawn up from Adomnan and other authentic sources, but the limits of a short paper forbids us to indulge our wish. We shall, therefore, turn to the character of the style of narration which Sir Walter has so unfortunately adopted. The Prospectus, as we have seen, leads us to hope that popular legends, marked as such when they cannot be authenticated, will not be excluded; but Sir Walter does not seem to have been so instructed; he has at all events most rigidly excluded them. The following paragraph contains his account of the battle of Loncarty.

> 'Kenneth III., son of Malcolm I., succeeded to the Scottish throne. He subjected to his sway the Britons of Strath-Clyde, and thus added materially to the strength of his kingdom. It appears, however, that Strath-Clyde was governed by separate though tributary princes for some time after it was joined to the realm of Scotland. In the reign of this prince the Danes entered the firth of Tay with a large fleet. They were met by the Scottish king, and a decisive battle took place at Loncarty. The Danes fought with their accustomed fury, and compelled the two Scottish wings to retire behind the centre, which, commanded by Kenneth in person, stood firm and decided the fate of the day. Monumental stones, barrows filled with the reliques and arms of those who fell, attest the truth of this battle, remembered yet for the obstinacy with which it was fought, notwithstanding which some historians have affected incredulity on the subject.'—pp. 14, 15.

We have always considered the common account of this battle, as exhibiting one of the finest anecdotes of patriotic bravery to be found in the annals of any nation; and Sir Walter ought, at least, to have assigned some authority for his statement, which, as it stands, is no better supported than that of Buchanan, and, as a narrative, it is miserably tame in comparison, as our readers may perceive: "Cum Dani," says Buchanan, "in colle adverso consisterent, neque ad eos facilis esset, sine ingenti periculo accessus,

sagitarii et jaculatores eò missi cum descendere coëgissent, ad radices collis acerrima pugna conseritur. Postquam incerta victoria diu multa cum cæde pugnatum est, Danorum duces per totam aciem dant tesseram, nemini in castra, nisi victoria, reditum sperandum. Ad eam vocem renovato clamore, tanto impetu sunt invecti, ut medium Scotorum aciem cornibus utrinque nudarent, fugientesque acriter sequerentur. Fuisset profectò illa dies longè Scotis funestissima, nisi velut divinitus, per unum hominem, in re propè desperata, fuisset oblatum auxilium. Colebat portè agrum propinquum, per quem plurimi fugiebant, homo plebeius, cognomento Haius [*Hay*] cum duobus unà filiis, qui cum corporis animique viribus magnis essent, nec minore in patriam caritate, pater jugo filii, quod cuique in promptu fuit, pro armis accepto, ubi densissimum fugientium agmen conspexerunt, obviam loco augusto profecti, primum convitiis, deinde minis fugientes sistere conantur. His ubi nihil proficiunt, proximos feriunt, se quoque vociferantes, adversus fugientes, Danos futuros. Ad hæc timidiores consistunt: fortiores, qui nón tam metu quam turba suorum abrepti, terga verterant, ad eos se aggregant, clamantes, auxilium adesse. Ita totum agmen in hostem convertunt et Danos non minus trepida, quàm ipsi venerant, fuga retro ad suos compellunt. hanc Danorum trepidationem agasones, et imbellis agrestium turba, sublato clamore, speciem novi exercitus præbuere. Ea res tantum animi Scotis et formidinis Danis attulit, ut alteros, de salute desperantes, erexerit, alteris prosperata victoria certam calamitatem attulerit. Hæc est illa victoria, ad Loncartem [*Loncarty*] vicum parta, illo et aliquot proximis diebus, summa lætitia ad posteros perpetua fama celebrata. Cum spolia victores dividerent, Haius in omnium ore erat. Multi homines honesti testificabantur se vidisse, quacumque ille cum liberis impressionem fecisset, ibi nostrorum ordines restitutos, et hostilem aciem, velut ruina impulsam. Omnes denique uno ore prædam, victoriam, famam, salutem se eis debere fatebantur. Haius ad regem perductus, modesté de se locutus, splendidus vestes sibi et filiis oblatas, ut conspectiores Bertham [*Perth*] ingrederentur, renuit: ac tantum, absterso pulvere, quotidiano amiculo indutus, jugumque quo erat in prælio usus ferens, multis a rege anteire, ac satis magno intervallo sequi jussis, multis ad novi generis spectaculum accurentibus, urbem ingreditur, omniumque ora et oculos in se unum convertit: ac solus prope omnem illius diei celebritatem tulit. Post Danorum discessum, otio præter spem tam citò parto, in conventu procerum, qui ad Sconam [*Scoone*] post paucos dies est habitus, nihil prius quam de Haii filiorumque ejus honoribus et præmiis est actum. Ager eis datus, unus totius Scotiæ fertilissimus, quem ad huc eorum posteri tenent: nunc in multas opulentas familias propagati: ipsi è plebe in ordinem nobilium relati. Insignia ferenda, uti mos est nobilitati, data scutum argenteum, in cujus solo tria scuta rubricata insunt. Quæ, insignia (opinor) in-

dicant salutem publicam trium hominum singulari in prælio virtute fuisse defensam."—(*Buchan. Rer. Scot. Hist.*, p. 194, *edit. Francofurti*, 1594.)

Sir Walter tells us, that 'William derived his cognomen of the "lion" from his being the first who adopted that animal as the armorial bearing of Scotland' (p. 42.); but, as usual, he gives us no authority. We are, therefore, left to decide between his statement in its present unauthorized form, and that of old Hector Boëtius: "Aganis quhome [the Pichtis] went Fergus [An. Dom. 503] with ancient armis displeyit in forme of banner. In quhilk wes ane reid [red] lyoun rampand in ane feild of gold with thunder and steir awfully dyngand [driving] his bak as is the guise of the gentyll [noble] lyoun guhen he enforceth him to wrayth."—(*Bellenden's Boëtius, fol.* vii. *edit. Black Letter, supposed*, 1541.)

Having thus briefly exhibited the improvements (as we supposed they will be called) which Sir Walter has made upon our older writers, we shall next see in what he differs from those of more recent times. The following is his account of the coronation and marriage of Alexander III.

> 'No sooner was Alexander II. deceased than Henry applied to the pope, praying him to interdict the solemn coronation of Alexander III. till he, as feudal superior of Scotland, should give consent. The Scottish nobility heard of this interference, and resolved to hasten the ceremony. Some difficulty occurred whether the crown could be placed on the head of one not yet dubbed knight, so essential was the rank of chivalry then considered even to the dignity of royalty. It was suggested by Comyn, earl of Monteith, that the bishop of St. Andrew's should knight the king as well as crown him; and the proposal was agreed to. The boy was made to take the coronation oaths in Latin and in Norman-French: this was a Gothic part of the ceremony. That the Scottish or Celtic forms might also be complied with, a Highland bard, dressed in a scarlet robe, venerable for his hoary beard and locks, kneeled before the young king, while seated on the fated stone, and, as at the coronation of Malcolm IV., recited the royal genealogy in a set of names that must have sounded like an invocation of the fiends.
>
> 'The young king was, shortly after his coronation, married to the English princess Margaret, daughter of Henry III.'—p. 45.

The following narrative of the same events by Mr. Tytler, strongly shows, we think, the inferiority of Sir Walter's, and might have given him pause before he ventured to compete with a volume published so recently as last year:

"The mode in which the ceremony of his coronation was performed, is strikingly illustrative of the manners of that age. The Bishops of St. Andrews and Dunkeld, with the Abbot of Scone, attended to officiate; but an unexpected difficulty arose. Alan Durward, the great justiciary, remarked, that the king ought not to be crowned before he was knighted, and that the day fixed for the ceremony was unlucky. Durward was then at the head of the Scottish chivalry, and expected that the honour of knighting Alexander would fall upon himself. But Comyn, Earl of Monteith, who loved the boy for his father's sake, insisted that there were frequent examples of the consecration of kings before they had worn the spurs of a knight; he represented that the Bishop of St. Andrew's might perform both ceremonies; he cited the instance of William Rufus having been knighted by Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury; and he earnestly urged the danger of delay. Nor was this danger ideal. Henry the Third, in a letter to the Pope, had artfully represented Scotland as a fee of England, and had requested his Holiness to interdict the ceremony of the coronation from taking place until Alexander obtained the permission of his feudal superior.

"Fortunately, the patriotic arguments of the Earl of Monteith prevailed. The Bishop of St. Andrews girded the king with the belt of knighthood, and explained to him the respective oaths which were to be taken by himself and his subjects, first in Latin, and afterwards in Norman French. They then conducted the boy to the regal chair, or sacred stone of Scone, which stood before the cross, in the eastern division of the chapel. Upon this he sat—the crown was placed on his head, the sceptre in his hand; he was invested with the royal mantle, and the nobility, kneeling in homage, threw their robes beneath his feet. A Highland sennachy, or bard, of great age, and with hair venerably white, then advanced from the crowd, and, bending his wild form, which was clothed in a scarlet robe, before the throne, repeated, in his native tongue, the genealogy of the youthful monarch, deducing his descent from the fabulous Gathelus. It is difficult to believe, that, even in those days of credulity, the nobility could digest the absurdities of this savage genealogist.

"Henry of England, at this time influenced by the devotional spirit of the age, had resolved on an expedition to the Holy Land; and in order to secure tranquillity to his dominions on the side of Scotland, the marriage, formerly agreed on, between his daughter Margaret and the young Scottish king, was solemnized at York, on Christmas day, with every circumstance of feudal splendour and dignity. The guests at this bridal were the King and Queen of England, Mary de Couci, Queen Dowager of Scotland, who had come from France, with a train worthy of her high rank; the nobility, and the dignified clergy of both countries, and in their suite a numerous assemblage of armed vassals. A thousand knights, in robes of silk, attended the bride, on the morn of their nuptials; and after some days spent in tournaments, feasting, and other circumstances of feudal revelry, the youthful couple, neither of whom had reached their eleventh year, returned to Scotland. 'Were I,' says Mathew Paris, in one of those bursts of monastic eloquence, which diversify his annals, 'to explain at length the abundance of the feasts, the variety and the frequent changes of the vestments, the delight of the plaudits occasioned by the jugglers, and the multitude of those who sat down to meat, my narrative would become hyperbolical, and might produce irony in the hearts of the absent. I shall only mention that the Archbishop, who, as the great Prince of the North, showed himself a most serene host to all comers, made a donation of six hundred oxen, which were all spent upon the first course; and from this circumstance, I leave you to form a parallel judgment of the rest.' "—*Tytler's History of Scotland.*—vol. i.

In the legends where Sir Walter is most at home, the same lopping away of the incidents, and squaring them to his injudicious plan, will, to a certainty, prevent any body from reading the volume who can procure his "Tales of a Grandfather." We may exemplify this by quoting his abridged account of the incident upon which he formed his tale of the Fair Maid of Perth :—

'Ere yet the monarch was crowned, the Earl of Buchan, Robert's own brother, in some personal quarrel with the Bishop of Murray, assembled a tumultuary army of Highlanders, and burned the stately cathedral of Elgin, without incurring punishment, or even censure, from his feeble-minded sovereign, for an act which combined rebellion and sacrilege.

'Two years afterwards, three chieftains of the clan Donnochy (in lowland speech called Robertsons), instigated or commanded by Duncan Stuart, a natural son of the turbulent Earl of Buchan, came down to ravage the fertile country of Angus. The Grays, Lindsays, and Ogilvies marched against them with their followers. A skirmish was fiercely and wildly fought at Glascune in Stormont. An idea of the highland ferocity may be conceived from one incident. Sir Patrick Lindsay, armed at all points, and well mounted, charged in full career a chief of the Catherans, and pinned him to the earth with his lance. But the savage mountaineer, collecting his strength into a dying effort, thrust himself on the lance, and swayed his two-handed sword with such force, as to cut through Lindsay's steel boot, and nearly sever his limb. He was forced to retire from the field, on which the sheriff of Angus and his brother remained slain, with sixty of their followers. Sir Patrick Gray was also wounded; and the mountaineers, rather victorious than beaten, though they had lost many men, retreated to their fastnesses in safety.

'The feuds of the lowland barons were not less distinguished. Robert Keith, the head of that distinguished family, besieged, in Fyvie castle, his own aunt, the wife of Lindsay of Crawford. Lindsay marched with five hundred men to her rescue. He encountered Keith at Bourtree church, in the Garioch, and defeated him with the loss of fifty men. To use a scriptural expression, every one did what seemed right in his own eyes, as if there had been no king in Scotland.

'The mode by which the government endeavoured to stanch these disorders, and indirectly to get rid of the perpetrators of outrages which they dared not punish by course of justice, was equally wild and savage. A clan, or rather a confederation of clans, called the clan Chattan, were at variance with another union of tribes, called the clan Kay, or clan Quhele Their dispute, which the king's direct authority was unable to decide, was put to the arbitrament of a combat between thirty on each side, to be fought before the king, in the North Inch of Perth, a beautiful meadow by the side of the Tay. When they mustered their forces, one of the clan Chattan was found missing; but so reckless were men then of life, that a citizen of Perth undertook to supply his place for half a mark of silver. The combat was fought with infinite fury, until the clan Quhele were cut off all but one man, who escaped by swimming the Tay. Several of the clan Chattan survived, but all severely wounded.'—pp. 230, 231.

As a very marked contrast to this, we shall now give the previous version of this from Sir Walter's own pen:—"In 1392, a large body of Highlanders broke down from the Grampian mountains. The chiefs were called Clan Donnachy, or Sons of Duncan, answering to the clan now called Robertson. A party of the Ogilvies and Lindsays, under Sir Walter Ogelvy, Sheriff of Angus, marched hastily against them, with their lances. But notwithstanding the advantage of their being mounted, and completely sheathed in armour, the Highlanders defended themselves with such ferocity, as to slay the sheriff and sixty of his followers, and repulse the Lowland gentlemen. To give some idea of their ferocity, it is told that Sir David Lindsay, having, in the first encounter, run his lance through the body of one of the Highlanders, bore him down and pinned him to the earth. In this condition, and in his dying agonies, the Highlander writhed himself upwards on the spear, and exerted his last strength, in fetching a sweeping blow at the armed knight, with his two-handed sword. The stroke, made with the last energies of a dying man, cut through Lindsay's stirrup and steel boot, and though it did not sever his leg from his body, yet wounded him so severely as to oblige him to quit the field. It happened, fortunately perhaps for the Lowlands, that the wild Highlanders were as much addicted to quarrel with each other, as with their neighbours. Two clans, or rather two leagues, or confederacies, composed each of several separate clans, fell into such deadly feud with each other, as filled the whole neighbourhood with slaughter and discord. When this feud or quarrel could be no otherwise ended, it was resolved the difference should be decided by a combat of thirty men of the Clan Chattan, against the same number of the Clan Kay; that the battle should take place on the North Inch of Perth, a beautiful and level meadow, in part surrounded by the river Tay; and that it should be fought in presence of the king and his nobles. Now there was a cruel policy in this arrangement, for it was to be supposed that all the best and leading men of each clan would desire to be among the thirty which were to fight for their honour; and it was no less to be expected that the battle would be very bloody and desperate. Thus the probable event, would be, that both clans having lost very many of their best and bravest men, would be more easily managed in future. Such was probably the view of the king and his counsellors, in permitting this desperate conflict, which, however, was much in the spirit of the times. The parties on each side were drawn out, armed with sword and target, axe and dagger, and stood looking on each other with fierce and savage aspects, when, just as the signal for fight was expected, the commander of the Clan Chattan perceived that one of his men whose heart had failed him had deserted his standard. There was no time to seek another man from the clan—so the chieftain, as his only resource, was obliged to offer a reward to any one who would fight in the room of the fugitive. Perhaps you think it might be difficult to get a man, who, for a small hire, would undergo the perils of a battle which was likely to be so obstinate and deadly. But in that fighting age, men valued their lives lightly. One Henry Wynd, a citizen of Perth, and a saddler by trade, a little bandy-legged man, but of great strength and activity, and well accustomed to the use of the broad sword, offered himself for half a French crown, to serve on the part of the Clan Chattan, in the battle of that day. The signal was then given by the sound of the royal trumpets, and of the great war bag-pipes of the Highlanders, and the two parties fell on each other with the utmost fury, their natural ferocity of temper being excited by feudal hatred against the hostile clan—zeal for the honour of their own, and a consciousness that they were fighting in the presence of the king and the nobles of Scotland. As they fought with the two-handed sword and axe, the wounds they inflicted on each other were of a ghastly size and character. Heads were cloven asunder, limbs were lopped from the trunk. The meadow was soon flooded with blood, and covered with dead and wounded men. In the midst of the deadly conflict, the chieftain of the Clan Chattan observed that Henry Wynd, after he had slain one of the Clan Kay, drew aside, and did not seem willing to fight more. 'How is this?' said he; 'art thou afraid?' 'Not I,' answered Henry; 'but I have done enough of work for half a crown.' 'Forward and fight,' said the Highland Chief, 'he that doth not grudge his day's work, I will not stint him of his wages.' Thus encouraged, Henry Wynd again plunged into the conflict; and by his excellence as a swordsman, contributed a great deal to the victory, which at length fell to the Clan Chattan. Ten of the victors, with Henry Wynd, whom the Highlanders call the *Gow Chrom,* (that is, the crooked or bandy-legged smith, though he was a saddler, for war saddles were then made of steel), were left alive, but they were all wounded. Only one of the Clan Kay survived, and he was unhurt. But this single individual durst not oppose himself to eleven men, though all more or less hurt; but, throwing himself into the Tay, swam to the other side, and went off to carry to the Highlands the news of his clan's defeat. It is said, he was so ill received by his kinsmen, that he put himself to death. Some part of the above story is matter of tradition, but the general fact is certain. Henry Wynd was rewarded to the Highland Chieftain's best abilities; but it was remarked, that when the battle was over, he was not able to tell the name of the clan he fought for, replying, when asked on which side he had been, that he was fighting for his own hand. Hence the proverb, 'every man for his own hand, as Henry Wynd fought.' "—*Tales of a Grandfather, 1st Series.*

One other comparison, we think, will suffice to prove that we have by no means dealt too hardly with our distinguished author. We shall, for this purpose, select the death and character of King Robert Bruce, a subject which, of all others, ought to have been amply treated in a work wearing the title of the History of Scotland, though Robertson did not think it so suitable a topic for him to manufacture sing-song paragraphs about, as the reign of the persecuted Mary Queen of Scots. Bruce was accordingly passed by as nobody, by this most feeble and blundering historian. Sir Walter has not treated the illustrious king quite so cavalierly. We quote from the work before us Sir Walter's account of the death and character of Bruce.

'On the 7th of June, 1329, died Robert Bruce, at the almost premature age of fifty-five. He was buried at Dumfermline, where his tomb was opened in our time, and his reliques again interred, amid all the feelings of awe and admiration which such a sight tended naturally to inspire.

'Remarkable in many things, there was this almost peculiar to Robert Bruce, that his life was divided into three distinct parts, which could scarcely be considered as belonging to the same individual. His youth was thoughtless, hasty, and fickle, and from the moment he began to appear in public life until the slaughter of the Red Comyn, and his final assumption of the crown, he appeared to have entertained no certain purpose beyond that of shifting with the shifting tide, like the other barons around him, ready, like them, to enter into hasty plans for the liberation of Scotland from the English yoke; but equally prompt to submit to the overwhelming power of Edward. Again, in a short but very active period of his life, he displayed the utmost steadiness, firmness, and constancy, sustaining, with unabated patience and determination, the loss of battles, the death of friends, the disappointment of hopes, and an uninterrupted series of disasters, on which scarce a ray of hope appeared to brighten. This term of suffering extended from the field of Methven-wood till his return to Scotland from the island of Rachrin, after which time his career, whenever he was himself personally engaged, was almost uniformly successful, even till he obtained the object of his wishes—the secure possession of an independent throne.

'When these things are considered, we shall find reason to conclude that the misfortune of the second, or suffering period of Bruce's life had taught him lessons of constancy, of prudence, and of moderation, which were unknown to his early years, and tamed the hot and impetuous fire which his temper, like that of his brother Edward, naturally possessed. He never permitted the injuries of Edward I. (although three brothers had been cruelly executed by that monarch's orders) to provoke him to measures of retaliation; and his generous conduct to the prisoners at Bannockburn, as well as elsewhere, reflected equal honour on his sagacity and humanity. His manly spirit of chivalry was best evinced by a circumstance which happened in Ireland, where, when pursued by a superior force of

English, he halted, and offered battle at disadvantage, rather than abandon a poor washerwoman, who had been taken with the pains of labour, to the cruelty of the native Irish. Robert Bruce's personal accomplishments in war stood so high, that he was universally esteemed one of the three best knights of Europe during that martial age, and gave many proofs of personal prowess. His achievements seem amply to vindicate this high estimation, since the three Highlanders slain in the retreat from Dalry, and Sir Henry de Bohun, killed by his hand in front of the English army, evince the valorous knight, as the plan of his campaigns exhibit the prudent and sagacious leader. The Bruce's skill in the military art was of the highest order; and in his testament, as it is called, he bequeathed a legacy to his countrymen, which, had they known how to avail themselves of it, would have saved them the loss of many a bloody day.[*]

‘ If, however, his precepts could not save the Scottish nation from military losses, his example taught them to support the consequences with unshaken constancy. It is, indeed, to the example of this prince, and to the events of a reign so dear to Scotland, that we can distinctly trace that animated love of country which has been ever since so strong a characteristic of North Britons, that it has been sometimes supposed to limit their affections and services so exclusively within the limits of their countrymen, as to render that partiality a reproach which, liberally exercised, is subject for praise.’—pp. 164—166.

In Sir Walter's “ Tales of a Grandfather,” we find the following more detailed and interesting account of the exhumation of Bruce's remains at Dumfermline: the men digging, after finding the fragments of a marble tomb, at length “ came to the skeleton of a tall man, and they knew it must be that of King Robert, both because he was known to have been buried in a winding sheet of cloth of gold, of which many fragments were found about this skeleton, and also because the breast bone appeared to have been sawed

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‘ [*] These verses are thus given by Mr. Tytler. I have, for the sake of rendering them intelligible, adopted the plan of modern spelling, retaining the ancient language. The original verses are in Latin leonines.

On foot should be all Scottish weire[†],
By hill and moss themselves to bear:
Let wood for walls be—bow and spear
And battle-axe their fighting gear:
That enemies do them no drear[‡],
In strait place cause keep all store,
And burn the plain land them before;
Then shall they pass away in haste,
When that they nothing find but waste;
With wilds and wakening of the night,
And mickle noises made on height;
Then shall they turn with great affray,
As they were chased with swords away.
This is the council and intent
Of good King Robert's testament.’

‘ [†] War.’ ‘ [‡] Harm.’

through, in order to take out the heart. So orders were sent from the King's Court of Exchequer to guard the bones carefully, until a new tomb should be prepared, into which they were laid with great respect. A great many gentlemen and ladies attended, and almost all the common people in the neighbourhood. And as the church would not hold the numbers, they were allowed to pass through it, one after another, that each one, the poorest as well as the richest, might see all that remained of the great King Robert Bruce, who restored the Scottish monarchy. Many people shed tears, for there was the wasted skull, which once was the head that thought so wisely and boldly for his country's deliverance; and there was the dry bone, which had once been the sturdy arm that killed Sir Henry de Bohun, between the two armies, at a single blow, on the evening before the battle of Bannockburn. It is more than five hundred years since the body of Bruce was first laid in the tomb."

We think that the following sketch of the character of Bruce, as drawn by Mr. Tytler, in his recent work already referred to above, is much superior to that which we have just quoted from Sir Walter:

" Bruce undoubtedly belongs to that race of heroic men, regarding whom we are anxious to learn even the commonest particulars. But living at so remote a period, the lighter shades and touches which confer individuality, are lost in the distance. We only see through the mists which time has cast around it, a figure of colossal proportion, walking amid his shadowy peers; and it is deeply to be regretted that the ancient chroniclers, whose pencil might have brought him before us as fresh and true as when he lived, have disdained to notice many minute circumstances, with which we now seek in vain to become acquainted; yet some faint idea of his person may be gathered from the few scattered touches preserved by these authors, and the greater outlines of his character are too strongly marked to escape us.

" In his figure, the King was tall and well shaped. Before broken down by illness, and in the prime of life, he was nearly six feet high; his hair curled closely and shortly round his neck, which possessed that breadth and thickness that belong to men of great strength; he was broad-shouldered and open-chested, and the proportion of his limbs combined power with lightness and activity. These qualities were increased not only by his constant occupation in war, but by his fondness for the chace, and all manly amusements. It is not known whether he was dark or fair complexioned, but his forehead was low, his cheek bones strong and prominent, and the general expression of his countenance open and cheerful, although he was maimed by a wound which had injured his lower jaw. His manners were dignified and engaging; after battle, nothing could be pleasanter or more courteous; and it is infinitely to his honour, that in a savage age, and smarting under injuries which attacked him in his kindest and tenderest relations, he never abused a victory, but conquered often as effectually by his generosity and kindness, as by his great military talents. We know, however, from his interview with the Papal legates, that when he chose to express displeasure, his look was stern and kingly, and at once imposed silence and ensured obedience. He excelled in all the exercises of chivalry, to such a degree, indeed, that the English themselves did not scruple to account him the third best knight in Europe. His memory was stored with the romances of the period, in which he took great delight. Their hair-breadth scapes and perilous adventures were sometimes scarcely more wonderful than his own, and he had early imbibed from such works an appetite for individual enterprise and glory, which had it not been checked by a stronger passion, the love of liberty, might have led him into fatal mistakes. It is quite conceivable, that Bruce instead of a great King, might, like Richard the First, have become only a kingly knight-errant.

" But from this error he was saved by the love of his country, directed by an admirable judgment, unshaken perseverance, and a vein of strong good sense. It is here, although some may think it the homeliest, that we are to find assuredly the brightest part of the character of the king. It is these qualities, which are especially conspicuous in his long war for the liberty of Scotland. They enabled him to follow out his plans through many a tedious year with undeviating energy; to bear reverses, to calculate his means, to wait for his opportunities, and to concentrate his whole strength upon one great point, till it was gained and secured to his country for ever. Brilliant military talent and consummate bravery have often been found amongst men and proved far more of a curse than a blessing; but rarely, indeed, shall we discover them united to so excellent a judgment, controlled by such perfect disinterestedness, and employed for so sacred an end. There is but one instance on record where he seems to have thought more of himself than of his people, and even this, though rash, was heroic."—*Tytler's Hist. of Scot.* vol. i.

The greatest defect, however, in Sir Walter Scott's History of Scotland, is his want of references to historical documents; for we cannot during the perusal divest ourselves for a moment of the idea that we are reading the narrative of the great writer of romances, and, without the backing of respectable authorities, we are ready at every step to infer that he finds it easier to draw upon his fertile imagination, than to consult and compare the accounts of musty tomes and manuscripts not easily deciphered. We can trust more however, to his account of the manners of early times, the brief sketches of which, are the best things we have met with in the volume. We shall, therefore, conclude this article by an extract or two from this part of the work.

'In the day of Alexander III. and his predecessors, the various tribes whom these kings commanded, were divided from each other by language and manners; it was only by residing within the same common country that they were forced into some sort of connection: but after Bruce's death we find little more mention of Scots, Galwegians, Picts, Saxons, or Strath-Clyde Britons. They had all, with the exception of the Highlanders, merged into the single denomination of Scots, and spoke generally the Anglo-Scottish language. This great change had been produced by the melting down of all petty distinctions and domestic differences in the crucible of necessity. In the wars with England all districts of the country had been equally oppressed, and almost all had been equally distinguished in combating and repelling the common enemy. There was scarce a district of Scotland that had not seen the Bruce's banner displayed, and had not sent forth brave men to support it; and so extensive were the king's wanderings, so numerous his travels, so strongly were felt the calls on which men were summoned from all quarters to support him, that petty distinctions were abolished; and the state, which, consisting of a variety of half-independent tribes, resembled an ill-constructed faggot, was now consolidated into one strong and inseparable stem, and deserved the name of a kingdom.

'It is true, that the great distinction between the Saxon and Gaelic races in dress, speech, and manner, still separated the Highlander from his Lowland neighbour; but even this leading line of separation was considerably softened and broken in upon, during the civil wars and the reign of Robert Bruce. The power of the Macdougals, who had before Bruce's accession, acted as independent chiefs, making peace and war at their pleasure, was broken both in Galloway and Argyleshire. The powerful Campbell, of Norman descent, but possessed of large Highland possessions by marriage with the heiress of a Celtic chief, called Dermid O'Duine, obtained great part of their Argyleshire possessions, and, being allied to the royal family, did much to secure the people of that country from relapsing into the barbarous independence of their ancestors. There were other great Lowland barons settled in the Celtic regions, of whom it may be briefly remarked, that like the Anglo-Norman barons who settled in Ireland beyond the margin of the pale, they speedily assumed the Celtic manners, assumed the authority of mountain-chiefs, so flattering to human pride, and, to conclude, adopted the titles and genealogies, however far-fetched, or even if actually forged, by which bards and sennachies connected their ancestry with the names of ancient Celtic heroes, whose descendants were entitled to honour and obedience. Yet still the Campbells, and other great Lowland or Norman families, who were settled in the Highlands, did not dream of pursuing the wild conduct or aiming at the absolute independence affected by the Macdougals, and other native princes among the Gael. The former owned the king's authority, and procured from the sovereign delegated powers under which they strengthened themselves, and governed, or, as it happened, oppressed their neighbours. Thus the Highlands, though still a most disorderly part of Scotland, acknowledged in a great degree the authority of the king, which they had formerly disputed and contemned.

'But the principal consolidating effect of this long struggle lay in the

hich it had a tendency to accomplish between the higher and
orders. The barons and knights had, as we have before re-
, lost in a great measure the habit of considering themselves as
s of any particular kingdom, or subjects of any particular king,
than while they held fiefs within his jurisdiction. By relin-
g their fiefs they conceived they were entitled to choose their
aster; and the right which any monarch possessed to claim
ty in respect of the place of their birth did not, in their opinion,
y irrefragable tie of allegiance. When they joined the king's
l at the head of their vassals, they accounted themselves the Nor-
ders of a race of foreigners, whose descent they despised, and
compared to themselves, they accounted barbarians. These loose
s between the nobles and their followers were altered and drawn
ht when the effect of long-continued war, repeated defeats, un-
renewal or efforts, and final attainment of success, bound such
as Douglas, Randolph, and Stewart to their warriors, and their
to them. The faithful brotherhood which mutual dangers and
conquests created between the leader and the followers on the
d, betwixt the king and the barons on the other—the conscious-
a mutual object, which overcame all their other considerations,
sed them to look upon themselves as men united in one common
—taught them at the same time the universal duty of all ranks
common country, and the sentiments so spiritedly expressed by
rable biographer of Bruce himself:

Ah, freedom is a noble thing;
Freedom makes men to have a liking.
To man all solace Freedom gives:
He lives at ease who freely lives;
And he that aye has lived free,
May not well know the misery,
The wrath, the hate, the spite and all
That's compass'd in the name of thrall.'—pp. 166—169.

next quotation shall be selected from a more recent period,
hich Sir Walter appears to be even much better acquainted
ith the more antique times; for his antiquarian reading does
ear to go much farther back than the time of the Crusades.

must be understood to speak only of the Lowland countries of
d: for the Highlands were as different from the Saxon part of
ountrymen as they were in the beginning of the eighteenth

r was almost constantly the state in which the sister kingdoms
relation to each other; so much so, that the two portions of the
land most fitted by their relative position to be governed by the
ws and rules, might be considered as looking upon each other in the
natural enemies. In such a contest it would be idle to enquire
either nation possessed over the other any superiority in strength
on or bravery of disposition; advantages which nature distributes
partiality among the children of the same soil. Different degrees
pline, different species of arms, different habits of exercise, may be
y traced as the foundation of advantages occasionally observable

either in the victories of the English over the Scots, or in those obtained by the inhabitants of the northern parts of the island over their southern neighbours.

'The superiority of the English arose from two principal circumstances: first, the better discipline and conduct of their armies, which at an early period manœuvred with considerable art and address, for which we shall presently show some reason; and, secondly, on their unrivalled skill in the use of the long bow, the most formidable weapon of the age, which neither Scot, Frenchman, Fleming, nor Spaniard, could use with the same effect as the yeomen of England. These men possessed a degree of independence and wealth altogether unknown to the same class of society in other kingdoms of Europe. They placed their pride in having the most excellent and best-constructed bows and shafts, to the formation of which great attention and nicety were necessary: and they had attained the art of handling and using them with the greatest possible effect. Their wealth enabled them to procure weapons of the first order, and their mode of education brought the use of them to the highest pitch of perfection. Bishop Latimer says of himself that, like other children, he was trained to shoot first with a small bow suitable to his age, and afterwards with one fitted to his increasing strength; and that consequently he acquired a degree of skill which far surpassed that of those who never handled a bow till they came to be young men. Neither was the shape of the weapon less fitted for its purpose. The bow was of considerable length and power, and the arrow, constructed with a small head of sharp steel, was formed so as to fly a great distance and with much force. On the contrary, the Highlanders were the most numerous, if not the only archers in Scotland. These mountaineers carried a weak bow, short and imperfectly strung, which discharged a heavy arrow with a clumsy barb, three or four times the weight of an English shaft. To these advantages on the part of the English must be added the dexterity with which archery was practised by their yeomen, who always drew the bow-string to the right ear, while the bowmen of other nations pulled it only to the breast, and thus discharged a shorter shaft from a much less formidable bow. The superiority of the English in archery cannot be better expressed than by the Scottish proverb, that each southern archer bore at his belt the lives of twenty-four Scots, such being the number of arrows with which he was usually supplied.

'In the possession of much greater wealth, the English had another advantage over their neighbours scarcely less effectual than that of their archery. This enabled them at pleasure to summon into the field considerable bodies of mercenaries, either horse or foot, whose trade was arms, and who maintained themselves by selling their services to those who could best afford to pay for them. It was natural that such bands, who were constantly in active service, should be much better acquainted with the art of war and the discipline of the times than the natives of Scotland, who only occasionally adopted the profession of arms. What was even of greater importance was the habit of obedience in military matters which these men had learned to practise, and which (provided always they were regularly paid) rendered them prompt and obedient to orders, and amenable to discipline. The English armies were, especially after Henry VIIth's time, augmented by bands from Flanders, Spain, Italy, and the most warlike countries then in the world, led by commanders whom long experience had made completely acquainted with the art of war, which was their only profession, as the camp was their only home. Their discipline was an example to the native troops of England, and showed them the advantage to be derived from implicit obedience during the campaign and on the field of battle. All these troops were placed under the command of a general of approved abilities, who received his orders from the king and council, presenting thus the absolute authority which is requisite to direct the movements of an army.

'Besides this peculiar advantage of hiring regular troops, the wealth of England enabled her chivalry to come to the field in full panoply, mounted on horses fit for service, and composed of men at arms certainly not inferior to any which Europe could boast. She had also at command money, stores, provisions, ammunition, artillery, and all that is necessary to enable an army to take and to keep the field.

'The Scottish armies, on the other hand, were composed of the ordinary inhabitants of the country, who, unless they chanced to have a few Frenchmen at arms, were destitute of any force approaching to regular soldiers. Their own men at arms were few and ill-appointed; and though they had in their armies numerous troops of hardy horses, they were too light for the actual battle. They always fought on foot, a circumstance which exposed their broad masses of spearmen still more to devastation by the English archers, who could remain at a distance and pour on them their fatal shot without encountering the brunt of their pikes. Their hosts were, indeed, nominally under command of one general; but wanted all that united force and energy acquired by a large body acting with a common purpose and under the authority of a single individual. On the contrary, they rather consisted of a number of little armies under separate chiefs, unknown to or perhaps at variance with each other, and acknowledging no common head save the king, who was not always fit to command in person, and to whom implicit obedience was not always rendered.

'These great advantages of superior address in the missiles of the period, and in superior wealth for the formation and support of armies, were particularly observable in general battles upon a large scale; which the Scots, in their impatience and poverty of means to keep the field, hazarded far more frequently than was politic, and received a succession of dreadful and sanguinary defeats, so numerous and apparently decisive, that the reader may be surprised how they could escape the total subjugation which seemed so often impending. But Scotland, to balance these disadvantages, was superior in some circumstances highly favourable to the nation, when her armies could withhold themselves from general actions.

'When the nations met with moderate numbers on each side, the dissensions so frequent in a Scottish camp did not exist, and the armed natives of some particular districts fought with unanimity under a Stuart or a Douglas, whose command was acknowledged by all in the field. Such was the case at Otterbourne and many fields of combat, where neither host exceeded a few thousand men, and still more frequently where the numbers were much smaller. The Scottish inferiority in archery was on many occasions balanced by the advantage which their national weapon, the Scottish spear, gave them over the English bill, with which that nation maintained the combat, when they joined battle hand to hand. The strength and solidity of the Scottish phalanx of spearmen, either for attack or resistance, is on many occasions commemorated. If it be considered that a thrusting weapon is far more formidable than one calculated for striking, and that where troops use the former, they must close and serry their ranks, while, to have room to employ the latter, they must keep close order, it is not assuming any superior strength or courage in the Scots, to say, that in small skirmishes and battles of a secondary class, they asserted a considerable advantage over the English.

'But, besides the mode of fighting hand to hand, it must be remembered that the Scots were natives of a severe climate and poor soil, brought up to endure rigour of weather, and accustomed to scantiness of food, while at the same time they waged their wars chiefly in their own country, a mountainous and barren region, with whose recesses they were familiar; and it will not be surprising that, endowed with a peculiar obstinacy of temper, they should have succeeded, against all other disadvantages, in maintaining such an equality with their powerful neighbours as enabled them repeatedly, by a series of skirmishes, ambuscades, and constant attacks on the invaders, to regain what the nation lost in great general actions.'—pp. 347—349.

Upon the whole, it is very evident that we yet want a history of Scotland very different from this dry abridgment, to which even the high literary name of Sir Walter Scott cannot insure more than a transitory popularity, if it even do so much. Had he, however, been allowed adequate space for spirited narrative and an accurate and erudite coadjutor, like Mr. Tytler, to take care of the correctness of the facts, we should have had a work very different—very superior to the present.

ART. II.—*Anekdoten aus dem Leben des Fürsten Italinsky Grafen Suworoff Rymnikşky, Russisch Kaiserlichen Feldmarschalls aus dem Russischen.* 1829. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus. London: Black and Young.

THE old Russian here stands before us in all his eccentricity. Brave and collected in the field as in the cabinet, in private he sought to distinguish himself by all the extraordinary freaks that civilized men or barbarians could devise. That his eccentricities were assumed appears to us evident; as to the attentive observer of his character, as depicted in the different anecdotes recorded of him, it is evident that, under the veil of coarseness and disgusting ribaldry, he concealed a fineness of tact and delicacy of perception for which few have given him credit. But Suworoff was a keen observer, and had studied well his mistress and his country. He wanted the dignity of form to rival the accomplished courtiers, and the state of his fortune would not allow him to attempt to outshine them in magnificence; nothing remained but to strike out his own path, and he chose one that would lull the suspicions of the courtiers, and was eminently calculated to ingratiate him with his soldiery. That his humour was low and vulgar, suited well his aim, and furthered the objects that he wished to accomplish. Refinement and delicacy of wit, even if he had always been capable of them, would have been like Almack's in St. Giles's. It must, indeed, be owned, that his observations were frequently singular, and he always made a point of selecting such, in conversing with those who were introduced to him for the first time, so that few saw him on such occasions without voting him a madman, and vowing never to see him again. Yet his power over his associates was extraordinary, and those who had indulged in the bitterest reproaches against the man, soon became his most attached adherents.

Amongst these is the author of the volume before us, Counsellor Fuchs. He was one of the warmest admirers and intimate friends of this celebrated General, who died in his arms. Another was Dr. Weikhard, who had been appointed to attend Suworoff in his campaigns. This latter offended the Doctor in a tender point, by asserting that his surgeon, Naum, was the first physician in Europe. Yet a friend found the Doctor, at Wilna, on his knees, in tears, before a crucifix. To the inquiries whether he had received unpleasant news from his family in Petersburgh, he replied '¡No, but I see that our art has its limits, and I pray to God that he may restore the health of our father.' We are not informed whether a similar change of feeling was experienced by a long-nosed friend of the author's, whom he had persuaded to accompany him to the General. As soon as the latter saw his new acquaintance he said, 'I would willingly kiss your lips, but cannot get at them for your nose.' Had Sterne been acquainted with the anecdote, it would certainly have figured in his Chapter on Noses.

Lord Clinton, in writing to a friend, describes his dinner with Suworoff, and compares him to Garrick and Rembrandt, a comparison which, by the bye, does not seem to us remarkably judicious; however, it serves to display the high opinion which he entertained of the Russian General. It is amusing to notice how accessible all minds are to flattery, provided the dose is administered in palatable ingredients. Suworoff was fond of displaying his knowledge—talked of Euripides as if he understood Greek, although we guess that he remained Greek to him all his life (by the bye, our counsellor does not seem more at home than his master), and descants, with great complacency, on subjects on which he knows not a tittle. *C'est partout comme chez nous.* But to return. After having astonished our countryman with a display of his acquirements, the wily Russian modestly concluded—'I know nothing, I have learned nothing, am without education, and justly called a Vandal.' Lord C., who knew how to translate this language, replied that if he had so completely succeeded in deceiving his cotemporaries, posterity would likewise be equally deceived; and he would remain a hieroglyphic to after times. Suworoff was silent, began to jump about, cut faces, &c. Lord C. is, of course, a man of 'distinguished understanding.'

A painter had been sent by the Elector of Saxony to take Suworoff's picture. He at first refused, but after some conversation with our author, took some leaps, placed a chair in the middle of the room, and commanded the painter to be introduced. As soon as the latter, a venerable grey-headed old man, appeared, he embraced him, and covered him with kisses. He then sprang back a little, and delivered the following speech :—

> 'His Electoral Highness wishes to possess my picture. Your pencil will convey the features of my face. These are visible, but my inward man is concealed. Therefore, my dear Mr. Müller, I must tell you, that I have shed streams of blood—I tremble—but I love my neighbour. I have made no one unhappy, I have never signed a sentence of death; no insect has fallen by my hand; I was little, I was great (here he jumped upon the chair). In the ebb and flow of fortune, relying on God, I was immoveable as now.'—p. 24.

It is impossible to withhold our admiration of the man who could speak thus, although we may smile at his eccentricities. He addressed the painter in German, which accounts for some quaintness of expression. The picture was finished, but Suworoff had never seen himself in a mirror, or, as the German artist, who was a good tactician, expressed, 'he would not see a second Suworoff in a copy.' Müller, therefore, at first hesitated to show it, but he was graciously received.

> 'Have you derived much benefit from my *psychological remarks* (!) on myself? They have been of great service to me, replied the painter; details are necessary to represent a character in a picture. Many features which pass unobserved by the multitude are of great consequence to the artist, who as it were incorporates the soul. If they are happily transferred to the canvass, they give to the portrait its peculiar physiognomy. The uninspired artist never attains this. Rubens, who is justly named the King of the Netherland School, once painted a laughing child. A stroke of his magic pencil—and to the astonishment of all the bystanders—the child wept. I am not Rubens. But, for the first time, he would envy my good fortune. The Count kissed him heartily, and commanded me to write—"Rubens, Müller!—Honour to the creative genius of painting." "These words," exclaimed Müller, as if inspired from Suworoff's lips, "confer immortality." '—p. 25.

Bravo! the prince, the painter, and the author, are all equally excellent. We must not forget that Suworoff knew that Fuchs intended to write his life, and therefore played his part accordingly.

We have been accustomed by our German friends to very warm display of feeling on common occasions, but we were not prepared to receive it in its full extent from the Russians; and yet it appears, if two Russians, unacquainted with each other, meet at a *table* *d'hote*, they read one another whole romances of delight upon hills and snows, and the Neva, and Moscow, and Petersburgh, with all the requisite et cetera of superlatives. This may be all very true, but it reads very ugly in print. This eternal kissing, and embracing, and sentimental nonsense on paper, particularly between rough beards and mustachios, is the most ridiculous stuff that was ever penned.

The author has collected all the anecdotes that he has heard, good, bad, or indifferent, nothing comes amiss to him,—and perhaps he is right. Yet we cannot perceive that we learn anything of Suworoff, or any body else, from such anecdotes as the following:—'Somebody named Suworoff a poet. "No," said he, "inspiration is necessary to poetry; I only make verses."'

Some of the anecdotes are related with a *naiveté* that makes us smile, and the learned comments that are made upon them are sometimes as amusing as the text. Thus, after a victory, Suworoff had a large morning party at Warsaw, and among the company was a beautiful Polish lady. The General no sooner saw her than 'he sprang towards her, exclaiming, "What do I see. Oh! wonder of wonders! two suns in a bright heaven!" He pointed, with his finger, to her eyes, and covered them with kisses. From this time the lady sang his praises in all balls and parades. Suworoff hereby proved that he knew the female heart, and how to engage the affections of all.'—p. 33.

The affectation of learning by the old Russian is the most amusing assumption in nature; he took a pride in displaying it before his wondering biographer *in futuro*. His constant assertion, that he was an unlicked cub, and his frequent displays of erudition, are entertaining ebullitions of vanity. He wished to be thought a great linguist, wrote postscripts in Turkish, quotes Addison's *Brutus*, and delivers sentimental addresses to his soldiers or officers, in which his classical treasures are cunningly and incidentally introduced. The following is an amusing specimen:—

> 'The well-known Cavalry General Derfelden, Suworoff's companion in arms for thirty-five years, once described to him in lively colours, the charms and luxury of Italian nature. Yes, my friend, replied the Count, the climate is excellent, but the dissipation terrible! Thereupon he dictated the following remarks: In every other temperate climate moderation is a virtue, but here, where we breathe hot air, between the fire-breathing Ætna and its burning, glowing environs, which Sithax, in Addison's "Brutus," so truly describes, it is the greatest of all wonders—here in this scorching zone, where the rays of the sun change the rocks into chalk, and where no blood but vitriol, but burning brimstone runs quick as an arrow through the veins, where nature in her enchanting garden invites to effeminacy, here, sons of the North, beware! be men, subdue the climate, and think fo Hannibal's army at Capua.'—p. 51.

We really do think this a very respectable piece of nonsense, and recommend it to the attention of the Minerva novel-writers and Ossianic ranting travellers; and as to the misquotations and defiance of orthography, it is not a whit more bold than the citations of our German and Italian travellers. We cannot help suspecting that the pen of our secretary has occasionally indulged in a few flourishes, the more especially as we, every now and then, are reminded of old Plutarch, and the nature of the good Counsellor Fuchs appears to have inclined a little to the sentimental. Thus, if Suworoff sends for him at night, he excuses himself for taking him from the arms of Morpheus; if he communicates a speech of his General's, he gives it as it was written on his tablets and his heart, &c. &c.

Suworoff acquired and deserved the enthusiastic affection of his soldiers by acts of parental kindness. When he was colonel of the Astrachan regiment in Novaja Ladoga, he established a school for the children of the soldiers, and built a house at his own expence, where he himself taught arithmetic, and prepared elementary books for their use; among these last were a prayer-book, a short catechism, and the rudiments of arithmetic.

> ' When General Melas informed him that the allied army murmured at the introduction of some new orders, he replied, " We must not notice it." When Philip of Spain wished to cleanse Madrid from the filth which had nearly caused the plague, the whole capital complained of the measure, but the king replied—" They are children, who cry when they are washed, they sleep afterwards the more quietly." '—p. 57.

The sister of Admiral Cruse was married to Captain Walrand, who had been degraded for life to the ranks. Suworoff always danced with her, and paid her particular attention. On his departure from Cherson, he took leave of her, and recommended her to ' pray to God, and He would hear her prayer !' After the capture of Warsaw, he wrote to Petersburgh—' I know that the Matuschka Zariza will reward me. My greatest reward would be the pardon of Walrand.' He was pardoned accordingly, and afterwards promoted to the rank of major-general.

These anecdotes will be sufficient to show our readers the nature of this little volume; and we must own, that with many excellent qualities, we could hardly close the book without voting Suworoff a bore. With respect to his biographer we have less doubts, particularly when he ventures upon the classics, and complacently institutes a comparison between a nameless biographer and the ancients. We suspect that he could only read Virgil with a translation, and that all his philosophizing about the spirit of Plutarch is fudge.

ART. III.—*Traditions of Lancashire.* By J. Roby, M.R.S.L. 2 vols. pp. 659, royal 8vo. Longman and Co.

AT a period like the present, when the "cacoethes scribendi" so manifestly pervades all ranks and classes;—when the mania for authorship seems to have seized on the nation with as strong a hold as ever did the fury for stock-jobbing;—when lords and ladies, with laudable anxiety to enlighten the minds and improve the morals of their fellow-creatures, condescend to stock our circulating libraries from the well-furnished stores of their imagination; it does seem a little extraordinary that so vast a field of entertainment as our country records and traditions present, should have been hitherto unexplored.

Sir Walter Scott, to be sure, has not been an idle manufacturer in this line; but appears rather with the fall of prices to be engaged in working "double tides," to keep pace with the increased demand for historical and traditionary information of other days. He has, indeed, drawn with splendid success on the variety of incident and adventure, supplied by the romantic history of his country, and which he has presented to us in so beautiful and varied a dress. Several clever and active writers, also, as we well know, have taken advantage of the traditions of Ireland, and, among some rubbish, several interesting tales have been the result of such profitable research. The legends of Germany and Italy have, moreover, been introduced to us by some distinguished names, connected with the best historical recollections of those countries; which they have shewn to be by no means inferior in interest to any with which we have been brought acquainted. We are, nevertheless, of opinion, that authors of undoubted talent, had hardly need to have been at so much pains to seek out foreign materials on which to exercise their abilities, while richer sources, we suspect, lay open to them, whence they might have drawn with superior reputation to themselves, in their own country.

We do not here allude to writers, who, like Scott, Göethe, and Miss Edgeworth, are natives of those countries whose manners and peculiarities they have so ably illustrated; but to those of native talent who, in despair of finding such subjects as they had proposed to themselves, directed their inquiries to other channels, and sought foreign ground;—like the tourist, who in his anxiety to visit other shores, is unmindful of the beautiful scenes he leaves behind.

Mr. Roby, however, has not followed their example; he has taken advantage of this unaccountable neglect, and with patriotic zeal, presented us with a series of tales, founded on the current traditions of his native county. The idea of the work was, perhaps, suggested to him by the appearance of the "Romance of

English History;" to which in the chronological arrangement of the stories, as well as in their modern embellishment, they bear no little resemblance. The two works, nevertheless, though similar in origin and arrangement, are essentially different, inasmuch as the tales of English romance have been chosen with regard to historical accuracy; whereas the present volumes, though occasionally embracing points of history, seem more particularly directed to the preservation of the fast fading traditions of our ancestors. They at least serve to snatch from oblivion some traits of old times and manners; of the virtues and foibles of characters once famous in their day, into whose castle-halls we are here introduced, and made to participate in all the incidents of their strange and chequered fortunes. Among these figure the names of our British heroes of antiquity, whose "eventful history" has singularly enough been celebrated in the novels and romances of Italy, Spain, and France, while to us they have been only preserved in the snatches of old ballads, or in allusions to the history of our national poetry. Whether "for good or evil," their names were once bruited in the ear of fame; their deeds were the theme of British bards; filled the souls of Britons with emulative fire, and led on the chivalry of our Edwards and our Henries to their fields of triumph upon Gallic and Scottish ground. Names, then, that once acted like a spell upon the soldier,—such names as King Arthur and his knights; of Sir Launcelot, Sir Tristram, and their brave brotherhood, ought not only to be celebrated in foreign song and fiction, but kept alive and imperishable in the historical records of our country. What is more, they deserve the best efforts of the modern novelist and the artist, to set off their high achievements to advantage, rescued from the neglect of ages, and arrayed in the noblest fictions, the art of the poet can invent.

It is time the author, however, should explain his own views; and how far they are in accordance with those we entertain, and with which, we think, the subject would best reward the inquiries of the antiquarian and the novelist. In the first place, we least of all approve the style of Mr. Roby's preface, of which, to use his own words, it might be observed that 'herein is a piece of egotism, at best rarely needed, generally intrusive, and always tiresome.' Yet, singularly enough, he has thought fit to extend the tiresome tone of it to six well-filled pages—not much to the purpose. Of this preface, too, the most valuable portion has been extracted word for word from Mr. Roscoe's introduction to his series of "German Novelists," and is given as the opinion of a German writer, without any acknowledgment. At the close of these six pages, in which the author enters too little into the spirit and feeling of his subject, and much more than was called for into his own motives and objects, he yet modestly 'disclaims all pretensions to superior knowledge.' He does not even pretend to the name of antiquary; no disparagement, we hope, to that learned and august body, and, in attempts nothing more than what others might perhaps e better;' professions of humility, which we are strongly to discredit; as no one writes a book without he believes better informed on the subject than those for whose edifica- intended. Too much of this always reminds us of Cole- lebrated lines, in which he speaks of no less a personage D——l going on a visit to his "Snug little farm of the when he spies a cottage,

"——— with coach-house so fine,
All wearing the air of gentility;
And the D——l did grin,
For his darling sin
Was pride cloathed in humility."

observations, in this affected tone adopted in some pre- must be confessed but too commonly met with, might be uncalled for, did we not find the author adopting a very strain, in a conceited motto inserted in the title-page; he gives us pretty clearly to understand, that being so well with himself, he would be likely to estimate too highly ties of those who differ from him. Be this as it may, we otice these little contradictions, and dismiss the consider- matters of more importance, remarking, by the way, that icism is always received with pleasure by truly able and ned writers. We feel assured, therefore, that the preceding will not be construed into the slightest feeling of disrespect Mr. Roby or his book; we would rather, at all times, raise than censure; and we are happy to observe, in the instance, that the character and merits of the 'Traditions of ire,' are such as to suffer little from the slight strictures we ught it our duty to make.

evident that the materials which form the groundwork of mes before us, though offering abundant scope for interest rtainment, are nevertheless meagre and inefficient in their shape. They are, for the most part, confined to bare f real or feigned events, without any embellishment from incident, imagery, or description. They require, there- nsiderable aid from the judgment and fancy of a modern in bringing into view the best points susceptible of illus- such as are barely hinted at in the original; and investing th brighter colours, and a more imposing form. This task by has performed in a very respectable manner; he seems ss a lively imagination, and his descriptions are frequently and effective. Many of his characters are exceedingly well ed; and the dialogue is well sustained throughout. Occa- , indeed, there is a redundancy in his style, which, to say the it, is unpleasant to those who wish to read their native e free from affectation or extravagance. His imagination too sometimes appears to run riot, and to exhaust itself in hyperbole and metaphor. Such passages, for instance, as we meet with (in page 213, vol. i.) are by no means uncommon.

'His bushy grey eyebrows threw a strange and almost unnatural shade over the deep recesses beneath, across which, at times, like the foam swept over the dark billows of the spirit, a light and glowing track was visible, marking the powerful conflict within.'—vol. i. p. 213.

This may be considered indeed by some readers, as very fine; but we must confess, that to us it appears a mistaken and vitiated mode of expression, and which, when forming a style, possesses neither beauty nor common sense. It is here, however, only an exception to Mr. Roby's general style, which is clear and bold; and we would advise him by no means to allow himself to be carried away by his imagination, so as to lose sight of it, or to fall into occasional affectation and rant. He ought not, in treading the mystic regions of romance, altogether to become estranged from sober realities; on a future occasion he will do well to remember, that these very exalted flights are utterly incomprehensible to the less soaring faculties of the generality of his readers. Here and there, too, we meet with instances of grammatical inaccuracy; and the frequent repetition of the phrase 'from whence,' is exceedingly disagreeable; and though tolerated in the antique style, is a decided barbarism. We have likewise first learned from Mr. Roby, that 'ham and eggs, greens and bacon,' are *condiments.* These are very trivial, but they are not the less errors; and we would just take the liberty of hinting, borrowing by the way a little of his own phraseology, that, 'if his memory have played him truant in the rudiments of his native tongue, he will find neither lack of dictionaries nor grammars to expound the same withal.'

We must again repeat, that such inadvertencies cannot be allowed to detract from the positive merit of the work; and were it not in the hope that our remarks will be well received, we certainly should not have volunteered so unpleasant a duty.

The author by no means opens his volumes with their best contents; as Sir Tarquin and the Goblin Builders would by many be considered as not above the calibre of Jack the Giant Killer, and the famous Tom Thumb. They are nevertheless told with spirit, and we dare say may be pleasant enough to those who delight in the remote legends of our land. Mab's Cross is a remarkably good story, though much more might have been made of the materials. It is formed on a popular legend of the Bradshaigh family:—'Sir William Bradshaigh, second son to Sir John, was a great traveller, and a souldger, and married to Mabell, daughter and sole heiress of Hugh Norris de Haghe and Blackrode, and had issue, &c.'

Now this Sir William being absent ten years in the wars, was supposed to be dead, and his Lady is compelled to marry a Welch Knight. Her former husband, however, returning in the habit of a Palmer, discovers himself to his lady, and slays his enemy. He afterwards lives happily with his wife, undergoing only, by way of penance, sentence of outlawry for a year and a day, for the murder, and 'the said Dame Mabell was enjoined by her confessor to doe penance, by going onest every week barefout and barelegged to a Crosse neare Wigan, from the Haghe, wilest she lived, and is called Mabb to this day, and ther monument lyes in Wigan Church, as you see them ther portrey'd.'

Out of materials, simple as these, the author has contrived to produce a very beautiful story; and we subjoin an extract to give the reader a fair specimen of what he has to expect.

'The hall was nearly cleared; yet the palmer sat, as if still awaiting audience, behind a distant pillar, and deeply pondering, as it might seem, the transactions he had witnessed. The last of their suppliants had departed ere he rose, bending lowly as he approached. The eye of the noble dame suddenly became riveted on him. She was leaning in front of her maidens, beside a richly carved canopy of state, underneath which, on days of feudal hospitality and pomp, presided the master of the banquet. Behind, a long and richly-variegated window poured down a chequered halo of glory around her form. She seemed an angel of light, issuing from that fountain of splendour, and irradiating the whole group with her presence.

'"Reverend pilgrim, thy behest?" She said this with a shudder of apprehension, as if dreading an answer to her enquiry. The pilgrim spoke not, but advanced.

'The attendants drew aside. A silence, chill and unbroken as the grave, pervaded the assembly. He took from his vest a silver ring. The lady Mabel grasped the well-known signet. With agony, the most heart-rending and intense, she exclaimed:—

'"My husband's signet!—Where?—whence came this pledge?—Speak!—"

'A pause ensued.—It was one of those short ages of almost insupportable suspense, when the mind, wound up to the keenest susceptibility of endurance, seems vibrating on the verge of annihilation,—as if the next pulse would snap its connexion with the world for ever.

'"Lady," the pilgrim answered, in a low sepulchral tone, "it is a bequest from thy husband. It was his wife's last pledge,—a seal of unchanging fidelity. He bade me seek his dame, and say, 'His last sigh was to her,—his last wish to heaven."'

'Lady Mabel listened—every tone sunk like a barbed arrow to her heart. The voice resembled not that of her deceased husband, yet such was the deceptive influence arising from the painful irritation which her spirits had undergone, that, if reason had not forbidden, her fancy would have invested it with supernatural attributes,—listening to it as though it were a voice from the tomb.

'"For the love I bore, and yet bear, to his most honoured name, tell me, I conjure thee, tell me, his earthly resting-place. My last pilgrimage shall be thither. I will enshrine his hallowed relics, and they shall be a pledge of our union where we shall no more part."

'The last words were spoken with a solemnity of expression awful and thrilling, beyond the power of language to convey.

'"What recks it, lady? thou hast gotten thee another," said the pilgrim.

'"Another!—O name him not. Never, never!—Most base, most cruel. He took advantage of my bereavement,—a moment of weakness and maternal terror,—by what long ages of suffering and wretchedness has it been repaid! Better I had beheld my babes wasting with hunger, than have mated with this unpitying husband for a home and a morsel of bread!"

'A flush of proud scorn at her own weakness overspread her features. It was but momentary. She bade the attendants withdraw. Looking round for this purpose, she was aware, for the first time, of the hated presence of Roger de Cliderhow, watching, with considerable surprise, for the result of this unexpected interview. He departed with the retinue, leaving lady Mabel and the pilgrim for a while unobserved.

'"Thou art a holy and a heaven-destined man, yet surely thou hast been taught to share another's sorrows—to pour the oil of compassion over the wounds of the penitent and broken-hearted." The lady turned aside her head,—she leaned over the chair for support, whilst one hand pressed her throbbing temples.

'"*Mabel Bradshaigh!*" It was the voice of Sir William. She started as at a summons from the tomb. No other form was visible but that of the pilgrim bending over his staff. Her eye wandered wildly around the hall, as if she expected some phantom to start from its recesses. A richly-fretted screen, behind which the minstrels and lookers on occasionally sat at the festival, stood at the lower end of the apartment. A slight rustling was heard; she was about to rush towards the spot, when the voice was again audible, and apparently at her side. Slowly the hood of the pilgrim was uplifted. He threw off his disguise;—but O how changed was the once athletic form of Sir William Bradshaigh! With a wild and piercing shriek, she flew towards the out-stretched arms of her husband; but ere they met, a figure stepped between, barring their approach. It was the ungainly person of Sir Osmund Neville.'—pp. 74—76.

The story of the 'Prior of Burschough' affords us a clear insight into the Monkish characters of the period, and the flagrant licentiousness prevailing amongst many of the religious establishments of those days. There is considerable power displayed in the descriptions, and much interest excited. A curious anecdote is related from Kennett's MSS. of King Henry's visit to Lathom-House:—

'After the execution of Sir William Stanley, when the King visited Lathom, the Earl, when his royal guest had viewed the whole house, conducted him up to the leads for a prospect of the country. The Earl's fool, who was among the company, observing the King draw near to the edge of the leads not guarded with a balustrade, stepped up to the Earl, and pointing down to the precipice, said "*Tom, remember Will.*" The King understood the meaning, and made all haste down stairs, and out of the house; and the fool long after seemed mightily concerned that his lord had not had courage to take that opportunity of avenging himself for the death of his brother.—*Kennett's* MSS. 1033, fol. 47.'—vol. i. p. 91.

The 'Eagle and Child' is a narrative of the noble house of

Stanley, and connected, as it is, with history, furnishes one of the most pleasing tales in the collection. We give a description of the celebrated combat before King Edward, in the words of the author:—

'We now pass on to the field, where every thing was in readiness for the combat. The knights had heard mass and made confession, these being the requisite preparatives to the noble deeds they had that day vowed to perform. The heralds had made the usual proclamation against the use of magic, unlawful charms, and other like devices of the devil, when a loud flourish of trumpets announced the approach of Stanley, who first entered the lists, mounted on a grey charger, furnished with a chevron, or war-saddle, then of great use in withstanding the terrific shock of the assailant, being high up in front, and furnished at the back like an arm-chair. He was equipped in a full suit of Italian armour, displaying a steel cuirass of exquisite workmanship, deemed at that time a novel, but elegant, style of defence, and destined soon to supersede the purpoint or gamboised work called mail. If well tempered, it was found to resist the stroke of the lance, without being either pierced or bent, nor was it liable to be pushed through into the body, as was sometimes the case with the "*mailles*," when the wambas, or hoketon, was wanting underneath. His shield was thus marshalled:—Argent; on a bend azure, three stags' heads cabossed. In the sinister chief, a crescent denoted his filiation; underneath was the motto "Augmenter." The shield itself, or pavise, was large, made of wood, covered with skin, and surrounded with a broad rim of iron.

'He looked gracefully round, first lowering his lance in front of the king's pavilion, and afterwards to the fair dames who crowded the galleries on each side. Whether from accident or design, his eyes rested on Isabella with a strong expression of earnestness rather than curiosity. Doubtless, the noble representatives of the house of Lathom excited no slight interest amongst the spectators, and the young hero might have formed some yet undeveloped anticipations on this head.

'She blushed deeply at this public and unexpected notice. The recollection of her dream made the full tide of feeling set in at once in this direction, much to her consternation and dismay; but when happening to turn hastily round, a silken bandage, loosened by the sudden movement from some part of her dress, was carried off by the wind, and deposited within the lists; she was greatly embarrassed; and her confusion was not a little increased, as the young gallant, with great dexterity, transferred it to the point of his lance. At this choice of his "Lady love," a loud shout arose from the multitude; and Isabella, now the object of universal regard, would have retired, but that the density of the crowd, and the inconvenient structure of the building, rendered it impossible.

'Another flourish of trumpets announced the approach of the young Admiral of Hainult. His armour was blue and white, beautifully wrought and inlaid with silver. His steed was black, having the suit and furniture of the war-horse complete; *croupiére* and *estival*, together with the *chanfron*, were of the most costly description. A plume of white feathers decorated his casque, extending his athletic form into almost gigantic proportions.

'The needful ceremonies were gone through; a deep and almost breathless silence succeeded, like the stillness that precedes the first swing of the storm. The trumpets sounded; the sharp click of the lances was heard falling into the rest; and the first rush was over. The noise of the shock was like the burst of the tempest on the forest boughs. Through the dust, the horses were seen to recoil upon their haunches; but as it blew heavily away, the warriors had regained their upright position, having sustained no injury, save by the shivering of their lances by the stroke. A loud shout of applause ensued; and the esquires being at hand with fresh weapons, each knight was too eager for the fray to lose a moment in requesting the usual sign. Again their coursers' feet seemed to spurn the earth. At this onset, the French knight bent back in his saddle, whether from subtlety or accident was not known, but there was a loud clamour; and the Frenchman, recovering himself, spurred on his steed with great vigour, perhaps hoping to take his adversary at unawares; but the latter, darting aside with agility, the other's lance ran full against the boards, and in deep vexation he came back to the charge.

'Trembling with choler, he hardly restrained himself until the prescribed signal; then, as if he would make an end of his opponent, he aimed his weapon with a direct thrust towards his heart; but Stanley, confident in his own might, was fully prepared for the blow, as the event sufficiently proved; for the French knight was seen to reel from his saddle, the point of his enemy's lance being driven completely through his armour. He rolled backwards on the ground, and so vigorous had been the attack, that his horse's back was broken, and they lay together, groaning piteously, besmeared with blood and dust, to the sore dismay of his companions. Stanley suddenly alighted, and helped the pages to undo his armour; but ere his beaver could be unclasped, he had fainted by loss of blood; and being borne off the field, he shortly afterwards expired.

'The king was mightily pleased with this great prowess of the victor, insomuch, that he knighted him on the spot; and, according to the old ballad, gave him goodly manors

"For his hire,
Wing, Tring, and Iving, in Buckinghamshire."

He had so won, likewise, on the hitherto impenetrable disposition of Isabella, that when he came to render his homage at her feet, she trembled, and could scarcely give the customary reply.

'Raising his visor, and uncovering his helmet from the grand guard, a plate protecting the left side of the face, shoulder, and breast, he made a lowly obeisance at the gate of his mistress's pavilion, at the same time presenting the stolen favour he had now so nobly won. With a tremulous hand she bound it round his arm.

'"Nay, thy chaplet, lady," shouted a score of tongues from the inquisitive spectators. Isabella untied a rich chaplet of goldsmith's work, ornamented with rose-garlands, from her hair, and threw it over his helmet. Still armed with the gauntlets, which either through hurry or inadvertence, he had neglected to throw aside, as was the general courtesy for the occasion, the knight seized her hand, and with a grasp, gentle for any other occasion, pressed it to his lips. The lady uttered a subdued shriek, whether from pain or surprise, it boots not now to inquire; mayhap, it was the remembrance of the mailed hand, she had felt in her dream, and to which her fingers, yet tingling with the pressure, bore a sufficient testimony. Sir John bent lowlier than before, with one hand on his breast in token of contrition. A thousand strange fancies, shapeless and undefined, rushed by, as the maiden looked on the warrior. It was the very crisis of her dream; her heart seemed as though it would have leapt the walls of its tenement,—and she was fain to hide her face under the folds of her mantle.

'"Now on my halidome," said the king, "there be two doves, whose cooing would be the better for a little honest speech. Poor hearts! it were a pity their tongues had bewrayed their desire. Fitz-Walter, summon them hither."

'The blushing Isabella was conducted to the royal presence, where the king was graciously pleased to impress a salute on her rich and glowing cheek. No mean honour from so gracious and gallant a monarch, who, though old, was yet accounted a mighty adept in the discernment of female beauty, he never being known to suffer contact of the royal lip with aught but the fairest and most comely of the sex.'—pp. 138—142.

The story of Sir Edward Stanley assumes something of a polemical disquisition, and treats of the conversion of an atheist. We give one of the arguments, as a curious piece of reasoning:—

'"What proof can its promulgers give me of the infallibility of their doctrines, even supposing these events to be true?"

'"Miracles, acknowledged to be such, contravening and transcending the common course of nature,—these I reckon, will be a sufficient warranty that the message is from the great Author of all things himself."

'"I own these are the strongest evidences that I could require, and I would admit them if I had witnessed their performance."

'"Good. Now to the proof. It is impossible that any simple fact could be imposed, or that a number of persons could be made to believe they had witnessed such a fact, unless it had actually taken place. For instance, if I were to assert that I had divided the waters of this river here, in the presence of the inhabitants, and that I had once led the whole of them over dryshod, the waters standing like a wall on each side, to guard their path, appealing to them at the same time in proof of my testimony; it would be impossible, I say, to convince those people it were true, provided the event had not happened. Every person would be at hand to contradict me, and, consequently, it would be impossible that such an imposition could be put upon them against the direct evidence of their senses."

'"Granted," replied the Baron. "But this tale I am not too bold to infer might be invented when that generation had passed, when the credulity of coming ages might lead men to believe in such foolish and monstrous imaginings, like the labours of Hercules, the amours of Jove, and the cannibal exploits of Saturn."

'"Nay, but hear me. Whenever such a story was first promulged, were it then stated that not only public monuments remained to attest the event, but that public rites and ceremonies were kept up for its express commemoration, which rites were to that day continual, and to which those writings appealed as evidence attesting the performance of such miracles, then must the deceit have been rendered but the more glaring and easy of detection, as no such monuments could exist, no rites, no ceremonies demonstrating the truth of this appeal could be in observance. Thus, if I should now invent the tale about something done two thousand odd years ago, a few might, peradventure, be credulous enough to believe me; but if I were to say that ever after, even to this day, every male had his nose slit and his ears bored in memory of this event, it would be absolutely impossible that I should gain credit for my story, because the universality of the falsehood being manifest, and the attestation thereof visibly untrue, would prove the whole history to be false. Such were the rites and customs of the Jews."'—pp. 244, 245.

George Marsh, the martyr, is an admirable story, of deep and high-wrought interest; and affords one of the many instances of cruel persecution in a barbarous and bigoted age. It is followed by a humorous narrative connected with the renowned Doctor Dee, who figured in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and some of her predecessors. His entire history is very amusing, and we cannot help giving one extract, not a little calculated to enlighten our readers, who may be fond of astrological pursuits:—

'He arose, lifting an ebony cabinet on the table, which he unlocked with great solemnity. During this operation, he fell to muttering many prayers; and, with an air of great reverence, he took out a richly-embossed casket, which being opened, there was displayed a fair chrystal of an egg-shaped form, on which he gazed with a long and silent delight.

'"A treasure beyond all price," said Bartholomew, eyeing it with rapture.

'"Even so," said Dee, "and, by the grace of the Giver, I do hope to profit by it. Once it was removed from me. Listen. It was in the little chapel, or oratory, next the chambers which Lord William of Rosenberg had allotted us in his castle of Trebona. I had set the stone in its wonted place upon the table, or altar as we called it, when Kelly saw a great flame in the stone, which thing though he told me, I made no end of my usual prayer. But suddenly, one seemed to come in at the south window of the chapel, right opposite to Kelly, while the stone was heaved up without hands, and set down again; wonderful to behold. After which, I saw the man who came in at the window; he had his lower parts in a cloud, and with open arms flew towards Kelly. At which sight, he shrunk back, and the creature took up between both hands the stone with its frame of gold, and mounted up the way he came. Kelly caught at it, but could not touch it; thereupon he was grievously alarmed, and had the *tremor cordis* for a good while after. This, my angelical stone, being taken away, I was mightily troubled, for the other stones in my possession being made through man's skill and device, I had not a safe warranty of their virtue, so that I might confidently trust in what they should disclose. I was afraid, too, of the intrusion of wicked spirits into them, who might impose on me with their delusions. This happened on a Friday, being the 24th of April, 1587, as I find it recorded in my diary. But mark the manner of its return! The following month, on the 22d day, and on the same day of the week, about four hours post meridian, as I and Kelly were walking out through the orchard, down the river side, he saw two little men fighting there furiously with swords; and one said to the other, '*Thou hast beguiled me.*' As I drew near, they did not abate their heat, but the fray seemed to wax even hotter than before. I at length said, '*Good friends,* *let me take up the matter between you;*' whereupon they stayed, the elder of them saying, '*I sent a present to thy wife, and this fellow hath taken it away.*' With this, they again fought until the other was wounded in the thigh, which seemed to bleed. Being in great pain, he took out of his bosom something, that I guessed to be the very treasure that I had lost. '*Now will I make thee return it,*' said the first speaker; with that, the other, who was wounded, seemed to go suddenly out of sight, but came again ere I could answer a word. The elder of them then asked him, saying, '*Hast thou laid it under the right pillow of the bed where he lay yesternight?*' With these words, they both went towards a willow tree to the right, by the new stairs, which tree seemed to cleave open, and as they went in it closed, and I never saw them more. With great haste I returned to my chamber, where, lifting up the right pillow, I found my precious stone; being greatly rejoiced, together with my wife, who joined me in thanking God for its return." '—pp. 304—306.

In his story of the Earl of Tyrone, the author has taken advantage of the circumstance of his having sought refuge in Lancashire; and has contrived to invest his heroic character with superior power and splendour. We may question the correctness, however, of his classing it as a Lancashire tradition; but it is rendered throughout extremely interesting. Every one must be, more or less, acquainted with the singular history of this nobleman, and if at all read in the history of the United Kingdom, with the gallant stand he made for the liberties of his country, and its unsuccessful termination.

'Houghton Tower' is a tradition founded on the visit of James I. to Sir Richard Houghton, and is described in Nicholl's "Royal Progresses." This also will meet, we doubt not, with the reader's entire approbation; the story is full of beautiful traits and passages, and is in admirable keeping. We are tempted to give one specimen, and must then content ourselves with referring to the work itself, a perusal of which cannot fail to raise still higher the character of the author:—

' "We must return," said the maiden, looking up, alarmed at seeing, for the first time, that they were cut off from all connection and intercourse with their companions. Her attendant was a perfect stranger, except in name, and though counselled to rely implicitly on his care, by the master of the ceremonies himself, she felt her situation embarrassing and unpleasant.

' "And why must we return?" said the mask. The tone startled her: its expression was now soft and beseeching, as though he had before spoken in a masked voice.

' "Why!" said she, looking as though she would have pierced through his disguise.

' "Nay, whet not thy glance so keenly. I am not what I seem,—and yet am not unseemly."

' "Your jests had been better timed had they taken a fitter season.—I must hence."

' "Go not, my beauteous Queen," said the stranger, taking her hand, which she dashed from her with indignation and alarm. She was darting up the crag, but was again detained.

'"I will worship thee:—thou shalt be my star,—the axle of my thoughts. All——"

"Unhand me, Sir,—or I'll call those who have the power to punish, as well as to humble, thy presumption!"

'"Whom wilt thou call, my pretty lamb? The wolf? The snake is snotched in the bower, and I but beseech thy gratitude. How that look of scorn becomes thee! Pout not so, my Queen, or thou wilt indeed make an excuse for my rudeness."

'"How! Again this insult?—Begone, or thou shalt rue that ever thy thought escaped thy tongue. I'll report thee to thy betters."

'"My betters! and who be they, maiden? Thou knowest me not, *perdie*. Hath not Sir John Finet shorn his love-locks, and eschewed thy service, after leaving thy bower the other night?"

This taunt raised her indignation to a blaze:—her bosom swelled at the rebuke.

Still he retained her hand—with the other she clung to a withered tree, whose roots held insecurely by the rock. Making another effort, she sprung from his grasp; but the tree was rent from its hold, and she fell with it to the edge of the precipice. Ere the Silver knight could interpose, a faint shriek announced her descent,—a swift crash was heard amongst the boughs and underwood,—a groan, and a rebound. He saw her disappear behind a crag. Then came one thrilling moment of terror, one brief pause in that death-like stillness, and a heavy plunge was heard in the gulf below! He listened—his perceptions grew more acute—eye and ear so painfully susceptible, and their sensibility so keen, that the mind scarcely distinguished its own reactions from realities—from outward impressions on the sense. He thought he heard the gurgle and the death-throe. Then the pale face of the maiden seemed to spring out from the abyss. He rushed down the precipice. Entangled in the copse-wood and bushes, some time elapsed ere he gained the narrow path below. He soon found as in most other situations, the shortest road the longest—that the beaten track would have brought him quicker to his destination; but these nice calculations were forgotten. All pranked out and bedizened as he was, the puissant knight plunged into the gulf,—but his exertions were fruitless, and he gave up the search. His love for the maiden living and breathing did not prompt him to drown himself for her corpse. With hasty steps he regained the Tower, where he doffed his dripping garments unobserved.'—vol. ii. pp. 121—123.

The 'Lancashire Witches' is a strange, and not unamusing compound of *diablerie*, of which the following is a sample:—

'Not many nights after, as Robin was late in the stable, his mistress came with the usual request, and her magic bridle in her hand.

'"Now, good Robin, the cream is in the bowl, and the beer behind the spigot, and my good man is in bed."

'"Whither away, mistress?" said Robin, diligently whispering down and soothing the mare, who trembled from head to foot when she heard her mistress's voice.

'"For a journey, Robin. I have business at Colne; but I will not fail to come back again before sunrise."

'"Aye, mistress, this is always your tale; but measter catched her in a woundy heat last time, and will not let her go."

'"But, Robin, she shall be in the stable and dry, two hours before my old churl gets up."

'"But measter says she maunna go."

'"Thou hast told of me, then,—and a murrain light on thee!"

'With eyes glistening like witch-fires, did the dame bestow her malison. Robin half repented his refusal; but he was stubborn, and his courage not easily shaken. Besides, he had bragged at the last Michaelmas feast, that he cared not a rush for never a witch in the parish. He had an *Agnus Dei* in his bosom, and a leaf from the holy herb in his clogs; and what recked he of spells and incantations? Furthermore, he had a waistcoat of proof given to him by his grandmother.

'"Since thou hast denied me the mare, I'll take thee in her place."

'Robin felt in his bosom for the *Agnus Dei* cake, but it was gone!—He had thrown off his waistcoat, too, for the work, and his clogs were lying under the rack. Before he could furnish himself with these counter-charms, Goody Dickisson threw the bridle upon him, using these portentous words:—

'"Horse, horse, see thou be;
And where I point thee carry me."

'Swift as the rush of the wind, Robin felt their power. His nature changed: he grew more agile and capacious; and, without further ado, found Goody upon his back, and his own shanks at an ambling gallop, on the high road to Pendle. He panted and grew weary, but she urged him on with an unsparing hand, lashing and spurring with all her might, until at last poor Robin, unused to such expedition, flagged and could scarcely crawl. But needs must when the witches drive. Rest and respite were denied, until, almost dead with toil and terror, he halted in one of the steep gullies of Pendle, near to Malkin Tower.'—vol. ii. pp. 150, 151.

And no less characteristic is what follows:—

'One evening she had lingered longer than usual: she felt unwilling to depart,—to meet again the dull and wearisome realities of life,—the petty cares that interest and animate mankind. She loathed her own form and her own species:—earth was too narrow for her desire, and she almost longed to burst its barriers. In the deep agony of her spirit, she cried aloud,—

'"Would that my path, like yon clouds, were on the wind, and my dwelling-place in their bosom!"

'A soft breeze came suddenly towards her, rustling the dry heath as it swept along. The grass bent beneath its footsteps, and it seemed to die away in articulate murmurs at her feet. Terror crept upon her, her bosom thrilled, and her whole frame was pervaded by some subtle and mysterious influence.

'"Who art thou?" she whispered, as though to some invisible agent. She listened, but there was no reply:—the same soft wind suddenly arose, and crept to her bosom.

'"Who art thou?" she enquired again, but in a louder tone. The breeze again flapped its wings, mantling upwards from where it lay, as if nestled on her breast. It mounted lightly to her cheek, but it felt hot—

almost scorching;—when the maiden again cried out as before. It fluttered on her ear, and she thought there came a whisper,—

'"I am thy good spirit."

'"Oh, tell me," she cried with vehemence:—"show me who thou art!"—A mist curled around her, and a lambent flame, like the soft lightning of a summer's night, shot from it. She saw a form, glorious but indistinct, and the flashes grew paler every moment.

'"Leave me not," she cried;—"I will be thine!"

'Then the cloud passed away, and a being stood before her, mightier and more stately than the sons of men. A burning fillet was on his brow, and his eyes glowed with an ever-restless flame.'—vol. ii. pp. 159, 160.

'Latham House' is little more than a well-told narrative of the siege by the Parliamentary troops, under Colonel Rigby, and the spirited defence by the Countess of Derby, in the absence of her lord:—

'Moseley was conducted down a dark flight of steps, damp and slippery. The ooze and slime rendered his footing tedious and insecure. Soon he recognized the mighty voice of Gideon bellowing forth a triumphant psalm. Another stave was just commencing as the door opened, and the torch glared lurid and dismally on the iron features and grisly aspect of the captive. A pair of rude stocks, through which Gideon's long extremities protruded, stood in the middle of the dungeon. He scowled terrifically at the intruders: but suddenly resumed his exercise.

'"Still at thy devotions?" said Mosely; but the moody fanatic vouchsafed not to reply.

'"We must wait the finishing of this duty, I fear," said the captain, knowing that interruption would be useless. Silently they awaited the conclusion, when Gideon abruptly cried out,

'"Captain Moseley, are ye, too, cast into this den of lions?"

'"I came hither on an embassage, and I have craved this visit ere I depart."

"Hast' finished my breakfast?" enquired this stalwart knight from the enchanted wood. "I think your garrison be short of victual, or my——"

'"Hold thy tongue, thou piece of ill-contrived impertinence," said the gaoler. "We have victual and drink too: but for such as thou art, it were an ill-bestowed morsel. I marvel what can have possessed my lady to keep thee alive!"

'The gaoler drew out from his provision-bag a small dark-coloured loaf, which he threw at the hungry captive, who, to say the truth, had been half-starved since his imprisonment.

'Gideon was devouring it greedily without any further notice, when he suddenly cried out to his keeper,

'"Where gat ye this coarse stuff? I would not say good-morrow to my dog with so crusty a meal."

'"It was tossed over the wall," replied the gaoler. Our friends oft supply us that way with provision, captain. I picked it up as I came, and thought it was too good for thy dainty appetite."

'"Captain Moseley," said the hungry drummer with great earnestness,

" take this. Break it before thy brethren, and show them how vilely these Egyptian task-masters do entreat us in the house of bondage."

'There was something more than usually impressive in his manner. Moseley took the loaf as requested; and the gaoler, as if the object before him were beneath suspicion, exclaimed with a knowing look,

'" Had I not brought the manchet myself, and watched thee narrowly, I should have guessed thou hadst crammed some secret message therein to the camp. But I defy thee, or any of thy batch, to cheat old Gabriel, the rogue's butler!"

'" Prithee, search," said Captain Moseley, drawing the loaf from his pocket:—" thou mayest, peradventure, find treachery in a tooth-mark, for o' my troth they be legibly written."

'" Nay," said Gabriel, with great self-importance, " the knave's jaws will score no ciphers. I had as lief interpret pot-hooks and ladles."

'The captain, again thrusting it beneath his belt, promised to show his commanders with what coarse fare and severity the prisoners were treated.

'" Wilt thou that I intercede for thee before the countess?" he continued: " if so be that she would remit thee of this durance."

'In a voice of thunder spake the incorrigible Gideon:—

'" Intercede!—I would as lief pray to the saints they should intercede with the Virgin Mary. I will rot from this perch piece-meal ere I pray to yonder ungodly woman. Yet shall I escape out of their hands, but not by mine own might, or mine own strength," said the lion-hearted captive.

'Leaving this indomitable round-head to his fate, Moseley returned to the camp, reporting the ill success of his mission.'—vol. ii. pp. 223—226.

The tale of 'Raven Castle' is a sort of paraphrase of the " Babes in the Wood;" and though here well told, it is still better, we think, mingled with our young recollections, in the ballad.

The others, with the exception of the 'Bargaith,' from the pen of Mr. Crofton Croker, have nothing very characteristic to recommend them. In two of the latter stories, the author seems to have departed from the style of narrative he had previously adopted, by substituting the first person for the third. He observes, that it adds to the interest of the book; but we confess we do not clearly see in what manner.

In conclusion, it ought to be mentioned that these volumes are illustrated with a variety of engravings, representing views of castles, old baronial seats, and landscapes, tolerably well executed by Mr. E. Finden.

ART. IV.—*Travels in the Interior of Mexico, in* 1825, 1826, 1827, *and* 1828. By Lieutenant R. W. H. Hardy, R.N. 8vo. London: Colburn and Bentley. 1829.

THANKS to the Stock-Exchange and the bubble mania, here is another goodly volume of travels in Mexico, and these chiefly in parts unvisited by any tourist since they were explored by Humboldt. Much information has of late been obtained through the same cause on nearly the whole of the American continent formerly subjected to Spain and Portugal; the country between Vera Cruz and Mexico, Mexico itself, and the mining districts nearest to this city, have been variously described. Lieutenant Hardy, therefore, by a bold leap, takes us at once to the capital, on which he makes but few observations, collected at the end of his book, and proceeds at once on his northern journey.

Mr. Hardy travelled in the capacity of commissioner to "the General Pearl and Coral Fishery Association of London;" and his object was, in the first place, to meet two of the Company's vessels in the Gulf of California, and there to explore "the caverns of the deep" in search of those "beds of oysters," with which the gulf was represented to abound, and each of which was supposed by the deluded shareholders to contain tons of pearls of the first quality; but his directions farther enjoined him, to make during his journey all possible inquiries respecting the situation and value of mines in the districts he should visit. Of both these commissions our traveller seems to have acquitted himself well, although probably he gave no great satisfaction to his employers. For, condensing his report on his sub-marine researches in a few words, he says, alluding to pearl-oysters: 'On the coast of Senora, there are none at all, except at Guaymas; and that to the northward of 28° 30', I could not discover any trace whatever of that shell on either side of the gulf. Moreover, I remarked, that pearl-oysters, in shallow situations, are almost totally unproductive.' This information he gives *pro bono publico*, 'to prevent future speculators in this department from embarking in so wild an enterprise as that of the Mexican Pearl Fishery.'—p. 449.

His account of the mines is more encouraging, although, no doubt, by far too *sobre* to have suited the heated imaginations of the bubble-mongers of 1825, who could dream of nothing but of *bonanzas*, or at least, of lumps of solid gold and silver. Mr. Hardy has come to the conclusion, that 'the owner of a rich mine is generally also a rich man,' and consequently stands in no need of English money to work it; whence we may conclude (and experience has shewn it to be the fact), that most of the mines which have been sold to our companies, are such as no native thought worth his while to work. Mr. Hardy, indeed, recommends the working of copper-mines in preference to those of gold and silver:

> 'There is an abundant supply already of that metal above ground and in circulation, much of which has been known to cost the original discoverers of it more than its intrinsic value. Perhaps the same observation might be extended to copper also: but, however, as in this country it actually produces seventy-five and even sometimes ninety-nine per cent., independent of its being so much nearer the surface than is either of the precious metals, except in the créaderos, the balance in favour of copper is certainly great. Some of the largest fortunes which have been gained in Senora, have arisen from the extraction of copper.'—p. 412.

His road, as may be traced on a well-executed map, accompanying the work, conducted him, by way of Toluca, Valladolid, and Guadalaxara, to the first sea-port in the Gulf of California, Mazatlan. Here he embarked for Guaymas, from which place he made various excursions through the mining districts in the rear of the port; and on his return, embarked on his diving expedition in the gulf, of which he made a complete tour, rectifying in many instances our geographical and hydrographical knowledge of that unfrequented corner of the world. Having returned to port, he set out for Mexico by a different road from which he had come; for he ascended the course of the rivers, and turning round the foot of the hills towards the south, traversed the whole of Durango, and reached the capital by way of Zacatecas.

Mr. Hardy, like most naval men, is a pleasant travelling companion, a little too fond of sea-phrases for landsmen, tolerably free from prejudices, good-natured, fond of a joke, candid and honest, at the same time shrewd, and mostly well-informed. He seldom deals in generalities, of which travellers in general are too fond, but confines himself to facts. By these we find, that the Mexicans are very much like other people, a mixture of good and bad men, and in each again a mixture of good and bad qualities. In one place he meets with the most friendly hospitality, in another he is rudely repulsed, and refused provisions even for money; the kindness he meets with from one is perfectly disinterested, while another speculates on the profits he is to make of his guest. Instruction, as may be supposed, is rare in these remote provinces, but good sense is as plentiful here as elsewhere. The natives exhibit that love of the marvellous which is shown by the uneducated in all parts of the world; only that it here takes a peculiar direction, and people talk of mountains of solid silver and gold, and immense beds of pearl oysters, instead of the fairies, kelpies, and other absurdities we hear of in Europe. They do not seem to be particularly brave, and our traveller relates instances of individual cowardice and public alarms, which we should pronounce to be caricatures, if we had not ourselves seen similar exhibitions among nations generally reputed for their bravery. They are bigoted, and generally intolerant, like all people kept in darkness by an interested priesthood. They are dirty, like most of the inhabitants of warm climates, and with few wants. But we are happy to find, by the testimony of our author, that the Mexican people in general are improvable, and that corruption, duplicity, deceit, and falsehood, which justly disgust all foreigners, brought in contact with their government, is confined to the higher classes, and among these again more to those of the capital than to those of the remoter provinces.

Mr. Hardy, with the gay spirit peculiar to his profession, mixed in all the amusements of the people, and is very amusing himself in his descriptions of them. The following, which gives an accoun of a ball our traveller attended at Valladolid, may serve as a specimen of his graphic powers.

'The assembly, which was held in the town-hall, was numerously attended. The rooms, which are large, were well lighted, and when we arrived the ball had already commenced, and the sound of the music, together with the gay dresses of the ladies, formed an agreeable contrast with the cheerless hotels in which we had lodged since we left Mexico. One of the masters of the ceremonies received us with great politeness, and conducted us to seats which were arranged on each side of the room in a double column; the musicians being placed at one end. When I entered, the delighted company were threading the difficult mazes of a Spanish country dance, with characteristic slowness and precision. To this succeeded the waltz; and if the men were stiff and formal in their movements, the languishing attitudes into which the young ladies threw themselves, and which, out of Mexico, might have been deemed highly indelicate, but which passed here for winning gracefulness, certainly made ample amends. There was something abundantly ridiculous in the contortions of the body, where the head, for example, was made to repose on the hand, whilst the elbow was supported on the extended arm of the fair one's partner, after which another attitude was assumed, and her eyes rested on the floor. The next minute they were raised to the ceiling, which movement was succeeded by a severe frown. It was, indeed, intended to be descriptive of every passion from love to hate—from admiration to contempt—"From grave to gay, from gentle to severe!" But description would fail of giving an adequate idea of the effect produced. I had not for a long time been so much amused, and felt quite angry when supper was announced.

'The supper-table was laid out with a profusion of flowers and viands of all descriptions, with emblems on the sweetmeats in the shape of little paper flags, curiously cut out, and with patriotic verses written upon them, calculated to increase the general enthusiasm inspired by the occasion. The repast being ended, the party again resumed their dancing attitudes; the music struck up, and the same animated countenances and sylph-like forms raised a deep feeling of anxious expectation. Presently the dance ceased, and instantly the attention was fixed by a party of ladies and gentlemen, who threatened a song. The ceremony, however, opened with a solo, and then succeeded a chorus. Another solo, followed by another chorus was given, till the singers were exhausted, and their patriotic verses were ended. The dance was again resumed, and lasted till about four in the morning, when the party separated. On my return to the meson, I fell into the arms of Morpheus, and was laughing and enjoying in my dreams the evening's entertainment.'—pp. 41—43.

We will add a short sketch of a lady's tertulia (assembly) at Pitic, and then pass on to graver matters. It was at the house of a lady, the widow of an Englishman, who, hearing our officer hum an English air in the street, politely invited him to join her party.

'Several other ladies were assembled in Tertulia, one of whom was fascinatingly beautiful for her age, certainly not more than seventy-five; and who, on the appearance of a stranger, was wont to put on all those

> smiles which are intended to captivate the heart. There was damsel equally young and very lady-like in her manners and nce; certainly not of less antiquity. She was as sentimental as a nd as insinuating as the point of a needle. The only remaining present, save and except an old Indian cook, was a young widow, ittack upon all stragglers was irresistible. "Formed to adorn a she cast a ray of splendour on all who were so happy as to gaze r; and the expression of her countenance seemed to demand that to which she was so amply entitled. Nature had lent a master's forming her elegant figure; and having exhausted her last efforts eauty of her features, was contented to leave the mind, enclosed in tiful a casket, to the mere schooling of the Graces. In manners and full of sensibility, her very look carried conquest in it; and lex of the heart, the eye, shone with a refulgence which the hardest ould not resist. Teeth of the most exquisite whiteness, lips that noved but to enchant, and bosom that never heaved except to a sigh, or in dole of her helpless widowhood,—but, kind reader! imagination fill up the rest. I am not competent to complete the .'—pp. 100, 101.

have already stated, that Mr. Hardy first embarked on the f California, at Mazatlan; he went on board a small country called Cocúla, the description of which is highly charac-

> cabin of the Cocúla was unique; filled with trunks, casks of hogs' lt pork, and salt junk, frying-pans, quadrants, oil bottles, empty ottles, and bags; all in elegant confusion, and in sympathetic nt with the vessel. A muddy twilight only was seen to enter the closed hatches (the weather being very stormy), add to which, ins of a sick fellow-traveller, who, for want of a wash-hand bowl, ise of a half-emptied bread cask—the floor rendered slippery involuntary contributions from an occasional upset of a barrel of into which the black cook, twice a day, introduced his yet more iand, to take out the quantity required for cooking beans for our -all these things not a little contributed to the discomforts of a age, rendered still more disagreeable by bad water, and the appre-s of our being soon unable to keep body and soul together, for food of any description; unless, indeed, we could manage to salt ie flesh of a continually-barking little dog, which belonged to the .'—pp. 85, 86.

he most interesting part of the book, however, is that which ies Mr. Hardy's voyage in search of pearls, we will at once l to it, reserving our notices on some previous parts of the

month of July being considered the most favourable for the ishery, Mr. Hardy sailed on the 17th of that month, from ias, on board the Wolf, in company of the Bruja, another in the service of the Company. Owing to a revolt of the Indians, who furnish the best divers, he could obtain no more vo divers, and those of very indifferent skill. On the 19th they arrived at Nuestra Senora de Loreto, the capital of Lower California. This he describes as a small town, situated in a narrow valley, surrounded by rocky mountains, leaving room for only two gardens, which supply the inhabitants with some fruit, but leave them to depend for their principal subsistence on Senora. Besides, they are exposed to frequent inundations, from the rain-water rushing down the hills. But man is a creature of habit, and where he has once taken his abode he will remain, although roaring cataracts, or burning lava, should threaten to overwhelm him. The governor Mr. Hardy met here was a scientific coxcomb, but showed himself very obliging to the English commissioner, who now embarked in the smaller vessel, and proceeded to the northward, while he dispatched 'the Wolf' to La Paz, to procure divers, and then examine the pearl-beds in the southern parts of the gulf.

Having reached the Gulf of Molexe (or Moleje), where Mr. Hardy had been informed a bed of oysters had formerly been seen, which produced immense riches to the first discoverer, but could not be found since. The Bruja drawing but little water, they anchored among the islands and little harbours of the gulf, and began trying their drags; but these bringing up nothing, and there being but one diver on board, and he a bad one, Mr. Hardy considered it his duty to become himself a diver. His account of this transaction, and of the mysteries of the deep, is so curious, that we consider ourselves justified in extracting it at full length.

'If it be difficult to learn to swim, it is infinitely more so to dive. In my first attempts I could only descend about six feet, and was immediately obliged to rise again to the surface, but by degrees I got down to three or four fathoms; at which depth the pressure of the water upon the ears is so great, that I can only compare it to a sharp-pointed iron instrument being violently forced into that organ. My stay under water, therefore, at this depth was extremely short; but as I had been assured, that so soon as the ears should burst, as it is technically called by the divers, there would be no difficulty in descending to any depth; and wishing to become an accomplished diver, I determined to brave the excessive pain, till the bursting should, as it were, liberate me from a kind of cord which limited my range downwards, in the same way that the ropes of a balloon confine the progress of that machine upwards.

'Accordingly, taking a leap from the bows of the boat, full of hope and resolution, with my fingers knit together over my head, the elbows straight, and keeping myself steadily in the inverse order of nature, namely, with my feet perpendicularly upwards, the impetus carried me down about four fathoms, when it became necessary to assist the descent by means of the hands and legs; but alas! who can count upon the firmness of his resolution? The change of temperature, from warm to cold, is most sensibly felt. Every fathom fills the imagination with some new idea of the dangerous folly of penetrating farther into the silent dominions of reckless monsters, where the skulls of the dead make perpetual grimaces, and the yawning jaws of sharks and tinteréros, or the death-embrace of the manta, lie in wait for us. These impressions were augmented by the impossibility of the vision penetrating the twilight by which I was surrounded, together with the excruciating pain that I felt in my ears and eyes: in short, my mind being assailed by a thousand incomprehensible images, I ceased striking with my hand and legs; I felt myself receding from the bottom; the delightful thought of once more beholding the blue heavens above me got the better of every other reflection; I involuntarily changed the position of my body, and, in the next instant, found myself once more on the surface. How did my bosom inflate with the rapid inspirations of my natural atmosphere, and a sensation of indescribable pleasure spread over every part of the body, as though the spirit was rejoicing at its liberation from its watery peril!

'In fact, it was a new sensation which I cannot describe. I did not suffer it, however, to be of long duration,—once more I essayed with a more fixed determination. Again I felt myself gliding through the slippery water, which, from its density, gave one the idea of swimming through a thick jelly; again I experienced the same change of temperature in the water as I descended; and again the agonizing sensation in my ears and eyes made me waver. But now, reason and resolution urged me on, although every instant the pain increased as I descended; and at the depth of six or seven fathoms, I felt a sensation in my ears like that produced by the explosion of a gun; at the same moment, I lost all sense of pain, and afterwards reached the bottom, which I explored with a facility which I had thought unattainable. Unfortunately, I met with no oysters to repay me for my perseverance: and as I found myself exhausted for want of air, I seized hold of a stone to prove that I had reached the bottom at *eight* fathoms water, and rose to the top with a triumph as great as if I had obtained a treasure.

'I no sooner found myself on the surface than I became sensible of what had happened to my ears, eyes, and mouth; I was literally bleeding from each of these, though wholly unconscious of it. But now was the greatest danger in diving, as the sharks, mantas, and tinteréros, have an astonishingly quick scent for blood. However, I was too much pleased with my success, to attend to the advice of the diver, and I continued the practice till I had collected a considerable number of shells, out of which I hoped to reap a rich harvest. But although constancy has a great deal to do with success, it will not command it! Six very small pearls were all that the large number of shells produced, although many of the oysters were large, and evidently of considerable age; but, like myself, they were "quite old enough to be better."

'The oyster secures itself so firmly to the rocks by its beard, that it requires no little force to tear it away; and as its external surface is full of sharp points, the hands are soon severely cut by them. The effect of the buoyancy of the water is also curious. At the depth of seven or eight fathoms, it requires exertion to keep down; and if you then attempt to lay hold on a rock with the hands, you find yourself, as it were, *suspended*, so that if you let go your hold you will immediately *tumble upwards!* I remember, the first oyster I ever met with was at the depth of four fathoms only; my head was almost touching it; and forgetting, in my pleasure, to strike out with my legs, as I stretched forward my hand to catch hold of the prize, to my astonishment, the oyster slipped from my grasp, and I found myself nearly at the surface of the water the next instant, so that I had all my labour for nothing.

> ‘So firmly does the oyster fix himself to the rock, that, in order to tear him away, it is necessary to get “a purchase” upon him, by placing the feet on the bottom. The excessive difficulty of doing this is incredible; it requires the muscular strength of the whole body to overcome the resistance of the water’s buoyancy. I have no doubt that, by means of its long beard, the oyster has the power of locomotion, and that it changes its situation according to its pleasure or convenience.’—pp. 250—254.

Although disappointed in his search, Mr. Hardy had now seen enough to be persuaded that a diving-bell would be of no use in the pearl-fishery, at least in the Gulf of California, owing to the inequality of the bottom, which he found to be full of narrow fissures, within which the oysters almost always fixed themselves. He also became aware that he had been led into a gross error, by being led to believe that ‘beds’ of oysters meant places where they lay heaped up in large masses. ‘Indeed,’ he says, ‘a moment’s reflection would have pointed out the impossibility of the oysters being piled in heaps together in this gulf. This fish always seeks for tranquillity, which it could never find in situations exposed to currents, and motion occasioned by the undulation of the water. I always found them in sheltered bays, the bottoms of which were covered with large rocks.’—p. 255.

He also notices a remarkable circumstance.

> ‘The perception of objects under water at this depth is very indistinct, and their magnitude is augmented, so that a very small shell appears of large dimensions, and the diver is frequently mortified by the discovery of the mistake when he rises. It is strange that the deception should not be detected by the *touch*: but it would appear, that in the same way as the *eyes* measure the capacity of the *stomach*, so also do they convey to the *hands* a sort of conviction that the *apparent* is the *true* size; so that these organs take pleasure in mutually deluding each other!’—pp. 255, 256.

Mr. Hardy informs us that he frequently dived when ‘the horizon was filled with the projecting fins of sharks, rising above the surface of the water!’ and swimming round him in every direction, at no greater distance than ‘a few fathoms!’ and thinks, that nothing but the strong concentration of the passions upon one particular object could induce a man to brave such frightful dangers; the only weapon of defence with which the diver is provided on such occasions being a stick, about nine inches long, and pointed at both ends. ‘The diver grasps it in the middle, and when attacked by a shark, he thrusts it into the monster’s jaws, in such a position that in attempting to seize his victim, the jaws close upon the two sharp points; thus secured, he can do no mischief, but swims away with his martydom; the diver rises and seeks a new weapon of defence.’ Nevertheless, there are dangers to be apprehended, against which even this contrivance is of no avail, as may be seen by the following anecdote, related to our traveller by Don Pablo Ochon, who, for many years, was a superintendent of the fishery and an expert diver, as having happened to himself:

'The Place de la Piédra negada, which is near Lorëto, was supposed to have quantities of very large pearl-oysters round it—a supposition which was at once confirmed by the great difficulty of finding this sunken rock. Don Pablo, however, succeeded in sounding it, and, in search of specimens of the largest and oldest shells, dived down in eleven fathoms water. The rock is not above one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards in circumference, and our adventurer swam round and examined it in all directions, but without meeting any inducement to prolong his stay. Accordingly, being satisfied that there were no oysters, he thought of ascending to the surface of the water; but first he cast a look upwards, as all divers are obliged to do, who hope to avoid the hungry jaws of a monster. If the *coast* be clear, they may then rise without apprehension.

'Don Pablo, however, when he cast a hasty glance upwards, found that a tinteréro had taken a station about three or four yards immediately above him, and, most probably, had been watching during the whole time he had been down. A double-pointed stick is a useless weapon against a tinteréro, as its mouth is of such enormous dimensions, that both man and stick would be swallowed together. He, therefore, felt himself rather *nervous*, as his retreat was now completely intercepted. But, under water, time is too great an object to be spent in reflection, and therefore he swam round to another part of the rock, hoping by this means to avoid the vigilance of his persecutor. What was his dismay, when he again looked up, to find the pertinacious tinteréro still hovering over him, as a hawk would follow a bird. He described him as having large, round, and inflamed eyes, apparently just ready to dart from their sockets with eagerness, and a mouth (at the recollection of which he still shuddered) that was continually opening and shutting, as if the monster was already in imagination devouring his victim, or, at least, that the contemplation of his prey imparted a foretaste of the gout!

'Two alternatives now presented themselves to the mind of Don Pablo: one, to suffer himself to be drowned—the other, to be eaten. He had already been under water for so considerable a time, that he found it impossible any longer to retain his breath, and was on the point of giving himself up for lost, with as much philosophy as he possessed. But what is dearer than life? The invention of man is seldom at a loss to find expedients for its preservation in cases of great extremity. On a sudden he recollected, that on one side of the rock, he had observed a sandy spot, and to this he swam with all imaginable speed; his *attentive* friend still watching his movements, and keeping a measured pace with him.

'As soon as he reached the spot, he commenced stirring it with his pointed stick, in such a way that the fine particles rose, and rendered the water perfectly turbid, so that he could not see the monster or the monster him. Availing himself of the *cloud*, by which himself and the tinteréro were enveloped, he swam very far out in a transvertical direction, and reached the surface in safety, although completely exhausted. Fortunately he rose close to one of the boats; and those who were within, seeing him in such a state, and knowing that an enemy must have been persecuting him, and that, by some artifice, he had saved his life, jumped overboard, as is their common practice in such cases, to frighten the creature away by splashing in the water; and Don Pablo was taken into the boat more dead than alive.'—pp. 257—260.

The sharks are, indeed, so formidable to every creature of which the sea is not absolutely the natural element, that we are told of an instance of a number of seals lying upon the shore of an island, which quietly allowed themselves to be knocked on the head by that ferocious animal, man, from fear of falling into the jaws of some of those monsters; the largest, the captain said, he had ever seen, which were blockading the poor creatures on the sea-side, and picked up every seal which was bold enough to venture into the water. The following scene may give some idea of the formidable nature of these "hyænas of the deep."

Our author was sitting on the highest hill of an island he had discovered in the gulf, and which he has named George's Island, plunged into a reverie of home, and friends, and kindred, when he was suddenly roused by a splashing in the water. It was a combat between a seal and two monstrous sharks.

'Never did I witness any thing half so terrific. I could scarcely breathe from anxiety. The commotion in the water was very great, and the long tails of the sharks were, at intervals, four or five feet out of the water, making muscular efforts, and flouncing with ferocious energy, to keep the seal from rising to the surface. Presently their tails entirely disappeared, and in an instant more, the ruffled surface of the water, where the combat had taken place, was discoloured with blood, bubbling up from below; and a perfect smoothness succeeded, which left only a trace of where the fight had been. So completely were my feelings absorbed by the spectacle, that no sooner had the excitement subsided, than I was overcome by a faintness and a sensation of thirst, which even at this moment of detailing the relation, I could fancy that I feel afresh, and that again I see the poor seal torn to pieces.

'Two of the crew told me that they also had beheld the fight, and afterwards saw the poor seal crawl out of the water upon the rocks with his entrails hanging out. Judging from the appearance of the sharks swimming round the island close to the shore, I should imagine they cannot be short of thirty feet long. They look like whales; and I took especial care neither to venture into the water myself, nor suffer any of our men to do so.'—pp. 306, 307.

But we are terrified when we view the combat between the powerful and strong, the spilling of *large* quantities of blood alarms our imagination; but the havock which we and other animals commit upon the smaller species of the creation, which can neither defend themselves, nor even express their pain by cries, we regard unmoved; and sometimes, even the sight of the injury inflicted by such little creatures upon each other affords us amusement.

'There were many low rocks on the beach,' Mr. Hardy tells us, complacently, in the next page, 'among which, at low water, I picked up a great number of very pretty shells, all small, and many with fish in them.

'While engaged in this occupation, I was surprised to observe, on almost all the flat rocks, little piles of shells. I knew that only my Mexican servant came on shore with me in the canoe, and him I saw engaged in another direction; knowing also that he had never passed over the spot where the heaps in question were piled; and even if he had, that it would have been impossible for him, in so short a time, to have made so many, I began to imagine that they must have been made by Indians, and carefully examined the sand for the print of footsteps. But I could find only my own. I was therefore at a loss to conjecture the cause of this curious circumstance. Upon re-examining the heaps, I discovered small crabs to be engaged in this occupation! They were dragging them along, and appeared to be charitably disposing them as habitations for their young progeny, to whom it afforded a comfortable protection against the beating of the sea upon the rocks, when the tide rose, as well as from the jaws of other fish. I stayed and watched the progress of their labours with great amusement, and it only ceased when the rising of the tide permitted them to work no longer.'—pp. 308, 309.

We have no doubt that it amused Mr. Hardy, but we doubt whether the poor shell-fish which were thus dragged out of their natural sphere to be starved to death on the beach, were not as much alarmed, and would have struggled as hard, if they had had the power, as the seal within the fangs of the two sharks. But we do not blame Mr. Hardy for this difference of feeling he evinces on the two occasions—it is in human nature.

The lions in the mountains of California are said to be very ferocious. Mr. Hardy gives an instance which he heard from a native:

'A former commandant of this province, in the year 1821, was travelling near the gulf of Molexe, the western side of which passes the road from San Diego, whence he had come; and finding it impossible, from the lateness of the hour, to reach Lorèto before morning, he resolved upon sleeping in one of the valleys near the shore. His two sons, youths of sixteen and eighteen years of age, accompanied him. The father, being apprehensive of lions, which he knew to be plentiful among the mountains, slept *with a son on either side of him*, charitably supposing, that if one of these animals should approach the party during the night, he would certainly attack the person sleeping on the *outside*.

'About midnight, a wandering lion found out the retreat of the trio, and, without his approach being perceived, he leaped upon the *father*, in whose body he inserted his teeth and claws, and with mane and tail erect, proceeded forthwith to devour him. The two boys, moved by the cries and sufferings of their parent, grappled the lion manfully, who, finding his prize contested, became furious; the combat was most bloody. After being dreadfully lacerated, the two brave youths succeeded, with a small knife, in killing their ferocious enemy, but, unhappily for them, not soon enough to save their father; and the afflicted boys were left to lament his death and their own severe wounds. They both, with difficulty, survived; and are, I understand, still living in California, although dreadful objects, the features of one of them being nearly obliterated.'—pp. 261, 262.

These mountains are also the abode of wild cattle, which are hunted by the inhabitants of the missions for their fat. Mr. Hardy thinks it would have been unpardonable to have omitted an account of this extraordinary and dangerous chase; and as we are of the same opinion, we give it in his own words:

'From the mountainous state of the country, it may be supposed that there are likewise an infinity of gullies, canadas, which afford shelter to the wild cattle, and furnish them with food. The huntsman is always mounted on a strong, bold, and well-trained horse. As soon as he catches sight of a wild bull, the chase commences, and he follows it "through bush and briar," leaping up and down precipices of three or four feet, and passes at full speed over a country which, for unevenness, has scarcely any parallel. Were it not for a jacket and trowsers of tanned hide, the flesh would probably be torn from the bones by the thorny branches of the mesquite (a thick bush). The chief object of the huntsman is, never to lose sight of the bull; and the horse is always left to take care of his own and of his master's neck, It never happens that the chase is of any long continuance, as the bull usually takes to the nearest canada. This ravine he follows, through all its ruggedness, at the height of his speed, stumbling, and even rolling along, till its extreme narrowness renders farther progress impossible.

'No sooner does the huntsman, who is usually not far behind, see the dilemma of the bull, than he dismounts, and rapidly taking off his long leathern jacket, and drawing his knife from the side of his right knee, where it had till now been confined by the band which fastens the leathern protectors of his legs, called "botas," he manfully advances towards the animal, who, when he sees his adversary approach, turns round, and makes a furious attempt to destroy him with his horns. This the sportsman, assisted by his coat, evades with a dexterity truly wonderful. And now commences a bloody fight. Spurred up to his utmost fury by the wounds which he is continually receiving from his adversary, the efforts of the bull are tremendous; but the huntsman avoids all his thrusts, and upon each occasion inflicts a fresh wound. There is here no crying "craven," one or other of the combatants must inevitably perish. The carrion crow, and other carnivorous birds, who always attend the huntsmen, from the period when the affray commences, set up their horrid croaking, so that the horrors of the fight would be very considerably increased, did the occupation of the hunter permit him to reflect that these birds will eventually feed on the dead carcase of either man or beast! The conflict seldom lasts longer than a quarter of an hour; sometimes it is terminated in a few minutes, if the hunter makes a successful stab; and when the bull has lost a great quantity of blood, his head sinks for want of strength to support it, his huge body begins to totter, and, at last, down he drops on his fore-legs, as if praying for mercy, which his relentless conqueror refusing to grant, gives him the *coup-de-grace*, ending the fight and the misery of the poor brute together.'—pp. 264—266.

Mr. Hardy ascended with his light vessel the river Colorado, which he was carried up by an exceedingly rapid tide to a considerable distance, and then all of a sudden left on the dry sand. It was above a week before such a return of the tide could possibly be expected as would set the vessel afloat, and allow them to re-descend the river. At the same time the provisions of the party were on the decline, and there were evidently hostile intentions entertained by the natives, who at one time appeared on the shore to the number of five or six thousand. Mr. Hardy displayed on this occasion all the firmness and prudence which is to be expected from a British naval officer; and by these he ultimately extricated the vessel and its crew from its perilous situation, without an act of violence having been committed on either side. This part of our author's journal is extremely curious, as well as the account of his friendly intercourse with the natives of Tiburow, who had been described to him by the Mexicans as implacable and cruel savages: but whose chief sin is, that they, as well as the Indians near the Colorado, are too prudent to admit European settlers among them, and are determined at all hazards to maintain their primitive independence. And if we take into consideration the miserable state of the Indians at the missions, and, indeed, in the whole of Mexico, we are content to see them continue in their present barbarous condition, even at the risk of future travellers again meeting young ladies in the state of *un*dress in which our author has seen them near the Colorado, where a garland of leaves round the middle is a luxury allowed only to the chiefs of the nation, than have them taught a civilization of degrading slavery, and a christianity, darkened and disfigured by pagan sensuality. But as extracts could not convey any idea of the transactions to which we have alluded, we must refer the reader to the volume itself, and return with our author to New Spain.

The revolt of the Yaquis still continued, and was headed by a man whom we are desirous of introducing to our readers. The Yaquis, who are spread all over the province of Senora, are described as the most industrious, and most useful of all the tribes of the province. They were the first to succumb to the Jesuits, who, while they taught them the arts of civilization, made them their slaves. The Jesuits were superseded by the *curés*, but the thraldom of the poor Indians remained unmitigated. When the power of Spain had been overthrown, and a republican form of government introduced in its stead, the Yaquis, together with several other Indian nations, were declared free citizens of the state. But this freedom was but an empty name; they were not allowed to send representatives of their own body to the congress; the tyranny of the curés was continued, and to carry their misery to its utmost limits, a heavy duty was imposed upon the produce they brought to the towns, whether they were sold or carried back again. Unable to bear any longer with these accumulated evils, they rose in arms, and led by a man who seems to be as noble and humane, as he showed himself skilful and brave, kept up a successful struggle for two years, which terminated in a treaty to their advantage.

This man's name was Juan, with the surname of de la Banderas, from a flag which he had seized in a church, and which he represented to his followers as being the same which had formerly belonged to the Cazique Montezuma. This flag he always carried along with him, and made it the rallying point for all the Indians who wished to see the restoration of their ancient empire. He is said to be of a small stature, and excessively ugly; but endowed by nature with an irresistible flow of eloquence. The following is a very striking instance of the energy and powers of this untutored Indian:—In the beginning of the rebellion, the Mayo nation had refused to make common cause with their brethren, the Yaquis, and had even promised to the general of the Republic that, if Bandéras should venture among them, they would deliver him up to the Government. This chief, being informed of the hostile intention of the Mayos, boldly went into the midst of them, and, having assembled the inhabitants of their sixteen towns, he harangued them in a noble speech, of which the following was given as the conclusion:—

> '"By imitating our example in the struggle for liberty, you would have proved yourselves worthy of its reward—worthy to be called the descendants of the brave and too-confiding Montezuma. I offered you a share in the glorious enterprise; but the wisdom, spirit, and valour of your ancestors is a flame that burns no more;—the earth has consumed it—the water has extinguished its fire. I offered you the prize of freedom, because I supposed you worthy of it. But I see that I have deceived myself; slavery has brutalized your souls; you have disgraced our forefathers, and you will be the contempt of our sons' sons. I found you slaves, and slaves you may continue!"'—p. 390.

The effect was instantaneous; the refractory tribe implored his pardon, asked for his blessing, and rose, *en masse*, to join in the rebellion of his people.

By the account, given by Mr. Hardy, of some of the operations of this chief, it seems as if he had been gifted with ubiquity, appearing within spaces of time almost incredible, in the most opposite directions of the provinces; now sweeping a district of its corn and cattle—now surprising a town and plundering its inhabitants; one day emptying a mining establishment of its treasure, and the next attacking the regular troops of General Figueras, with his half-armed men; and whether victorious or defeated, always equally active in injuring or annoying his enemies. From the many instances mentioned by our author of the extraordinary activity and prowess of this chief, whom the Indians at last elected as their "Emperor," we will quote but one:—

> 'On the 20th, a division of cavalry (150 men), under the command of Col. ———, one of the aides-de-camp of the commander-in chief, being in pursuit of Bandéras, was attacked by that chief at Tepágue, between Pitic and San Jose de los Pimos. The combat, like all the others conducted by the Indian chief, was a melée, in which the Yaquis intermixed themselves with the cavalry, and in about twenty minutes completely defeated them. So great was the panic, that the Yaquis remained in possession of all the enemy's fire-arms, swords, and lances, which had been

thrown down to lighten their former bearers, that their weight might not impede their flight.'—p. 409.

The "gallant" colonel and his troop, no doubt, were great cowards; nevertheless, it cannot be denied that it required no small degree of intrepidity in half-naked and badly armed countrymen, to attack a body of cavalry hand to hand in a *melée*. But the most singular fact stated of Bandéras is, that he would never follow up a victory, so as to seize upon the larger towns, to which he had frequently opened himself the road. Mr. Hardy ascribes this apparent indecision in a man who, on other occasions, gave so many proofs of the contrary quality, to a feeling of humanity, a virtue for which, he assures us, even his enemies gave him credit. For, knowing the ferocious disposition of his followers, he feared that if he had led them into a town just after they had defeated their enemies, whose "tender mercies" they often experienced on other occasions, even his own authority, great as it was, would prove insufficient to repress their fury, and to prevent those horrors inseparable from the sacking of a town. Mercy shown in civil war, is an occurrence so unusual, even among "polished" nations, that we should feel inclined to doubt the justness of our author's surmise, but for the following "fact," which seems to justify a supposition so honourable to the object to whom it is applied.

'Fear has generally the effect of rendering the timid cruel; and the whites in Alamos had adopted the short-sighted policy of executing all prisoners who might chance to fall into their hands, under the mistaken idea that their death would diminish the number of enemies: forgetting that these executions would probably awaken a feeling of retribution in the Indians; whereby the usual miseries of war would be invested with tenfold horrors. Now this actually occurred. Some Yaquis had been made prisoners, and, after having been tried by court-martial, sentence of death was passed upon them as rebels; and immediately afterwards, having been invited to receive the consolations of a Spanish priest, which they refused, they were executed. This fact coming soon after to the knowledge of Bandéras, who had likewise taken captive several Spaniards, among whom was a priest, he held a court-martial upon them, and they were condemned for being agents of the tyrannical usurpers of the authority of Montezuma. The priest was ordered to administer ghostly comfort to the condemned prisoners, and the next morning they were executed with the same formalities which had attended the executions of the Yaquis condemned in the Real de les Alamos.

'No sooner had this act of retribution been accomplished, than Bandéras wrote to General Figueras, giving him an account of the transaction, and recommending him for the future to avoid a repetition of such barbarous cruelty, which, he said, could answer no good purpose, but, on the contrary, would have the effect of inflaming the passions of their respective followers, and add greatly to the sufferings of innocent victims. At the same time he observed, that he had merely followed an example set by those who called themselves Christians and civilized people, to convince him that he was not to be intimidated; nor indeed had he been guilty of more severity than was absolutely necessary to secure the lives of such of his people as might in future become prisoners. Moreover, that the repetition of such a proceeding should never occur, provided the Commandant-general would act upon liberal and enlightened principles of reason and humanity.'—pp. 199—201.

Mr. Hardy tells us of a number of atrocious murders and robberies, with which we would willingly gratify those of our readers who may delight in such "interesting narratives," were we not afraid that we have already transgressed the reasonable bounds of a review of a book of travels. But we cannot, out of regard to the fair sex, withhold an anecdote told of a French marquise, which does credit both to the courage and the *sang froid* of the sex. This lady, it seems, frequently travels as a merchant from one extremity of the Republic to the other, and, in consequence of her well-known intrepidity, is often entrusted with the conveyance of large sums of money.

> 'She was once attacked by two or three men, one of whom she shot without ceremony, whereupon the rest thought it advisable to ride away. Arriving at the nearest town on the road to which this event happened, information of which had already preceded her, she was taken before the alcalde; and the two surviving rogues, who had attempted to commit the robbery, now appeared as evidence against her. The alcalde, with great solemnity, said he must commit her to prison. Hereupon our heroine took a loaded pistol from her bosom, which having cocked, she presented at the alcalde, making this observation,—"The man whom I shot attempted to rob me, and if you do not allow me immediately to depart, I have another shot ready for your honour, considering you and the two witness accomplices." The case was instantly discharged!'—p. 490.

There are many parts of this interesting book which we must leave unnoticed; but there is one portion which we cannot pass over in silence—our author's quackery! and as Mr. H. calls himself a quack, we hope he will excuse us for applying this term to him. This gentleman, (who by the bye must have been always fond of "doctoring," allowed himself to be persuaded by both Mexicans and Indians, that he was a second Æsculapius, and consequently distributed blisters, pills, and boluses, in all directions. It may have been necessary for him, for the purpose of conciliating the natives, and perhaps he often treated them more judiciously than their local quacks; yet, as a general practice, we must reprobate the system of many travellers, of prescribing for the unfortunate natives of distant climates, when their countrymen would not trust them with the treatment of their dogs. As Mr. H., however, takes credit for having frequently been successful in his practice, we will enumerate some of the instances he gives, for the benefit of the "faculty."

A child and a young lady cured of ulcers, by the "Gotas de Salud," the composition of which is not stated.

A lady snatched from the jaws of death, (in consequence of pains which had seized her after bearing a child), by his giving her the infusion of the *závilla*-leaves steeped in spirits, and some of the above drops.—pp. 193—4.

With charcoal pills, Mr. H. has cured pains in the shoulder and neck, and '*among other* diseases,' he saved a young man from the effects of the bite of a rattle-snake, by the same black dose, and immersion in cold water.—p. 417.

'For nausea, charcoal is also efficacious; and for dysentery, it is an invaluable remedy.'—p. 419. Moreover, he applied it in conjunction with rice, as a poultice.

Mr. H. tells us, in the same place, that he also applied 'remedies of his own for scald-head, ulcers in the nose and throat, and, lastly, for the palpitation of the heart.' Eventually, too, he cured himself of the pain in his chest, brought on by diving; but our author does not vouchsafe to favour us with an account of the remedies he employed against these "ills which human flesh is heir to." However we are informed in p. 420, that the infusion of ash-wood is an infallible remedy for coughs proceeding from cold.

Mr. H.'s account of the practices and superstitions of the Mexicans, in cases of illness, is curious, but we pass it over to make room for a recipe against that dreadful malady, hydrophobia, which the author received from Don Victores Aquilar, who assured him, that he had never known it to fail. For want of anything better, it may be worth a trial, and we therefore subjoin it in the author's translation:—

> '"Method of curing Hydrophobia."
>
> 'The person under the influence of this disease must be well secured, hat he may do no mischief either to himself or others.
>
> 'Soak a rennet in a little more than half a tumbler of water (for about ve minutes). When this has been done, add of pulverized sevadilla as much as may be taken up by the thumb and three fingers. Mix it thoroughly, and give it to the patient (that is, force it down his throat in n interval between the paroxysms). The patient is then to be put into he sun if possible, (or placed near a fire,) and well warmed. If the first ose tranquillize him, after a short interval, no more is to be given, but if e continue furious, another dose must be administered, which will infallibly uiet him. A profound sleep will succeed, which will last twenty-four r forty-eight hours, (according to the strength of the patient's constitution), at the expiration of which time, he will be attacked with severe urging and vomiting, which will continue till the poison be entirely ected. He will then be restored to his senses, will ask for food, and be erfectly cured."'—pp. 117, 118.

Mr. H. has heard of many other remedies against various diseases enerally considered incurable, as being in possession of the ndians; and therefore proposes that scientific men should be sent n a special mission among the various tribes, for the purpose of ollecting a knowledge of the herbs, which these simple children f nature have learnt from their ancient mother, to apply to their exigencies. We fully agree with him in the opinion, that such an enterprise would prove eminently useful, and hope that in these piping times of peace, our government will select from the half-pay medical list, some individuals fit for such an enterprise, and forward them on the philanthropic expedition.

Art. V.—*The Harleian Dairy System; and an Account of the various Methods of Dairy Husbandry pursued by the Dutch. Also, a new and Improved mode of Ventilating Stables, with an Appendix, containing Useful Hints (founded on the Author's experience) for the management of Hedge-row Fences, Fruit Trees, &c.; and the Means of rendering Barren Land Fruitful.* By William Harley. London: Ridgway. 1829.

Not the least singular, and to many readers by far the most interesting portion of this book, is the auto-biography of the author, given in the introduction, proving him to be a person of very extraordinary enterprise and perseverance. This will be perceived at once when we consider that, while he was engaged in the extensive manufacture of soft goods and other mercantile concerns, he filled up what leisure time he had, by converting his suburban villa of Willow-bank, and the few fields around it, into a public watering and bathing place, pleasure grounds, gardens, orchards, dairy, piggery, bakery, including a manufacture of manure, solid and liquid, almost sufficient in each of the several departments for supplying the wants of the whole city of Glasgow, consisting of above a hundred thousand inhabitants. We can recollect this very spot some twenty or more years ago, to have been little better than a wilderness, with scarcely a respectable shrub, much less a tree, to overtop the prevailing thorns and brambles, while the cold stiff clay soil, and the bleak exposure of the hill side to the easterly winds, gave but small temptation to the most sanguine improver to expend his capital. No obstacle however could deter our author, who having begun by carting the water of the Willow-bank spring over the city, and selling it at a penny a bucket, went on step by step, till he made his place the resort of fashion; and the waste and barren wilderness above described, is now covered with elegant houses, all built of white free-stone, often procured in part out of the foundation trenches; nay, whole streets, and even fine squares, have recently started up, as if by magic, around Mr. Harley's well in the wilderness, which is now indeed the focus of the west end of Glasgow,—improvements which may in a great measure be fairly ascribed to the enterprises originated by our author, though aided no doubt by near vicinity to the great mercantile metropolis of Scotland.

In his management of steam, Mr. Harley almost appears to have rivalled his celebrated townsman, Watt himself. With a small engine of six-horse power, the fuel of which (twelve cwt. of dross coal) cost only one shilling per day, he performed wonders. This engine in the first place propelled a multiplicity of his farming and dairy machinery, such as 'a threshing mill and fanners, a turnip and potatoe slicer, a hay and straw cutter, a corn bruiser, and a churning apparatus;' but this was only a small portion of its appliances: coiled within the boiler was a leaden pipe, 150 feet long, and two inches diameter, into one end of which cold water was admitted, and was heated in passing through the boiler for the supply of the hot baths, the scullery, the bakery, and wherever hot water was wanted in the establishment; while a pipe from the engine boiler served to supply steam for all the cooking wanted for the cows, horses, and pigs, as well as for the men and women. Not only so, but the whole of the establishment was heated by the miraculous steam. It was nothing surprising after all this, that Mr. Harley was waggishly reported to have milked his cows by steam, and even to have 'achieved other things,' as he tells us, 'still more wonderful by that power.'

Such is a small sample, as our author might say, of the details in the work before us, and which we think must produce a desire in all who have read this, to know something of the man himself. It has been remarked of a considerable number of distinguished men, that they owed much of their celebrity to the early care of their mothers, and our author appears to add another instance to the honour of the female sex. He thus opens his interesting, and by far too brief memoir:

> 'To those who have expressed a desire to know more of the Author's early associations than he would otherwise have had the presumption to disclose, it may suffice to state, that he is a native of Glendovan, in the Ochills of Perthshire. Deprived at a very early age of his parents, he had the good fortune to have the bitterness of such bereavement assuaged by the affectionate attentions and parental kindnesses of an excellent woman, his paternal grandmother, who was better known to the community of which she was the ornament, as the *Lady of Whiteridge*, that being the name of the property whence she derived her income. To a strong natural understanding she added the advantages of a well cultivated mind, and all the estimable qualities of a heart fraught with an unceasing desire to do good. With these attainments she undertook the grateful task of "teaching the young idea," and of so employing every maternal effort for the improvement of her adopted charge, as to impress upon his mind by precepts pointed out to him from the Bible, the Pilgrims' Progress, and similar sacred and instructive sources, the great duty he owed to his God, to his neighbour, and to himself. This mental discipline was alternately relieved by recreative diversities, in which this much esteemed woman would delight to participate; but in none, perhaps, was there more reciprocal enjoyment than in the anecdotes which she occasionally related, of the Rebellion of 1745; one of these was so indelibly impressed upon the Author's mind, from its family application, that he may be excused for narrating it.
>
> 'As it was known that the property enjoyed by the Lady of Whiteridge

was held of the Crown, the Pretender claimed, as his right, the feu duty; and, in order to enforce the payment thereof, he sent a party with instructions either to obtain the money or bring away the cattle. Previous intimation of this hostile visit having been communicated, all the Establishment was put in requisition to transport the horses and black cattle to a distant part of the Ochill Hills. When the Pretender's party arrived, the "Lady," (as she was called), received them courteously, and entertained them with liberal hospitality; but peremptorily refused to pay the feu duty. This extraordinary firmness, coupled with such unexpected kindness to the intruders, (for, on their departure, she furnished each man with a supply in his plaid), caused the persons and property of Whiteridge to be thenceforth generally respected by all parties who happened to be marching or countermarching past the premises, which were situated by the way-side.

'With such scenes as were ever before his eye, it was to be expected the Author's early habits should introduce him to a familiarity with, and an attachment for rural affairs, and particularly for those healthful and invigorating sports of the field which can only be truly relished by the lovers of a country life. About this time his maternal uncle, (Mr. Blyth, of Perth), who had commenced a manufactory at Kinross, for weaving *sattinets,* endeavoured to prevail upon the Author to learn that business. The proposal was at first but coldly received; country weavers at that time of day did not rank very high in the estimation of society; indeed, so deep-rooted was the Author's prejudice as to the respectability of the pursuit, that he considered the distinction to be but a shade between a weaver and a "finisher of the law." A little time, however, mingled with some useful inculcations, soon dissipated this error, and the Author, in a short time, found himself perfectly at home at Kinross, attending to the business with diligence, and enjoying the hours devoted to recreation, in angling in Lochleven, or, when the Loch was frozen, rambling about the castle which the fate of the unfortunate Mary had rendered memorable.

'After learning the operative part of that business—*fine linen,* which was then manufactured in no other part of Scotland, the Author visited Perth, where he acquired a similar knowledge with regard to *brown linen;* and, on Whitsunday, 1789, he proceeded to Glasgow, and was received there into one of the most respectable manufacturing houses then in town. In a few months he obtained such a knowledge of the cotton manufacture as enabled him, in the following year, to commence business on his own account. In 1794 he produced the *Turkey red-checked gingham,* a species of manufacture hitherto unknown in Great Britain. During the first season, the sale of this popular article was confined (per agreement) to the late Mr. Gilchrist, of Edinburgh. Soon after this, it was introduced to the London market, and subsequently became an article of considerable importance as an export to America and the West Indies, whither it was sent in large quantities, and in great varieties of original patterns.

'For some time prior to the Peace of 1814, the Author paid nearly £20,000 annually for winding and weaving of cotton yarn, in addition to a large expenditure upon buildings, labourers' wages, &c.'—pp. xiii—xviii.

It appears from this that Mr. Harley had from his earlier years a turn for originality and improvement, which however cannot, we think, be with much probability ascribed to the old Lady of

Whiteridge, who was no doubt as immovably wedded to good or bad old customs, as she was to her freedom from the Pretender's duty. His thirst for innovation indeed may be remarked in the most minute things, extending even to an evident desire to change, if not to improve, his mother tongue—the broad Scotch of the Ochil Hills. His good old grandmother, indeed, would scarcely have recognised the name of her property of *Whitrig* under his Glasgowized appellation of Whiteridge,—while Willow-bank again is intended as an improvement upon the Scotch original of *Sauchie Ha'*—the word "sauchie" meaning *Willowy*, if it were allowable to form an English adjective from "willow." This sort of affectation of English, we have always remarked as one of the most besetting sins of the middle ranks, particularly the mercantile classes in Scotland, and it pervades many of the pages under review. To return to his narrative.

'In 1802, he acquired a few acres of ground, merely for a family residence, at Sauchy Hall. This spot had formerly been a bleach-field, and contained an abundance of spring water, an article, of which the city of Glasgow was then very much in need. The Author consequently set to work to obviate this public inconvenience: he had carts and four-wheeled carriages built, which were employed in conveying large supplies of water daily into the city for the use of its inhabitants. The success of this project led to the formation of the Glasgow and Cranston Hill Water Companies; the establishment of which rendered the Willow-bank water afterwards unnecessary.

'With a view, however, to turn this indispensable article of life to some other public account, the Author was induced to erect, what was at that time much wanted, namely, hot and cold baths. These were held in much estimation, and received considerable patronage. At length it became a frequent remark by invalids, that it would be a very desirable accommodation if they could be furnished with a little new milk; a wish that was soon complied with by sending a cow from the villa at Willow-bank to be milked at the baths; and hence was laid the foundation of the Willow-bank Dairy, a brief account of the progress of which may not be inappropriately introduced in this place.

'In 1810 the first cow-house was erected, which was calculated to hold twenty-four cows; a plan of which, with a description of the building, will be found in the following pages. As the demand for milk increased, additional accommodation was provided, till, at the Peace in 1814, three hundred cows could be arranged. At one period, the stock amounted to two hundred and sixty.'—*Vide Dr. Cleland's Annals.*

'The Grand Duke Nicholas (the present Emperor of Russia,) his brother the Grand Duke Michael, Archdukes John and Lewis of Austria, and other German Princes, as well as many noblemen and gentlemen from all quarters of the globe, paid a visit to, and were highly gratified with, the Establishment. Many of them expressed their regret that no plan of the buildings, or account of the System, had been published, which they would have been willing to possess on any pecuniary terms.

'The Highland Society of Scotland also appointed a deputation of its members to inspect the Dairy, and to report their opinion of the same, which proved of so satisfactory a nature as to lead to an unanimous vote of the Society, that a piece of plate should be presented to the projector of the Establishment.

'It should be here stated, that the new and improved house, for accommodating one hundred cows, as described in this Work, was erected after the Author had been honoured with the above mark of approbation.

'The Author having, at another period of his life, acquired of Blythswood a considerable quantity of poor and waste land; he enclosed it, and cultivated large supplies of vegetables and fruits for the use of the city. A portion of the land was disposed into arbour and bowling greens; tasteful walks were also laid out, and a square was formed and planted upon Blythswood Hill, &c.

'By the purchase and excambio of the lands of Enoch Bank, the Author opened up St. Vincent Street, George Street, Renfrew Street, Bath Street, and Nile Street. Under the last, arches were formed to fill up the ravine; these were converted into ice-houses, &c., under which St. Enoch's Burn was arched over and made a common sewer. The Author commenced building along several of these streets, which was the origin of what may be called the NEW TOWN.

'Previous to the above operations, Blythswood had no access from his lands to the city except by Anderstone Walk, and the Sauchy Hall road, the latter of which was at that time almost impassable.

'Having introduced good water, pure milk, and other improvements into the city, the Author was subsequently much importuned by a number of respectable inhabitants to turn his attention to the objectionable practices then prevalent in the *baking* trade. The bread in Glasgow was at that time considered very inferior to what was sold in many other places. The Author's numerous avocations, however, induced him to resist the proposal for two years; but in 1815, at the instance of several of the bankers and principal inhabitants, he commenced the baking of wheaten bread, the superior quality of which was every where approved, not only in the city, but by those who resided upon the west coast, and at the different places where Glasgow steam-boats were in the habit of plying.

'Among the various pursuits in which the Author was at one period engaged, he has often felt that none afforded him so much real gratification as the *Dairy*, particularly as regarded the comfortable state of the cows, and a cleanly mode of management; and if he had not the veneration of a Hindoo for these animals, their natural docility and public usefulness to mankind often elicited from him a regret that so little attention was in general paid to their comfort; for, next to the vital nourishment supplied by the maternal sources of the human species, the milk of the cow unquestionably deserves to be ranked. The delight which the Author felt in seeing so many lovely groupes of smiling children twice a-day enjoying the delicious regalement at the Willow-bank Dairy, will never be effaced from his memory: the avidity, too, with which the little urchins sought their customary potations, could only be equalled by their frolicsome gambols afterwards.

'Although the Author had never any partner in his numerous concerns, every thing went on prosperously till the Peace of 1814, when the universal depression that ensued upon every species of property, coupled with the heavy losses consequent upon this event, paralysed his exertions, and produced a revolution in his operations which formed a source of deep regret on many accounts; but especially as regarded the throwing out of employment so many necessitous workmen and faithful servants, (some of whom had been with him nearly twenty years,) and the compulsion that was imposed upon the Author to suspend his aid to several Institutions which he had assisted to establish.

'If it be asked how a single individual could project, and properly conduct so many different concerns? it is answered, that it was not from any vain opinion of the competency of his own abilities, but in a judicious division of *time* and *labour*, and in the uniform adoption into every department of that comprehensive word *system:* these may be said to have been the regulating powers of his extensive machinery. The motto, in short, throughout his Establishments was, "Every man at his post and doing his duty."'—pp. xviii—xxviii.

The chief peculiarity of Mr. Harley's dairy, which we had the pleasure of inspecting some years ago, was the confinement of the cows in one large cow-house, without ever permitting them to go into the open air (because he had no convenience for this), and compensating for want of exercise, and of the fresh air of the fields, by cleanliness, combing, brushing, steamed food, and well contrived ventilation. When any of the cows did not thrive under this mode of treatment, they were removed, and if one chanced to manifest a diminished appetite, recourse was had to fasting, kept up till the appetite was deemed to be sufficiently whetted—a prescription highly approved of by the high medical authority of the late Dr. Gregory of Edinburgh, and recommended by him to be extended from Harley's cow-house to the merchants of the city, on the same principle as Mr. Abernethy advises his fashionable Metropolitan patients, to take their rules of diet from their horses!!!* The prescription of Dr. Gregory for mercantile indigestion, as given by Mr. Harley, is worthy of being transcribed. The patient we may premise was a rich Glasgow merchant, and a noted drinker of Glasgow punch—which is a compound of rum, lime or lemon juice, sugar, and the coldest water that can be procured.

'The Doctor heard all his symptoms, and then prescribed as follows:—"*Prescription:*—To get up at six o'clock, A.M., and walk round the public green, or down to Govan (a village about three miles from town), till breakfast time; then to take a crust of bread, or toast, and smell it, but not to taste it; next to go to his ordinary business, taking care to walk again before dinner, as he had done in the morning. At dinner time to take another crust, or piece of toast, and to chew a little of it; but not to swallow even the smallest particle. To go to business again in the afternoon, and finally to go to bed without supper. Next morning to take a similar walk round the green, and then, if inclined to eat, to take a little, *very little* breakfast. By following this rule," said the Doctor, "and abstaining from *Glasgow Punch* altogether, I will guarantee that you will very soon regain your appetite."'—pp. 79, 80.

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* See Monthly Review for Sept. 1829.

The panorama of Mr. Harley's cow-house from the exhibition gallery was, we recollect, exceedingly striking and imposing—to behold so many cows in a grand hall, which might for its cleanness and tasteful regularity have served for the dining room of a prince, was a sight which could not fail to attract " lion " hunters, and it accordingly became the leading object of attraction to every stranger, as well as to the citizen. We can testify that the following account by the author is not exaggerated a jot.

'The sale of milk now became an extensive and regular object of trade; and in a commercial town, the success and extension of one concern naturally benefit every other. *Harley's Milk* also became, as it were, the fashion; its unrivalled excellence was the subject of every lady's praise. All the world talked of the Willow-bank Dairy: thousands, impelled by a curiosity which its fame had raised, went to see it; and so charmed, in short, was every one with the order and cleanliness displayed, that many, who had never thought of it before, now became consumers of milk as a part of their daily food.'—p. 8.

'The number of visitors whom curiosity drew to the premises was productive of a double evil, that of interrupting the servants, and disturbing the cattle. A remedy, however, soon suggested itself to the proprietor; he immediately gave directions for erecting a balcony in the new cow-house, from which *a bird's eye view of the whole interior of the cow-house, and its hundred cows, could be obtained at one glance*, without producing the slightest annoyance or inconvenience, either to the servants or cattle. In constructing this improvement, the proprietor was induced, for various reasons, to study effect; the chief object, however, was to gratify the numerous spectators, whose frequent visits had now become highly excited. The balcony was, therefore, erected on the outside of the building, opposite to the main passage; it was about four feet above the level of the floor, and open in front to the cow-house, where a large curtain was suspended. Visitors, on their arrival, were requested to insert their names and places of residence, in an album, kept for that purpose. The keeper then, by means of a pulley, drew aside the curtain; when the whole establishment, with its hundred cows, and their attendants, were instantly presented to the view of the delighted and astonished spectators. Princes, noblemen, and gentlemen from almost every quarter of the globe, bore testimony to this interesting panorama. All, indeed, were charmed with the order and arrangement observed in the plan, and uniformly lauded it as unrivalled both in execution and design.

'After the balcony had been erected, the Harleian cow-house became, as it were, one of the " lions" of the day. In fact, to visit it occasionally, became the fashion of the town; and the author, to gratify the desire that prevailed, had copper-plate tickets of admission, engraved with a design, symbolical of a woman milking a cow, and groupes of children drinking milk under the Glasgow Arms. These tickets were adapted for the admission of any number, from one to six. The admission was fixed at one shilling each, which actually produced about two hundred pounds per annum. There was, besides, an immense number of private friends of the proprietor, and others, who were introduced to him, who were admitted gratis.

'This celebrated dairy establishment was pleasantly situated to the north-west of the city, upon a rising ground, adjoining the extensive gardens and walks of Willow-bank.

'The rural situation of these walks in the immediate neighbourhood of the city, formed a strong feature of attraction to young persons and children, who, every morning and evening, were in the habit of coming (some from a great distance) to enjoy a delicious regalement of unadulterated milk.

'The cow-houses, and the whole premises, were latterly lighted with gas; the large cow-house, from a brass lustre, with four branches, which hung over the centre of the transverse passage. This lighted the house well, and imparted a fine effect when viewed from the balcony.'—pp. 33—36.

Into the very full details which the author has given of the minute plans and arrangements of his system we cannot enter, as it would not be possible to bring them into an intelligible abridged form; but we find one very material part of information withheld, namely, money tables of expenditure and income. We are disposed indeed to calculate, that the profits upon his establishment could not be adequate to the capital employed. He bought all his cows in the market at full price, and seldom kept them longer than one season, for when they ceased to give milk they were fattened for sale, and it appears that he generally received for them about the same price as they had originally cost him,—consequently the sale of a cow's milk was all he had to balance the interest of his money, together with food, servants' wages, &c. Had the concern indeed been as profitable as the printed details appear imposing, Mr. Harley must have made a large fortune instead of coming into the Gazette, which we are extremely sorry to record, as the result of his almost matchless enterprises.

There are innumerable facts detailed in other parts of the work, which we would willingly extract if our space permitted, particularly his account of the Dutch dairies, which rival, if they do not out-rival his own in cleanliness—though we cannot too strongly reprobate their practice of deluging the stomachs of their cattle with the dregs of the gin distilleries. In travelling last August between Amsterdam and Rotterdam, we could not make out the intention of a large clumsy pump, with a long line of troughs to match, adjoining to almost every farm house on the road; but we found upon inquiry, that they were for pumping these gin dregs out of canal boats for the cattle, by which, of course, the milk, butter, and cheese, are sadly deteriorated and poisoned, though the quantities are increased.

One portion of his book however we must find room to notice, namely, his manuring system, of which we think more favourably than any of his other plans; for though similar methods adopted by others take away in part from its originality, it is so very advantageous and useful, that we cannot too urgently press it upon the attention of those who have any—even the smallest portion of land under cultivation. We prefer giving an extract from this part of the book, to any abridgment of his perspicuous detail.

'The high part of the farm was a hard, cold tilled bottom, and scarcely produced any vegetation. The author also acquired from Blythswood that lot of ground called Garnet Hill, a part of which he sold for the Glasgow Observatory; this hill was also a cold barren till. There were no roads through either of these lands; an improvement desirable to be adopted, and to accomplish which the author obtained a quantity of ashes and rubbish from iron-founderies and other public works which he had screened. The coarse parts were excellent materials for making roads. The harped, or screened ashes, sand, &c., were carted to, and laid thick upon, the barren hills. The cow urine was also carted to them in large casks, and emptied upon the highest parts, which ran down toward the bottom; as the highest parts were the barest, the urine being applied to these first, saturated them completely, and such portion as 'was not retained, descended towards the bottom, or low grounds. Part of the land was trenched with the spade, and the rest ploughed three times as deep as possible; first up and down, second across, then up and down, and forward, into ridges; it afterwards received a good top dressing with lime. The mixture of the sand and ashes with the till, when saturated with urine, produced excellent crops of wheat, barley, turnips, clover, rye-grass, &c.

'During the fall in winter or spring, a portion of cow urine was put on, and also some more of the fine rubbish as just described. The weight of the crops that were raised in these high lands was almost incredible.

'There were about five acres of Garnet Hill in front of the Observatory, planted with strawberries of assorted kinds; the ground was prepared as stated above, and the strawberries were planted in rows, which were trenched between every fall or winter. The field was divided into sections; across the hill, and at the top or head of each of these sections there was a small trench made; the cow urine was carted along the top of the field, and by turning the stop-cock the urine ran into the trench at the top of the highest section. A small opening was made between every row of the strawberries to admit the urine which saturated the first section; the remainder then went into the second trench, &c. to the bottom. The highest sections were the poorest; but from their being more richly saturated with the liquid they soon became as fertile as the lowest. The mode of irrigating was then changed, viz. a small cut was made from the top to the bottom of the field, and the urine made to run down that cut and fill each respective trench: allowing a larger quantity to the sections that stood most in need of it. This mode produced abundant crops of strawberries, very rich in quality, and, having a southern exposure, most delicious in flavour.

'The urine destroyed worms and almost every kind of vermin, and there was little difficulty in applying it, during frost, to hills and inclined planes, and where the ground was flat. The fields were irrigated by attaching rones to the barrels, similar to those used in watering streets.'—pp. 219—222.

We can answer for the deliciousness of those same strawberries, having often been regaled with them in Willow-bank arbours.

Should a new edition of this work be called for, we should recommend the author to furnish short tables of profit and loss in the several departments; and if no call is made for a new edition, we think Mr. Harley could not confer a greater benefit on the public than extending the instructive account which he has given of his own life, into a separate volume, like those of Bracebridge, and Hutton of Birmingham. The religious parts would be certain to insure a sale among serious readers, while the worldly would be eagerly devoured by young men entering into life.

ART. VI.—*Geschichte der Kreuzzüge nach morgenländischen und abendländischen Berichten.* Von Dr. Friedrich Wilken. Vierter Theil. *Der Kreuzzuge des Kaiser's Frederich des Ersten und der Könige Philipp August von Frankreich und Richard von England.* Leipzing. 1826. Vogel. London. Black and Young.

History of the Crusades according to Eastern and Western writers. By Dr. F. Wilken. Volume the fourth. *The Crusade of the Emperor Frederic the First, and of the Kings Philip Augustus of France and Richard of England.* Leipsic: 1826. Vogel. London: Black and Young.

WHEN we express our regret that the valuable work before us proceeds so slowly towards its completion, we are very far from wishing in the slightest degree to involve the author in that censure which we have sometimes felt it our duty to cast on the manner in which important works are published in Germany. We rejoice that the merit of Dr. Wilken, as an able and impartial historian, has been duly appreciated and rewarded by successive promotions, although his valuable labours suffer by the frequent interruptions. The important and interesting period which is here recorded, has been often treated, and without making insidious comparisons, we are merely desirous of enabling our countrymen, by viewing the subject from different and sometimes opposite points of sight, to elicit as much of the truth as possible. Nothing can more distinctly show the vast change of opinion which has taken place in Europe, than the manner in which the Crusades are mentioned. In earlier ages, when men's minds were not only inflamed by enthusiasm, but even the moderate and sober were roused into action by a sense of positive danger, every virulence was heaped on the opposite party; kings and courtiers, although treating each other with chivalrous politeness, expressed their sentiments with a strength and coarseness that are now absolutely revolting: on the other hand, the forms of modern ceremony have imposed restraints that are not unfrequently prejudicial to truth, and we find historians gravely deprecating the spirit in which Mahometis held up to scorn as "*the lying prophet.*" We yield to none in acknowledging the extraordinary powers and merits of Saladin; we do not shrink from exposing and regretting the faults and crimes committed by men who fought under the sacred banner of the Cross; why, therefore, should we hesitate to brand with its proper names the vices and crimes of Mahomet or his followers. Truth is always consistent with itself, nor do we see the policy or sense of exposing our own errors, if by a false shame or maudlin sentimentality we allow our opponents to remain unconvicted of their's. Mahomet *was a false prophet*, nor do we risk our reputation for liberality in the assertion. Away with this affected generosity, which too often springs from real indifference; if there be any merit in historical truth, it certainly consists in viewing all the parts of the subject in the same spirit, giving blame where blame is due, and bestowing praise, when deserved, on Christian and Mahometan. Should any squeamish, lackadaisical patron of indifference, and Mahomet, ask us how we can come to a conclusion which admits phrases so opposite to his ideal of liberal criticism, we would refer him to the principles of our common nature, which display themselves alike in all ages and in all countries. We are not blind to the extraordinary qualities which the founder of the Mahomedan religion must have possessed—such a mighty impulse could have been impressed by no common mind—but when we consider his doctrines, when we behold them so flattering to all the enjoyments of the senses, promising an eternity of happiness so admirably calculated to excite the hopes and passions of the warm natives of the East, we cease to wonder at the strong hold which it has so long retained. To those who are acquainted with the tendency which criticism has displayed on this subject, not only on the continent, but likewise here at home, these remarks will not seem misplaced.

The first volume of the work before us, which is confessedly the best that has been published in Germany on this interesting period, was published in 1807. In it the author, after a copious introduction, treated of the establishment of the kingdom of Jerusalem, or as it is generally called, the first Crusade. The second, which appeared in 1811, concluded the history of the kingdom of Jerusalem, and of the different pilgrimages which took place to the holy city. The third contained the second Crusade, viz. that of the Germans under Conrad III., and of the French under Louis VII., and in the second part, the battles of the Christians against Noureddin and Saladin, from 1148 to the loss of Jerusalem in 1187. The fourth volume contains the third Crusade, and we shall principally confine our observations to this part of the work, as the most recent. The author, who was well qualified for the task, by his knowledge of the eastern languages, determined to compare the accounts which the European writers had given of these great transactions, with the descriptions of the Eastern historians, some of whom lived at the time of the events which they narrate. For this purpose, in the year 1811 (consequently before the appearance of the second volume) he made a journey to Paris to consult the library of that capital, which is so rich in oriental manuscripts. Amongst those which he principally consulted, we should mention the history of Jerusalem and Hebron, the history of Noureddin and Saladin (properly Salaheddin, the saviour of the faith) by Abuschamach, and an extract from a French translation of Kemaleddin's history of Halet. This last writer lived in the times of the second Crusade, and his history often presents a striking confirmation of the Christian reports. The work derives additional value from the conscientious quotation of authorities, a most important adjunct, and which, in these days of investigation, should never be omitted. The advantages of the plan adopted by Dr. Wilken are more conspicuous in the present volume, where the attention of the historian is so often exclusively directed to the East. The importance of the object of the third Crusade, well deserved the attention which the author has bestowed upon it.

'By the termination of this undertaking was the fate of the Holy Land decided, for as the great exertions that had been made for the recovery of the holy monument, in this crusade, remained unsuccessful, the hope of the attainment of this object, and a permanent superiority of the Europeans in the East, naturally expired. It is, therefore, of importance completely to explain the causes of the failure of these great exertions, and the extraordinary valour of the Western Knights, which never shone more brightly than in the contest against the noble Saladin, deserves an exact and circumstantial narration. The abundance of the materials selected by Christians and Mussulmen, requires a full representation of this crusade, and the fidelity manifest in the different accounts on both sides (partly from eye-witnesses, as Godfrey, Vinisauf, Boaddin, Ebn al Athir, Omad, and others), enables us, by a comparison of their histories, to proceed more surely than in the most other parts of history.'- Preface, p. vi. vii.

Dr. Wilken also acknowledges the merit of "Raumer's History of the Hherstaufen," and of "M. Michaud's Bibliographie des Crusades." The style of the present work is simple and uniform, although, perhaps, some readers might occasionally have wished for a little more warmth of description in some of the heart-stirring scenes between the celebrated generals of the times. It is impossible to withhold from it the praise of learning, perseverance, and a love of truth, which displays itself in doing justice to all parties. If our self-love, as Englishmen, be somewhat wounded by the faults which disfigure the character and obscure the splendid qualities of our Lion-hearted Richard, we feel that the description is here too probably true, and that the imperfections here recorded are very likely to have been component parts of a sovereign who earned so proud a name in those adventurous days. We most sincerely wish Dr. Wilken health and leisure to complete his valuable work.

Many causes contributed to render the battle of Tiberias and the loss of the holy city, Jerusalem, an object of grief to the Western world. Although the vices of the Europeans who inhabited the Holy Land had drawn upon them the contempt of their fellow Christians, and had induced them to fear that the wrath of God would display itself in signal vengeance against the unworthy polluters of the holy city, it was impossible that the western world could behold with indifference the extinction of the hopes which they had formed, the loss of the territory which had been acquired at such a dreadful expence of human blood. But there were also nearer interests which tended to make them still feel more deeply the loss which Christendom had sustained. An uninterrupted communication of nearly a hundred years with the East, had introduced a new state of things into Europe; the constant traffic of pilgrims was of the highest importance to the different states through which they passed, and consequently very few states remained unaffected by this violent interruption. The church could not behold with indifference so fatal a blow to her interests. The sovereigns of Germany, France, and England, with the entire concurrence of the Popes George VIII. and Clement III., determined to make a noble effort to rescue Jerusalem from the hands of the infidels. The enthusiasm which had produced such wonderful efforts in the former crusades was again excited, and the princes, either warned by the errors of their predecessors, or, perhaps, fearing that the vices of the times had called down the wrath of Heaven, adopted wiser measures of precaution and discipline. No soldier was accepted who was not possessed of at least three silver marks, or means to provide himself with all things necessary for his support for two years; and the Kings of France and England enforced the payment of Saladin's tithes throughout their dominions, to procure funds for the execution of their project. The misfortunes which attended the march of the German troops, the bickerings and quarrels of the two kings, are too well known to be here alluded to. The Christian sovereigns, who, had they entered upon their undertaking in the spirit which their holy object required, might have achieved something worthy of their immense preparations and great talents, were opposed to an enemy who was every way worthy of them, who united in his person the most opposite qualities, who was equally the object of love and fear to his subjects, uniting the greatest gentleness of mind to the most ardent and undoubted courage. Aware of the advantages of discipline and unity, the conduct and character of Saladin secured to him the advantage of powerful assistants; and whilst the allied Christians were wasting their powers in childish and unworthy strife, *his* allies were ready to harass them on their first approach to the land, the object of their wishes and their grief. Believing that persecution of the Christians was a sacred duty, he was yet merciful, whenever he could possibly exercise it, and this singular Crusade presents objects which have long been, and will ever remain, of the highest interest even to the most careless observer.

We shall commence our extracts with the character of Richard, as described at the commencement of the 10th chapter :—

'Although Richard was a brave and fearless knight, and in lists and tournaments, few could remain in the saddle against the power of his lance, and no one in battle braved danger more boldly, or wielded the sword with a more powerful arm, yet he was by no means a distinguished General; and in this respect he cannot be compared with Saladin. Although celebrated by his cotemporaries and posterity as a singer of tender love and longing melancholy, in his manners and behaviour he belied every expression of gentle feeling, and in general councils he could not, by his eloquence, or the convincing clearness of his views, guide or limit the opinions of others; but he either repressed contradiction by fierce raging anger, and uncontrolled violence; or he obtained the apparent acquiescence in his designs by lavish presents to those who suppressed their contradiction. But the natural consequence of this conduct of King Richard was, that secret contradiction was excited, in proportion as a public opposition to his views and plans was not possible or advisable. Sometimes active to excess, he was frequently without energy in decisive moments; in difficult circumstances, which could not be overpowered by violence, he displayed neither power nor prudence; and his will was rather stiff and capricious, than firm and consistent. His warlike bravery was not the valour of a pious hero fighting for God, who, even in murderous battle, and embittered enmity, honours humanity. Richard stained the renown of his bravery by cruelty and blood-thirstiness. By his generosity, which sometimes bordered on extravagance, he gained, indeed, flattering adherents, but no true friends; and the authority which he acquired was founded more in fear of his fierceness, than esteem, confidence, or inclination. To inspire and preserve obedience, a common spirit, and sustained enthusiasm, in an army like that of the pilgrims which Richard was to lead to battle for the holy tomb, the chivalrous courtesy, pious valour and virtue, tried experience and circumspection, and mild seriousness of a Godfrey of Boulogne, had scarcely been sufficient; much less, then, could the wild violence, the rough levity, and hard unfriendliness of King Richard prevail, upon whom only indulgent cotemporaries, for some single astonishing exploits of extraordinary power, could confer the splendid name of Lion-hearted.

'The cruel disposition of King Richard displayed itself in the treatment of the Turks who had remained as hostages for the garrison of Ptolemais; for however different are the accounts and opinions of his cotemporaries on this circumstance, the terrible massacre of warriors, who, by their valour, had acquired the esteem and admiration of the Christians, remains one of the most revolting actions, by which the renown of Western chivalry, hardly earned by many glorious deeds, was obscured.'—vol. iv. pp. 380—382.

We have given the whole of this extract, that we might not be accused of partiality; and although, as we have already admitted, there is much in it that is too probable, and we are ready to allow that the very qualities for which Richard was so distinguished, incapacitated him from being a distinguished general, yet we cannot refrain from observing, that too little respect seems to have been paid by Dr. Wilken to the expressed opinion of his cotemporaries. That Richard, harsh and uncompromising as was his language, notwithstanding that he was the object of dislike and hatred to the weak, the proud, and the ambitious, should have obtained so noble a distinction, proves that he must have possessed some other quality than brute force. Common tradition (and we have no reason for suspecting its truth) asserts, that he was as courteous to the fair, that he was as enamoured of poetry, as he was brave and fearless in action; and if we follow him to the retirement of his tent, we should probably find that the Lion-hearted King was not so destitute of virtues as stern criticism would pronounce him. With respect to the massacre of the Turks, we will never be the advocates of bloodshed, nor defend principles which led to actions now justly looked upon with horror, but we may point to the difference of opinions on this subject among his cotemporaries; and we may, perhaps, be allowed to ask whether it is quite fair to judge such an action by the enlightened views which we have acquired in six hundred years? We know that it is no excuse to say that Richard gave way to paroxysms of ungovernable rage, and committed actions that, in his cooler moments, he would have escaped; that he inflicted, without regret, terrors which he himself endured without fear. Richard Cœur de Lion will ever remain a memorable example among those who might have earned a nobler name as a private individual than as a monarch. He was totally deficient in self-command; swayed by impulse, instead of being guided by principle, he remains a splendid warning to mankind, that great qualities, without a correcting hand to control them and give them proper direction, shine but to betray. Richard was more an object of terror to the Mussulmen, than of love to the Christians. If a horse shied, the Saracens, even in later times, used to say, "Do you think that the King of England is coming?" If a child cried, the mother stilled it by the terrible threat that she would call King Richard.

To this description of Richard, we shall extract some passages from the thirteenth chapter, which contains the account of Saladin's death.

'Saladin, who after a thirty years' campaign first enjoyed the repose of peace, now devoted himself wholly to the internal administration of his kingdom, rewarded those who had distinguished themselves against the Christians, put a stop to the abuses that crept in, and arranged, in a manner suitable to his own dignity, his differences with the court of Bagdad. He principally directed his attention to Jerusalem, and not only continued to erect new fortifications, and by lengthening the walls, brought the chapel of Mount Zion within the town, but established a school and hospital, both of which he endowed with considerable revenues. He fulfilled all his duties strictly and conscientiously, and after the expiration of the holy war, he wished to make the pilgrimage to Mecca, but relinquished his design upon the representations of his Emirs, that the Christians in Syria were not to be trusted, and that this journey of the Sultan to Arabia might easily inspire them with the hopes of surprising Jerusalem. He, therefore contented himself with inspecting the towns on the Syrian coast. . . . . . . In February in the year 1193, the Cadi Bohaeddin, who had come from Jerusalem to Damascus by command of the Sultan, found him in a melancholy disposition; Saladin tenderly embraced him, and could not refrain from tears. The Cadi remarked with sorrow that the Sultan, formerly so active, showed a disinclination to business. . . . . On Friday, February 19th, Saladin left his palace for the last time, for the purpose of meeting the pilgrims; on the next day he was attacked by a fever, and although he left his bed and conversed with his ministers for some time, yet at dinner all that were present were filled with mournful presentiments when Malek al Afdal, contrary to the usual custom, sat in the Sultan's seat. On the 3rd of March, soon after the hour of morning prayer, Saladin expired in the 57th year of his age, deeply lamented by his people, his ministers, and his family.'—pp. 584—589.

' L'honnêteé exegeait que ce siege (qui était de forme carrée) fut vacant. Abu Schamah.'—p. 665.

The character of Saladin is familiar to our readers, but it cannot be too often contemplated. This celebrated sovereign, the ruler of so many wealthy countries, left, in his treasury, only one Tyrian piece of gold and forty-seven silver coins; and the Cadi Al Fadel was obliged to borrow the money to pay for the expenses of his funeral.

' The Christians considered the death of this most terrible enemy of the Cross as a punishment of God, for the misfortunes which Saladin had brought upon the people of the Lord, and disfigured the accounts of his death with many fictions, but they could not refuse their acknowledgment of his great qualities. If the youth of this great man afforded room for many a severe remark, if the manner in which he obtained the government of Egypt, and withdrew his allegiance to Atabek Noureddin, cannot in any respect be praised; yet not even the most virulent of his enemies can deny that no one was more worthy to be the successor of the great Noureddin than Saladin, and that his power was only used in the defence of his faith, the preservation of justice, and the promotion of the welfare of his subjects.'—p. 589.

' Saladin was not a learned prince, but he was not without culture, and loved to converse with learned men, particularly such as could correct his opinion, on doubtful and dark doctrines of his belief, for in matters of orthodoxy he was as strict against himself as against others; heterodoxy found in him no indulgence, and the sages who applied their acuteness to other purposes than the establishment of Islam, were hated by him. He read no book so willingly as the Coran, and when the Scheik Abu Giafar, who had passed the night by the bed of the Sultan, read aloud the words of the Coran, " There is no God but Alla, in whom I trust," the face of the dying man brightened. But his piety was free from superstition, and he never placed any reliance on the dreams of astrology.'—p. 590.

Saladin's noble sentiments are well expressed in the counsels which he gave his son, when he took leave of him for the last time. "Adore God Almighty, the origin of all good, and follow his commands; for that will give you salvation. Beware of shedding blood, for blood that is shed does not sleep. Gain the hearts of thy people, and provide for their welfare, for it is entrusted to thee by God and me. Gain the hearts of the Emirs and nobles, for I have only, by mildness, attained the height on which I stand. Hate no one, for death looks upon all. Offend no one; for men are reconciled only when they have executed vengeance; God alone, who is ever merciful, pardons on mere repentance."—*Bohaeddin,* ch. 174, page 266.

> 'His life was without blemish. As long as he swayed the sceptre, every dissipation was strange to him; he was master of all his passions, but particularly never yielded to anger. He ruled with gentleness, not with severity; readily pardoned those who had offended him, and visited many a wilful crime with a slight punishment. Therefore his government was seldom disturbed by internal commotions in the provinces, and hardly any eastern sovereign had so few conspiracies to overcome as Saladin, although it cannot be denied that some severity against the Emirs, who, abusing his mildness and placability, by disobedience and unwillingness thwarted his plans, would have saved him many difficulties, particularly in his last campaign against the Christians.
>
> 'Saladin never closed his ear against the complaints and difficulties of his subjects, nor did he deny foreigners their rights. When at Jerusalem, a merchant, from Chebat, in Armenia, had brought before the Cadi Bohaeddin a complaint against the Sultan, that he had confiscated the inheritance of a slave who had run away from him, and had entered the service of the Sultan. Saladin, after hearing the report of Bohaeddin, sent for the merchant to his court, descended from the throne to plead the cause before the Cadi, as the equal of his opponent. The merchant could not prove his right, but the Sultan presented him with a costly dress, and a considerable sum of money.'—pp. 592, 593.

We have presented the characters of the two heroes of the crusades by way of contrast, as exhibiting no unfavourable specimen of our author's manner. The character of Saladin shines, doubtless, in the purest light, and it is not a little singular that, when the Christians were making attempts for the extension of the Christian religion, Saladin intended to lead his armies across the sea, and plant his own doctrine to the extinction of the religion of the Cross. Yet his view of the holy warfare was unmixed with cruelty, and it is not the weakest proof of his goodness of heart, that thirty years of bloodshed and war had not changed the natural kindness of his disposition. The latter part of the volume contains an account of the imprisonment of Richard, and the negociations for his liberty. The whole is related with coolness and impartiality, and displays on all sides a duplicity which, in less elevated personages, would obtain a harsh name, but which, from consideration of the rank of the parties, we suppose we must include under the comprehensive name of policy.

In the Appendix, Dr. Wilken has given a collection of translations, from eastern writers; No. 11, is a curious account, in German rhyme, of the Crusade of the Landgrave, Louis the Pious, of Thuringin. The copious Index, and the short observations on the credibility of the authors cited, render the work very valuable as a book of reference. We should have extended our notice, had not the subject been already frequently discussed.

ART. VII.—*The Correspondence and Diary of Philip Doddridge, D.D., illustrative of various particulars in his Life, hitherto unknown. With notices of many of his Contemporaries, and a Sketch of the Ecclesiastical History of the Times in which he lived.* Edited from the Original MSS. by his Great Grandson, John Doddridge Humphreys, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Colburn and Bentley. 1829.

THE distinguished station which Doctor Doddridge held in a large and powerful division of the religious world, would alone render his memoirs fruitful in useful details. It is from the lives and characters of the great leaders of the different sects, whether theological or political, that we can most safely judge of the spirit and influence of their several doctrines. The biographies of the principal defenders of Christianity would be a good history of the Church at large, and every work which brings before us the private opinions, and relates the memoirs of men eminent in their religious profession, adds a new and valuable chapter to the Catholic annals of Christendom.

The great and amiable man whose correspondence is before us, exercised, both in his life time and since his death, an extensive influence over the affairs of the English Dissenters. His talents and humane spirit, the power which he possessed in his learning and eloquence, and the suavity with which he employed this ability to the advancement of his work, made him equally popular as a preacher and as a writer. From his first entrance into the ministry, he was followed by crowds of affectionate hearers; different congregations struggled with each other to obtain him for their pastor, and it was difficult to decide whether he was most active and useful as the teacher of a congregation, or as the superintendant of an academy, to which he early devoted his attention.

As an author Doctor Doddridge deserves our respect, as one of the best of modern writers on divinity. His naturally good taste rendered the style of his works pure and elegant. He wrote after the best models of the period when he lived, and though he wanted, consequently, much of that richness and fulness of thought which belonged to a more ancient school, his compositions are as free from errors and affectations of manner, as they are impressive and devotional. But they are also conspicuous for a much greater excellency; their freedom, namely, from any sectarianism of spirit. This is a rare quality in the writings of Dissenters, who, much as they profess tolerance of principle, too generally forget the meekness and universal charity which ought to follow their profession. But the writings of Doctor Doddridge breathe the mildest benevolence of feeling, and manifest the sincerity with which he adopted the line of conduct which he followed from the beginning to the end of his life. We speak not here of a coldness in his manner of expressing what he believed to be right and true, nor do we believe that he was any moment of his life otherwise than deeply anxious for the establishment of his views, but he never forgot that "the body is more than the raiment," and he would not sacrifice Christianity to sectarianism, though he was an erudite and a conscientious sectarian.

The works of Doctor Doddridge, therefore, have been admired and studied by every class of Christians, and it is well worthy of observation that the names of Doddridge and Watts have a claim to the respect of a large number of the younger clergy of the establishment. At Cambridge, the sermons of the former on the Evidences of Christianity, serve as a text book in the lecture room of St. John's, and the Scripture history of the former is used by hundreds to supply the place of the original works which they are either too idle or too ignorant to study. The practical writings of our author, though occasionally impressed with particular views of religious truth which all Christians do not assent to, are fraught with sentiments of the purest piety, and appeal powerfully to the breasts of every description of readers. The Family Expositor, the Rise and Progress, and some others of his works have passed through innumerable editions, and are to be found on the shelf of the humble cottage kitchen, and in the libraries of the wealthiest and the most learned.

The popularity and general esteem of this excellent man, might serve as a useful lesson to the divines of all parties. Controversy is better than negligent agreement at any time, but it can never be productive of good, when not conducted in such a spirit that each adversary may see nothing in his opponent to dislike, except the one single article on which they expressly differ. Volumes of polemics are now mouldering in forgetfulness, on the shelves of the learned, which, but for the virulence of their style, would be still read as useful defences of particular points of belief. It is an observation which experience, we think, will authorise us to make, that time has a peculiar power over works of controversy, and that if the books of an old library be examined, the worms will always be found to have eaten through more of these, than others of a different description. The remark holds good in a great variety of instances, and applies with equal truth to the theologians of all denominations; oblivion almost invariably succeeding to intolerance, whether he who is guilty of it be a Churchman or a Catholic, a Socinian, a

Quaker, or a Methodist. Were this to be the case with the treatises only which are expressly written for the temporary purposes of dispute, the evil would not be so extensive or great as it is; but unfortunately a polemical spirit too often intrudes itself into religious works, which should be entirely free from any thing of the kind; and instead of being able to refer to many controversial essays which might be admired for their worth, independent of the controversy, we have even very few practical treatises, the value of which is not greatly lessened by the intermixture of harsh and virulent sentiments, with others of a purer character. On this account, Doctor Doddridge afforded an excellent example to his brethren, and one which, if scrupulously followed, would tend greatly to the improvement of practical divinity. It would render that universally useful which is otherwise only partially so, and by removing a few sentences, which can only gratify the small number of persons who may coincide with the author, adapt the work of a powerful writer to the use and acceptance of all men.

The early life of Doctor Doddridge was exposed to frequent danger, from the delicacy of his constitution, and it was not till after he had attained the age of manhood, that he was finally designated for the ministry. He was descended from a family of great respectability, and numbered among his ancestors Sir John Doddridge, one of the Justices of the King's Bench. Before he had quite finished his education, his guardian failed, and he lost a considerable part of the property which had been left him by his father. While suffering under the distress produced by this unfortunate occurrence, and undecided as to what course he ought to pursue, the Duchess of Bedford heard of his situation, and having become acquainted with his talents, offered to supply him with the means for completing his education at one of the Universities, providing he were willing to become a minister of the established church. Scruples of conscience, however, as to subscription of the Articles, prevented his acceptance of this generous proposal, and he turned his views towards the Dissenters; but even among them difficulties appeared to exist, to his entering the ministry, which would compel him to embrace another profession. Shortly after forming the determination to apply to the Dissenters, 'I waited,' says he, 'upon Doctor Edmund Calamy, to beg his advice and assistance, that I might be brought up a minister, which has always been my great desire. He gave me no encouragement in it, but advised me to turn my thoughts to something else. It was with great concern that I received such advice, but I desire to follow Providence, and not to force. The Lord give me grace to glorify him in whatever station he sets me: then, here am I, let him do with me what seemeth good in his sight.' The reason alleged for Doctor Calamy's conduct on this occasion, was the extreme delicacy of Mr. Doddridge's health, which appeared to be threatened by consumption.

With equal good sense and regret, however, he yielded to the suggestions of his adviser, and turned his attention to the legal profession, as less likely to be hurtful to his constitution. A celebrated conveyancer, who was well acquainted with his ability and worth, immediately employed his interest in obtaining him a situation, which might be likely to assist him in his future exertions. But the mind of Doddridge had been so long fixed on a different course of life, that he hesitated in embracing a pursuit, to which his disposition, as well as general habits of thinking, were strongly opposed. It was with the greatest pleasure, therefore, that he received, while considering what measure it would be right for him to pursue, a letter from his friend Mr. Clarke, in which that gentleman told him that he had heard of his difficulties, and offered to take him under his care, if he chose the ministry upon Christian principles? 'and there was no other,' says Mr. Doddridge, 'that in those circumstances could invite me to such a choice.' Mr. Clarke was a respectable non-conformist preacher, and being settled at St. Alban's, had become acquainted with his young friend, while the latter was studying there. On receiving the letter abovementioned, he returned to that place, and remained for some months under the tutorage of his benefactor, after which he was sent to an Academy established by the Dissenters at Kibworth, in Leicestershire, and which was conducted by a Mr. Jennings, a man esteemed by the community to which he belonged, for his learning and piety.

The subject of this memoir was now about seventeen, and he entered upon his studies with an ardour and devotion which might have been expected from the character of his mind. But before proceeding to the correspondence which he shortly after commenced with the most eminent men among the Dissenters of the time, we shall extract the interesting account which the Editor has given of the Dissenting Academies of the period :—

'In the year 1719, when Dr. Doddridge commenced his studies at Kibworth, under the care of the Rev. John Jennings, the situation of the Dissenters was, both with regard to themselves and the estimation in which they were held by the country at large, highly respectable. The virulent and unconstitutional persecution which disgraced the last four years of the reign of Anne, when, as Rapin observes, " all Protestants abroad, as well as those at home, who differed from the establishment, were marked with infamy; and a loud noise for the Church filled all places, and prevented all attention to the calamity and destruction preparing for the state," had happily passed away. The memory of those times was still, however, sufficiently green to render the sufferers cautious; and they could not but bear in mind, that the men were still living around them, who, when armed with authority, had conspired, by that iniquitous device, the Schism Bill, to deprive them of the natural privilege of educating their children. The penalties of this measure would indeed have fallen upon them, had they not been opportunely rescued by the death of the queen, which palsied the arm of oppression at the very instant that it was raised to strike! her decease occurring on the day from which the operation of the act was dated.

'The accession of George the First not only disconcerted the machinations of their enemies, but appeared to establish those principles of civil and religious freedom with which their well being was identified, on a new and permanent foundation. The wishful eye of partiality cast on the pretensions of the house of Stuart by the High Church party of the day, was a fact not only natural in itself, but too notorious to be doubted; so that a sort of impotence existed in the mystical union of Church and State, which rendered the Executive glad to avail itself of that support from the Non-conformists, which was at once sincere and without rivalry; for the Dissenters rejoiced in the ascendancy of the Brunswick Dynasty, not only as a security for their own toleration, but as a rampart against the then insidious projects of the Church of Rome, although they were debarred from participating in the emoluments and honours of official station.

'It may perhaps be remarked that the terms Non-conformist and Dissenter have in these pages been employed in a way which would infer a distinction, although every dissenter must necessarily be a non-conformist. This fact is of course admitted; but those ministers of the Church of England who suffered deprivation under the act of uniformity, and their congregational followers, having been emphatically designated Non-conformists, and being upon the whole superior to the mass of other dissenters in point of education and liberality of sentiment, a distinction not only existed, but should be inferred.

'Thus the Academies of that period, unconnected with the establishment, were, on the other hand, far from being the sectarian schools of an exclusive and peculiar denomination; but being conducted on the broad basis of non-subscription alone, that is, without a direct or indirect imposition of formulas of faith, remained open to men of all parties. Thus it frequently happened that the clergy and lay members of the national church, to whom the expense of the Universities was an object of difficulty, availed themselves of these Academies with advantage, and without any fear that an undue influence would be exercised upon the minds of their children. These seminaries were also useful in furnishing Chaplains and private Tutors to families of distinction, persons then considered as indispensable in every opulent establishment.

'It may be proper to add, that the Non-conformists and the more liberal Presbyterians gradually became amalgamated, so as to constitute that moderate body of Christians known by the term English Presbyterians, although rather improperly, as their church government assumes the simple congregational form.

'Of this denomination was the Rev. John Jennings, and the Academy over which he presided was conducted upon the catholic plan before explained; so that a youth at his admission was merely called upon to show that his moral character was unobjectionable, and his preparative studies sufficiently advanced.'—vol. i. pp. 29—32.

The earlier portion of the correspondence published in these volumes, though serving to show what were the temper and feelings of the celebrated writer, in his youth, are not of a nature to interest many readers. Of those which the Editor seems to admire for the sportiveness of their character, we confess we have seen scarcely one which is not altogether common-place, and utterly wanting in the humour which could please a reader not bent on venerating whatever has the name of Doddridge appended to it. This amiable man was no wit, and though we may admire the good nature which breathes in the lighter part of his correspondence, we cannot help wishing all the time, that some of the letters now published, had never escaped from the hands of the friends to whom they were written. The only passages, indeed, which have furnished us with any amusement in the first half of the first volume, are those which contain some account of the studies he pursued at Kibworth, and of the method generally followed in that Academy. Thus, in a letter to Mr. Clarke, he says:—

> 'I ought to have told you, that the greatest part of our logic is built upon it, and particularly the third book, which is wholly practical, in which we have continual references to his work on the Conduct of the Understanding. In the beginning of pneumatology, we had frequent occasion to consult him, and it was by my tutor's advice that I deferred reading him entirely over till this half year.
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> 'I am extremely pleased to find that you are so well satisfied as to my care in managing my expenses. I acknówledge, Sir, that you have always been very indulgent to me upon that head; and I think myself so much the more obliged to study frugality, lest I should seem to abuse your goodness and the confidence which you have in me. Besides, I know how difficult it is to obtain supplies, and am heartily concerned to think of the trouble you are at on my account: and yet, notwithstanding all my precaution, I find my stock decreases apace.
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> 'As for my studies, you may perhaps remember, Sir, that in my last I gave you a general account of them. We have almost finished pneumatology and ethics, and proceeded a good way in critics. These critics are an abridgment from a considerable book by Mr. Jones, which treats of such subjects as the antiquity of the Hebrew language, its points, the Massora, Talmud, and Cabbala. We have several Latin, French, and English versions of the Bible, and have continually large references to Prideaux, Buxtorf, &c. These I think the least entertaining part of our studies; but, as I hope they may have their use, I force myself to attend to them. Our ethics are drawn up by Mr. Jennings, and collected chiefly from Puffendorf and Grotius; and we are referred to both of them under almost every section. I admire our system very much, not upon the account of any new discoveries, but because it lays a very good foundation, and comprises a vast deal of matter in a very little room. Once a week we have a pneumatological disputation, and consequently each of us makes in turn a thesis in a month We have the liberty of choosing our own subjects; and mine have been, the seat of the soul, polygamy, and God's prescience of contingencies; and I am now preparing one in defence of the soul's immortality.'—vol. i. pp. 41, 42.

And in one written shortly after to his brother-in-law:—

> 'Our course this last half year has been as follows: Monday, pneumatology and ethics—Tuesday, pneumatological disputations—Wednesday,

pneumatology and ethics—Thursday, pneumatology and ethics, and Saturday, critics.

'The materials of our pneumatology were collected by Mr. Jennings out of a great number of authors, and digested into a very regular method, with references under each head. There is nothing very remarkable in it, and so I need not enlarge in giving you an account of it. If there be any thing particular in it, you will see it the next time I come to town. There are indeed some propositions I should be glad to discourse with you about, for I could never clearly get over them.

'Our ethics are interwoven with pneumatology, and make a very considerable part of it. They are mostly collected from Puffendorf and Grotius, and contain no very surprising discoveries, but seem to be built on a very rational foundation, and comprise a great deal in a few words. Ethics and pneumatology we have just finished. Our critics are an abridgment by Mr. Jennings, and treat of such subjects as the antiquity of the Hebrew language and its points, the Massora, Cabbala, Talmud, the Septuagint, and other versions of the Bible; we have continually large references to Buxtorf, Prideaux, and other authors of great note. I think it the least entertaining part of our studies, but I hope it may be of some use to us, and so rub through it as well as I can.

'We have but little time for private study, because the references are long, and the subjects frequently require much thought, and we have the trouble of writing out five or six lectures a week. As for the classics, I do not entirely neglect them, but have not so much time for them as I could wish. I have lately read Horace and Terence, with Dacier's notes. For Greek authors, I have read Zenophon, Epictetus, Isocrates, and Lucian. I made an attempt upon Pindar, but quickly found I could make little out; for as yet, as you know, I am but a poor Grecian.

'In practical divinity, Tillotson is my principal favourite, and next to him Barrow and Scott. We have some of Goodwin's works in the library, and some of the great Dr. Owen's, but you know I am not very fond of such mysterious men. As to the theoretical part of divinity, I refer it to the remaining part of my course, and shall study it in the order my tutor directs. As for the Scriptures, I read the New Testament in Greek, without any commentator; but am more often employed in Patrick's Commentary on the Old.'—pp. 43—45.

Another interesting and more amusing part of the correspondence is that which arose from the Doctor's love affairs. He was, both according to his own account and that of his friends, a most ardent admirer of the fair sex, and his first thoughts on concluding his studies, were engaged in seeking for a fair and accomplished mistress. An object in every way suited to his wishes, presented herself, in the person of Miss Catherine Freeman. She was, if we are to believe the Doctor's account of the matter, very handsome, very intelligent, and not wanting in other endowments which might render her acceptable to a needy bachelor. But Mr. Doddridge, though willing to perform all the duties of a most devoted lover, could not conceive the idea that he must deny himself the pleasure of conversing with other *pretty ladies*, as he terms those who gained his admiration. Miss Catherine Freeman, on the other hand, possessed the idea, that no man could be a faithful lover who did not do so, and the most terrible disputes followed as a necessary consequence. For some time, however, these were scarcely worse than most lovers' quarrels; the young minister bore his troubles with befitting resignation, and between his books and the amusement he derived from occasional visits to his many fair friends, he managed to escape the bad effects of the lady's jealousy. But unfortunately the divine kept a journal of his daily occupations and thoughts, and registered not only how often he preached, what portions of the classics he read, the visits which he made his congregation, and other such things, but his opinions of the young ladies with whom he might chance to drink tea, and as his admiration was sometimes a little too amorous, his register was not a little curiously diversified in the nature of its contents. While, however, he took proper care of this journal, all was well; but it so happened that he one day left it within the reach of Miss Catherine Freeman, and the lady lost no time in making herself mistress of its dangerous secrets. The consequence was, an intimation to her lover, that if he did not forego the visits to his female friends, and rest contented with the charms of her conversation only, he must resign his hopes of her hand. In one of the numerous letters which the volumes contain on this important subject, the Doctor thus attempts his justification :—

> 'As for the papers, madam, I am far from accusing you of any failure of generosity in consulting them. I believe it is what almost any other woman in the world would have done, if she had been in your circumstances. I will very frankly confess, that what you met with in them might very reasonably give you some uneasiness; but really, madam, I cannot apprehend that they could ever justify such a degree of suspicion as you have entertained. There are several very remarkable passages, which plainly prove I was once very fond of an excellent friend, whom I now love with as much sincerity and respect, though not with such wild and unmanly transports, and in whose daily conversation I discover the most beautiful evidences of good sense, good nature, and religion. But then, madam, you will please to recollect, that this childish fondness for her was some considerable time before I began to make my addresses to you; and I was so little apprehensive that its knowledge would give you any offence that I very freely confessed it. I knew not one word of your seeing my journal, and yet often diverted myself with talking of it; and when you have expressed some uneasy apprehensions upon this head, I have always declared, that my friendship to her never interfered with those distinguishing regards which I owed to you; and I now as seriously repeat the declaration, as I could do it with my dying breath.
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> 'As for what you mention with relation to the young lady at Coventry, I am sure you must refer to a passage of the 3d of July; for that is the only time that I have been there since I began my addresses to you—I have written thus :—"This day I breakfasted at Mr. R.'s with three pretty ladies, whom, perhaps, I was ready to admire a little too much,

especially Miss Rachael." I confess this looks a little odd in the journal of a lover!—but you must consider, madam, that you had treated me very ill the night before I set out for that journey, and plainly intimated that you were resolved to dismiss me: so that when I came thither, and saw three very agreeable ladies in the family, where I was to have boarded, and saw that freedom and openness of temper which was entirely agreeable to my own, I confess I could not forbear wishing that if I was forced to part with you, and the other circumstances of the Coventry invitation had been such as that I might have persuaded myself to accept it,—I confess I was ready to imagine, that the charming Miss Rachael (who I suppose is by this time married to the minister who is settled among them) might have done as much as any other person I knew towards making some compensation for the loss of the charming Miss Kitty!—This was but a random thought, and you see I checked myself for it; not as imagining it was any infidelity to you, but because it was a judgment formed upon too short an acquaintance. And now, madam, do not you yourself wonder, how you could infer from such a passage that I loved her better than I did you; and yet this you must infer,—if you would make it a vindication of the suspicion you have entertained, and of the manner in which you have treated me thereupon.

'You further argue from my behaviour to you since I came to Harborough; in which you say, you have plainly discerned the unquestionable marks of a declining passion. Here, likewise, I will frankly confess, that I have been guilty of some little negligence, which business, conversation, and many trifling accidents, which I cannot now particularly describe, may very fairly account for, and for which I have frequently asked your pardon. However, I do solemnly profess, that I have loved you since I came to Harborough as heartily, though not as extravagantly, as I ever did in my life. I have been, therefore, resolved to prosecute my affair with you as far as I prudently could; and though I was not for returning to Burton, till I thought there was some considerable probability that it was upon a pretty good bottom; yet I assure you I have often longed for that time, in the midst of all the good sense, the religion, and the friendship, with which I have been entertained here; but here was the killing stroke: you indulged a great many unaccountable fancies, which had really no solid foundation, and so tormented yourself in my absence; and then when I came to see you, and brought with me a heart full of tenderness and love, you received me on almost every occasion with indifference or indignation. This is what I often told you I was not prepared to bear, and sufficiently intimated my apprehension that it would prove fatal to my love; and I must be so honest as to confess, that it has, in fact, given it a shock which I fear I shall never be able perfectly to recover; and has done much more to impair my affection to you, and my expectation of happiness with you, within a few weeks, than I could have believed possible. You, madam, have been wearying me every time you saw me with repeated declarations, that you were fully convinced our tempers could never suit; that you could never make yourself easy in the thoughts of spending your life with me; that you could not credit any of the professions which I made of my love; and that you had reconciled yourself to the thoughts of parting. You know, madam, it was a long time before you could bring me to be of this mind; but when I came to consider of the affair at a distance from the blaze of those charms which have often dazzled my reason, and melted down my resolution, I was convinced of the justice of what you had said. When I reflected upon your former resentments, and compared them with my own temper, I very plainly saw that in the course of my life, I should almost daily repeat many of those things which had given you so much disquietude. I therefore resolved not to affect any air of excessive fondness, but to leave the affair to your determination, and to acquiesce in that, whatsoever it might be.

'When I was in this temper, you, madam, to my unspeakable surprise, put the affair upon a new footing; you told me you could not be easy if I kept up my familiarity at Harborough, and persisted in my resolution of a journey to Bedford, and other appointments of that nature. I then thought, and I am still of the same opinion, that this was going entirely out of your way, and prescribing to me in particulars which ought to be left to my own discretion to determine; and I fancied if I could think it prudent to put my love to such kind of tests, I must either leave you in continual suspicion of it, which would have made me miserable as a husband, or have engaged myself to a fond kind of severity, to which I could never long have submitted. I recollected what trifles your jealousy had sometimes engaged you to resent; what unaccountable constructions you had sometimes put upon the most innocent of my words and actions; and therefore, upon the whole, I thought it prudent and rational rather to take a dismission upon these terms, than to yield to demands of such a kind; and herein I had the concurrence of some few of the wisest and best of my friends, to whom I made a faithful representation of the case. I determined upon this course, not because I did not love you well enough to make you a very good husband, but because I did not think I owed any woman in the world so much deference as you seemed to expect; indeed you have expressly declared such singular notions of a husband as I am sure I could never have complied with. I am all this while well assured of the excellency of your character in general, and was never more charmed with your behaviour in my life, than I was in some of my last visits; but when I was fully persuaded in my own mind that we should be unhappy together, and you declared you could not comply with my terms, which I still think to be entirely reasonable, my love and friendship to you served only to confirm me in my resolution of desisting, that I might not injure so excellent a creature.

'You charged me with having parted with indifference; but there I am sure, madam, you do me a great deal of wrong. I confess I strove to dismiss a thousand fond sentiments which arose in my heart, because I knew that to have given vent to them would only have made the necessary separation much more painful to us both. Since that time I have endeavoured to divert myself with business and conversation as much as I could; and, upon the whole, have been carried through this terrible trial better than I expected; but yet I must assure you, that I never knew so many uneasy hours in any month of my life, when I have been in perfect health, as I have known upon your account, since the beginning of this.'—vol. i., pp. 94—100.

The letter is concluded by many persuasions against jealousy, and on this topic, the writer continued to insist, in all his after-addresses. But we find in one of his letters to a lady of his acquaintance, a still further exposition of the affair :—

'I told you in my last that I had lost my mistress. But what would you say if I should now add, that she upbraids me as one of the basest and most inhuman of men, and insinuates her complaints not only through our own congregation, but the whole neighbourhood. I have not time now to tell you my story at large. This only I must tell you in general, that I have the testimony of my own conscience in the sight of God, that I have acted with the utmost integrity, nay, with the tenderest affection towards her, and that my case is so plain, that I have never yet met with a single person who does not acquit me upon hearing it: my only grief is, that she exposes herself -for, I bless God, my character is too well established among those who are intimately acquainted with me to be easily overthrown by her passionate accusations. My crime in short is this: When I had borne with the most unreasonable jealousy, and the most tumultuous passion for several months together; when she had been declaring to me about five hundred times that she was confident she should be one of the most unhappy creatures upon earth with a man of my temper, and had been earnestly entreating, as the greatest evidence of my friendship to her, that I would trouble her with no more addresses of courtship, I did at last comply with her importunity, and consented to quit the pursuit. This was not till she had taken upon herself to prescribe what company I should keep; and had expressly forbidden me, upon pain of her highest displeasure, to keep up any further correspondence with some of the dearest of my friends, though she acknowledged I am under very high obligations to them, and that they have very few equals in religion, good sense, and politeness, even in the female world. As I was fully convinced by these demands, in conjunction with the whole course of her previous behaviour, that it was absolutely necessary for us to part; and at the same time felt in my own breast such a lingering fondness as was ready to bear down all the remonstrances of reason, and the advice of the most pious and judicious of my friends, I did not dare to be much in her company; and, to tell you the plain truth, rather avoided than courted opportunities of meeting her. This she exclaimed against as the blackest villainy, and a very sufficient justification of those jealousies which she formerly entertained of my love to her; though I have always declared they were false, and sometimes with circumstances of solemnity, which nothing could have warranted but the importance of the affair.

'Such is the treatment I have met with from one whom I loved; not barely with sincerity, but extravagance; and it wounds me so much the deeper, as she is a woman of so admirable a character, that I have often thought, abating this one unfortunate feature in her mind, a predisposition towards jealousy, I do not know a person in the world who more nearly resembles you.'—pp. 105—107.

It is not, however, the least entertaining part of the subject, to see the ardent lover and retired student, in the midst of his distress concerning his quarrel with Miss Freeman, remonstrating with another young lady for her coolness towards him. The affair, in fact, of the Doctor's courtships, for the word must be in the plural, is altogether a mystery, and a very odd one, but as it brings him before us in a new character, we extract the letters which refer to it as the most likely to prove interesting to the reader. The following is one of those to which we allude, and was written within a few months after those already quoted. It is addressed to a Miss Jennings:—

'Dear Jennings, January, 1726.

'You will probably be surprised, that in the midst of the familiarity of daily conversation, I have recourse to the formality of a letter; and still more, when you find it is to tell you seriously, that there are some things in your behaviour which I am so far from admiring, that I think it worth my while to spend half an hour on a Saturday morning to engage you, if I can, to reform them. To come directly to the point, there are some particular seasons, which have occurred oftener within this last month than in all the other fourteen I have been at Harborough, in which you seem to imagine that you have a Dispensation to treat me just as you please, without any regard to the considerations, not only of friendship, but of common politeness! I have not time to tell stories with pen and ink, and so will not enter into particulars; besides, the instances are individually so trifling as not to deserve mention, though when ten or twenty occur in a day, they amount to something that cannot be seen without observation, nor borne without some resentment; at least, where there is not a perfect indifference, which, by the way, they have a great tendency to produce.

'I appeal, my dear, to yourself, whether it be decent entirely to disregard many instances of kindness and respect, which though in themselves very little, are such as evince a mind disposed to please you; whether even so very a trifle as a cup of tea, when offered with civility and good humour, ought not either to be received or refused with a smile or a nod. Or, if an air of pettishness in the whole behaviour, be the most agreeable and equitable way of refusing those innocent freedoms which you know at the worst are but the errors of excessive tenderness.

'After all, my dear, I own that these are but little faults, yet when they recur frequently, they throw a blemish upon a character that would be otherwise very agreeable.

'I have been something more surprised at such behaviour to me, as I know, that since I came into the family, I have loved you most heartily, and treated you not only with constant civility, but with tender friendship. It is with pleasure that I have discovered any opportunity of serving or pleasing you. I have spoken of you with the most affectionate respect in your absence, and almost quarrelled with some of the wisest and best of my friends, for charging you with that negligence and affectation of which I have now reminded you; and you yourself know, that when you have been disposed to quarrel and find fault, you could fix on nothing but an excess of fondness. Forgive me this wrong!

'And yet, on the other hand, I can never believe that you apprehend that I offer myself as a lover, and that it is therefore necessary to treat me with an air of coldness and scorn, that I may not take too much encouragement. I know not whether your late *complaisant* refusals were in jest or earnest; but of this I am sure, that if they were in jest, they had not so much wit or humour as to excuse their repetition thrice; and if they were in earnest, they were very unnecessary! However, to prevent such dreadful apprehensions, I do seriously assure you, that I have at present no such thought; and I here give it you under my hand, that if I ever offer any thing of that nature, I will proceed in form. I will acquaint mamma in the first place, and will never plead your indulgence to my friendship as any engagement upon you to accept my love.

'With this precaution, I think I may safely tell you that I do still esteem you beyond any other person in the world of *your age;* and do really think, that when you are in a good humour—you are, without a compliment, one of the most agreeable creatures I know. I must further do you the justice to acknowledge that you have frequently, perhaps I may say generally, treated me with an air of tender friendship, which to a man of my temper is engaging and endearing, in a very uncommon degree, and I need not look back farther than yesterday to recollect some very agreeable instances.

'But, after all, my dear, I must add, that it is this mixture and uncertainty of temper and behaviour that perplexes me more than any thing else. There is an epigram in the Spectator, which, though not made upon your sex, so exactly expresses my sentiments, that I cannot forbear transcribing it, and would, by all means, advise you to let your memory imbibe it:—

"In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a wayward, testy, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
There's no existing with—nor e'en without thee."

Therefore, my dear, I have one favour to beg of you, and all that I have already said was only intended as its introduction; and that is, that you would reflect a little upon my character in general, and upon my behaviour to you in particular, and then come to a resolution to treat me in a constant manner. Be always kind and obliging, or always negligent and rude; and though I cannot say it is a matter of indifference which you choose, yet I am persuaded I shall, in either case, be easier.

'If you can resolve upon the latter of these expedients, which yet methinks I am unwilling to suppose, my friendship is ended, but my civility will continue. I am not humble enough to make any fresh complaint either to yourself or to your mother, nor spiteful enough to attempt to injure or tease you. Nay, I have so much regard to the friendship of your excellent mother, whom I know to be most tenderly concerned for your interest as well as to the obligations of common humanity, that I will do my utmost to promote your improvement in religion and in other accomplishments as far as may be in my power. But, as to what you think of me, or the humour you are in with me, I shall be as utterly unconcerned as I am about honest Frank's being in the vapours, or the crying of Nanny Parsons when she is out of my hearing! But, if according to my firm expectation, you take this friendly admonition as kindly as I mean it; if you make it your future care to treat me with civility and good humour, and rather to bear with any tolerable infirmity than to quarrel when I have given you no affront; in one word, if you will treat me just as you did twelve months ago, bating the article of so many kisses which I will willingly resign, I assure you, my dear, that nothing which may have past shall impair the sincerity of my tenderness and esteem. I shall then study for every opportunity of obliging you; and treat you not with the importunity of a lover, but with the easy and endearing affection of a brother; I shall then think it my happiness, that I live in a family with so agreeable and so charming a friend, and your affection, as well as that of mamma and aunt, will add a relish to the brightest, and a comfort to the gloomiest moments of my life; and whenever we part, which will certainly be in a few years, and, probably enough, in a few months, I shall go away with a very high esteem of your character and gratitude for your kindness, and at any distant time or place shall rejoice in an opportunity of expressing the sincerity and tenderness with which I am,' &c.—pp. 105—107.

After all we do not see what the world will gain by the publication of this part of Doctor Doddridge's Correspondence, and it would have been better, perhaps, had it been left to the private perusal of his descendants, posterity having no licence to break the seal of a private letter, except when it is known to contain useful information, or some valuable instruction on points of difficulty and interest. The graver part only of the correspondence here published, comes under this head, and to this we refer our readers, as consisting of many important and edifying, as well as amusing details.

Art. VIII.—*Elements of Physics, or Natural Philosophy, General and Medical, explained independently of Technical Mathematics. Vol. II. Part I. Comprehending the subjects of Heat and Light.* By Neil Arnott, M.D., of the Royal College of Physicians. pp. 320. 8vo. London: Longman and Co. 1829.

Dr. Arnott's previous volume has been so well received, that it has almost banished all the flimsy productions, called popular, which falsely pretended to strip science of its mysterious and repulsive aspect, and to exhibit it in holy-day apparel. The success of such a work shows most clearly that it is plain, but sound knowledge which the public want; and that those who previously prankt out science in meretricious gaudiness, little understood the character of English readers. In the portion of the second volume now before us, the highly-talented author comes with fresh claims to the well-deserved patronage which he has already received; and in proportion to the importance and the great difficulty of the subjects, has he exerted himself to elucidate the most interesting facts, and to disembarrass them of the technicalities, which are so puzzling to the uninitiated. Dr. Arnott, however, is by no means a merely useful writer; for he frequently introduces passages, eloquently written, and evincing a mind susceptible of the beauties, as well as the scientific utilities, of the objects of creation. We cannot better exemplify this, than by quoting his introductory paragraph to the subject of Light:—

'The phenomena of *light* and *vision* have always been held to constitute a most interesting branch of natural science; whether in regard to the beauty of light, or its utility. The beauty is seen spread over a varied

e—among the beds of the flower-gardens, on the spangled meads,
umage of birds, in the clouds around the rising and setting sun, in
s of the rainbow. And the utility may be judged of by the re-
that had man been compelled to supply his wants by groping in
l unchangeable darkness, even if originally created with all the
ge now existing in the world, he could scarcely have secured his
for one day. Indeed, the earth without light would have been
abode even for grubs, generated and living always amidst their
ternal night would have been universal death. Light, then,
beauteous garb of nature, clothing the garden and the meadow,—
in the ruby—sparkling in the diamond,—is also the absolutely
medium of communication between living creatures and the
around them. The rising sun is what converts the wilderness of
which night covered, and which to the young mind, not yet aware
gularity of nature's changes, is so full of horror, into a visible and
radise. No wonder, then if, in early ages of the world, man has
n seen bending the knee before the glorious luminary, and wor-
it as the God of Nature. When a mariner, who has been toiling
ght gloom and tempest, at last perceives the dawn of day, or even
of the moon, the waves seem to him less lofty, the wind is only
erce, sweet hope beams on him with the light of heaven, and
dness to his heart. A man, wherever placed in light, receives by
om every object around—from hill and tree, and even a single
y, from every point in every object, and at every moment of time,
ger of light to tell him what is there, and in what condition. Were
resent, or had he the power of flitting from place to place with
of the wind, he could scarcely be more promptly informed. And
nany cases where distance intervenes not, light can impart at
wledge which, by any other conceivable means, could come only
, or not at all. For example, when the illuminated countenance
g the secret workings of the heart, the tongue would in vain try
even in lofty phrases, what one smile of friendship or affection
instant convey;—and had there been no light, man never could
aware of the miniature worlds of life and activity which, even in
water, the microscope discovers to him; nor could he have
ny idea of the admirable structure belonging to many minute
It is light, again, which gives the telegraph, by which men con-
m hill to hill, or across an extent of raging sea,—and which,
upon the eye through the optic tube, brings intelligence of events
the remotest regions of space.'- pp. 163—165.

cience of light, we may remark, is one of those subjects of
ost people know something, though there are parts of it
n only be studied by the aid of mathematics, and other
it which require some smattering of physiology, in order
rehend them. The construction of mirrors, of micro-
of telescopes, and all the instruments employed to assist
s nearly settled, and little that is new on these subjects
aps, to be expected; but some of the laws which regulate
agation of light have recently been much elucidated by
Biot, Brewster, and Herschel, the son of the celebrated
ner.

We can ourselves well recollect (for the association is deeply interwoven with our feelings) how eager we were, even in boyhood, to pry into the secrets of optics. We well recollect of lighting upon an odd volume, where the science was treated with all the parade of geometry and algebra, which to us were, at that period, quite unintelligible. But even this abstruse and unknown language of mathematics did not deter us from conning over, again and again, the laws, the principles, and the facts which bore upon the history of light, or explained the appearances with which we were familiar. We were still more delighted when we read the experimental portion, and we remember well of stealing away, book in hand, to the woods, on a bright summer's day, and examining how the doctrine of shadows agreed with those of trees, and how the doctrine of reflection agreed with the pictures of waving branches in a little stream, which ran through the wood; and we tried, in every possible position, the effects of refraction in the case of a straight stick appearing to be bent or broken when partly in the water. At such an age it is, when observation begins to sharpen the young mind, and every little explanation to charm and to elevate; and the facts of philosophy to display their beautiful links of connection; and the wonders of nature to stir up the young and enthusiastic spirit of curiosity to travel onwards and onwards, in spite of every obstacle and interruption, till it surmount the most rugged ascent of the mountain-barrier; and standing triumphantly on its loftiest pinnacles, looks abroad, with a conscious pride, on the plains and valleys beneath, and exults, with a heart-bounding enthusiasm, that the earth and its fogs, its obscurities, and its ignorance, has been left far below. Then is the time to imbue the young mind with the genuine truths of nature and of philosophy, and to cheer on the spirit of enterprising research to the accomplishment of some grand discovery, or the execution of some lasting memorial of genius. Then is the time, when the character first takes its form, and the habits and dispositions are trained up to manhood, and when the mind is indelibly stamped with the broad mark of dullness, of mediocrity, or of exalted talent. At such an age, how exceedingly valuable a work like this of Dr. Arnott's becomes, as it may furnish the first fuel to the latent fire of genius—the spark which may afterwards kindle into a brilliant blaze.

We must remark, however, that the youth who has early reached some commanding pinnacle of the mountain, is placed on a very dangerous precipice, from which he must inevitably tumble, unless he has more caution and firmness than usually falls to the lot of the young. His triumph is short lived. He for a moment, like the eagle, thinks that he can gaze on the sun; but with this his ambition is not satisfied; he tires of the uniformity of the sun's splendour, and longs after variety. The first view of the scene spread, like a map, under his feet, of sunny fields, cheerful villages, and plains diversified with woods, and intersected by rivers,—is delightful, because to him it is new, and has all the beauty and all the mysterious suspense which would be thrown over a view of the futurities of life, were it possible to obtain this. But the beauty, and the novelty, and the suspense, give but a momentary feeling; he soon complains of their sameness and uniformity, and bends his eye on the distant horizon, where all is confusion and all is blank. He loses all relish for his bird's-eye prospect, which was at first so delightful: his eye, with all its keenness, cannot penetrate through the more distant obscurities; he descends from his elevation, to travel in pursuit of variety; he soon mingles with the inhabitants of the plain country, whose sober ambition never prompted them to climb the most humble emiuence, and he is lost for ever among ordinary men.

We may, perhaps, be accused of having drawn a fanciful picture, but we have not in sooth borrowed one tint from imagination. It is wholly derived from fact and from reality. It was observed in Greece, as Aristotle has recorded; and it is quite notorious in our own days, that when a boy appears as a prodigy, and carries off all the highest premiums at schools and academies, that his future career is never heard of; for, being satiated to cloying with his juvenile attainments, he becomes too proud, or too indolent, ever to advance beyond himself. He first becomes stationary, and then he retrogrades, and loses ground; for his more slow competitors, by their steady advances, soon come to outstrip him.

The same remark will apply to philosophy itself. When it is once brought to a certain elevation, it never goes farther; for nobody will take the trouble to perfect a system which bears the name of another, and will be more contented to be the humble disciple of Newton, or of Locke, and to learn their opinions by rote, than to stand forth as a discoverer, and bear all the opposition, and the criticism, and the controversy, which originality never fails to produce. Optics, in some of its branches, has long been held in such leading strings; but in others, it has been pursued with a manly independence, and this has been rewarded with researches which are still, indeed, in their infancy, but which promise much: we allude to the polarization of light—a subject, however, which Dr. Arnott has not yet arrived at in the part of the volume now before us; we must, therefore, follow him into some of those branches which he has so simply and perspicuously illustrated. The following we think excellent:

'It has already been explained that light, like every other influence radiating from a centre, becomes rapidly weaker as the distance from the centre increases, being, for instance, only one fourth part as intense at double distance, and in a corresponding proportion for other distances; while it is still farther weakened by the obstacle of any transparent medium through which it passes. Now the eye soon becomes sufficiently familiar with these truths to judge from them, with considerable accuracy, of the comparative distances of objects.

'The fine gothic pile of Westminster Abbey may break upon the view in some situation where nearer edifices, and perhaps some minor imitations of its beauties, already fill and dazzle the eye with their brightness, but the misty or less distinct outline of the former warn the approaching stranger of its true magnitude, and prepare him for the enjoyment which a nearer inspection of its grandeur and perfection is to afford.

'A small yacht or pleasure-boat may be built from the same model or of the same comparative dimensions as a first-rate vessel of war, and may be in view from the shore at the same time, only so much nearer than the ship, that both shall form images of the same magnitude on the retina of a spectator. In such a case, to an unpractised eye, it might be difficult to detect the difference, but to another, the bright lights of the little vessel, contrasted with the softer or more misty appearance of the larger, would leave no room for doubt. A haziness occurring in the atmosphere between the little vessel and the eye, might considerably disturb the judgment.

'In a fleet of ships, if the sun's direct rays fall upon one here and there through openings among the clouds, while the others remain in shade, the former immediately start in appearance towards the spectator. Similarly the mountains of an unknown coast, if the sun-shine fall upon them, appear comparatively near, but if clouds again intervene, they recede and mock the awakened hope of the approaching mariner.

'A conflagration at night, however distant, appears to spectators generally, as if very near, and inexperienced persons often run towards it with hope of arriving immediately, but find after miles travelled that they hae made but a little part of their way.

'A person ignorant of astronomy deems the heavenly bodies vastly nearer to the earth than they are, merely because of their being so bright or luminous. The evening star, for instance, seen in a clear sky over some distant hill-top, appears as if a dweller on the hill might almost reach it—for the most intense artificial light that could be placed on the height would be dim in comparison with the beauteous star, yet to a dweller on the hill it appears just as distant as to one on the plain; nay, at thousands of miles nearer, the appearance would still be nearly the same.

'The concave of the starry heavens appears flattened above, or nearer to the earth in its zenith than towards its horizon, because the light from above having to pass through only the depth or thickness of the atmosphere, is little obstructed, while of that which darts towards any place horizontally through hundreds of miles of dense vapour-loaded air, only a small part arrives.

'The sun and moon appear larger at rising and setting than when midway in heaven, partly, as already explained, because while below they can easily be compared with other objects, of which the size is known, but partly, also, because of their less light in the former situation, while their diameters are always the same.

'A fog or mist is said to magnify objects seen through it. The truth is, that by reason of the diminished intensity of light, it makes them appear further distant without lessening the visual angles subtended by them; and because an object at two miles, subtending the same angle as an object at one mile, must be twice as large. The conclusion is drawn that the dim object is large. Thus a person in a fog may believe that he is approaching a great tree, fifty yards distant, when the next step throws him into the bush which had deceived him.—Two friends meeting in a fog have often mutually mistaken each other for persons of much greater stature.—A row of foxglove flowers on a neighbouring bank, has been mistaken for a company of scarlet-clad soldiers on the more distant face of the hill. There are, for similar reasons, frequent misjudgings in late twilight and early dawn.—The purpose and effect of a thin gauze screen interposed between the spectators in a theatre and some person or object meant to appear distant, are intelligible on the same principle: a boy near, so screened, will appear to be a man at a distance.—The art of the painter uses sombre colours when his object is to produce in his picture the effect of distance.—On the alarming occasion of a very dense fog coming on at sea, where the ships of a fleet are near to each other, without wind, and where there is considerable swell or rolling of the sea, much damage is often done, but it is to be remarked in such a case that the size of ships approaching to the shock is always in idea exaggerated.

'The celebrated *Spectre of the Brocken*, among the Hartz Mountains, is a good illustration of our present subject. On a certain ridge, just at sun-rise, a gigantic figure of a man had often been observed walking, and extraordinary stories were related of it. About the year 1800 a French philosopher went with a friend to watch the phenomenon; but for many mornings they had paraded on an opposite ridge in vain. At last, however, they discovered the monster, but he was not alone; he had a companion, and singularly he and his companion aped all the motions and attitudes of the observer and his companion: in fact, the spectres were merely shadows of the observers, formed by the horizontal rays of the rising sun falling on the morning fog which hovered over the valley beyond; but because the shadows were very faint, they were deemed distant, and therefore seemed men walking on the opposite ridge, and because a comparatively small figure seen near, but supposed distant, appears of gigantic dimensions, these shadows were accounted giants.'—vol. ii. pp. 260—264.

Dr. Arnott has most wisely avoided the common slang of philosophy which talks of light, heat, electricity, galvanism, and magnetism, as caused by peculiar fluids. Philosophers of this imaginative school, describe light as consisting of particles as a fluid of inconceivable tenuity; and as a substance which can neither be weighed in scales, nor felt by the touch. All these descriptions appear to us to be exceedingly inaccurate; for the words particle, fluid, and substance, have a meaning altogether different in their usual applications from what is here given them. If light be called a fluid, it is surely but reasonable we should expect it to be like water, or oil, or some other fluid with which we are acquainted, at least, in having this property of fluidity. Light, however, does not appear to have any such property. If it be said, that by a fluid is meant a vapour or gas, light is also deficient in one essential property of either of these, since they can be kept in vessels which light cannot; for though light has been beaming into a room during the whole of a bright summer's day, the instant the window shutters are closed, the light disappears. Besides gas or vapour can be weighed, and can by particular management be perceived by touch; when it is, for example, forced through a pair of bellows; but this will not hold with respect to light.

The opinion that light is composed of particles, is founded on the assumption for which we have not a shadow of proof, and not even an analogy to adduce in its support, though Niewenty most preposterously undertook to compute the number of particles of light given out by a candle in a given time! That light is a material substance, meaning by that, a thing which can be weighed or touched, or its bulk measured, is equally unproved, and is, indeed, contrary to the universal experience of mankind. To say, then, that light is a material fluid composed of particles, is not only giving us a string of meaningless words, which is too often done in books of philosophy;—it is actually leading us into erroneous notions, and substituting fiction and falsehood for ascertained facts.

We may ask, therefore, in what class of the things which be, must light be ranked, since it is not a fluid, nor a vapour, nor a gas, nor composed of material particles? Evidently, as we think, it must be classed with heat, electricity, galvanism, and magnetism, which though they agree in some properties, are as different in species (if we may so term it) from one another as iron, and wood, and water. Light has the property, with other things of the same class, of penetrating very hard bodies,—hence called transparent, such as glass and the diamond, the hardest of all known bodies. The assumed notion that light was made up of particles, led, consequently, to the assertion, that there are innumerable pores, or minute holes, in glass and diamonds, through which the particles of light pass. Nobody, of course, ever saw those holes or pores, and their existence remains to be proved.

Concerning the supposed particles of light, it is farther asserted, that they have no force, or, as it is technically called, *momentum;* that is, when light strikes our face, it is not felt as the wind is felt, nor does it pain the eye as sand thrown into it would do. This assertion, though perhaps it is a little better founded than some of the preceding, is not quite correct; for the eye really does feel pain, very similar, also, to pain arising from pressure, when it is exposed to a strong beam of light, as in looking at the sun, in which case not only the curtain of the eye-lids is let down to protect it, but the iris besides, in order to protect the retina, instinctively contracts so much that the pupil almost disappears. What is more remarkable, the iris does not thus contract in any other case when the eye-lids are shut as a protection against injury; in such cases, on the contrary, the iris expands. This may be readily proved by the simple experiment of threatening to injure a person's eye, and observing the state of the iris immediately before and after the circumstance. Of the several colours, red seems to have the strongest effect upon the eye, if we may judge from the eagerness of children and savages for stuffs of this colour. It is the most brilliant and splendid of all the colours, and has, in almost all countries, been chosen for the robes of princes; among the ancients, the statues of Jupiter, on high festivals, were painted red. In diseased states of the nerves, red seems to give more pain to the eye than any other colour. M. Richerand says he has seen maniacs thrown into a rage, and others, supposed to have been long cured, whose madness came afresh at the sight of scarlet cloth. Bulls, turkeys, and other animals, are also enraged at the sight of scarlet. Green, on the other hand, is opposite to red in this respect, being the softest and least vivid of the colours. It adds plausibility to these views of the red rays of light striking or infringing most forcibly upon the eye, that they seem to have greater power in penetrating dense media, than any of the others; when the sun, for instance, shines through " the horizontal misty air, shorn of" all " his" other " beams," the red alone penetrates the fog, and makes the king of day appear like a plate of red hot iron. These hypothetical conjectures of what may be called the pressure or infringement of light, is somewhat countenanced by the coloured rings produced by external pressure on the closed eye-lids; for the hardest pressure produces red or luminous flashes; the slightest pressure produces violet, indigo, and blue, exactly in the order of the refrangibility of the colours. When the pressure, however, is made on the centre of the ball, or on the two corners of the eye at once, no flash nor colour is seen; a circumstance caused, perhaps, by the retina not being affected in the point of vision.

This leads us to consider the velocity of light, which is so great that, if we believe the doubtful calculations of astronomers, (see *Monthly Review*, for August, 1829, p. 522), it takes only eight minutes and a half to come to us from the sun, a supposed distance of 95,000,000 miles. It must follow, from this, that we never see the sun exactly where he is, but where he was eight minutes and a half before. We cannot form a plausible conjecture how far the fixed stars may have receded from the place where we apparently see them, for we know not their distance; but astronomers have fancied that there may be some of them so very distant that their light has been travelling to the earth from the time of the creation itself for these six thousand years, and has not yet come into view. The following is Dr. Arnott's account of the velocity of light:—

'The extraordinary precision with which the astronomical skill of modern times enables men to foretel the times of remarkable appearances or changes among the heavenly bodies, has served for the detection of the fact, that light is not an instantaneous communication between distant objects and the eye, as was formerly believed, but a messenger which requires time to travel; and the rate of travelling has been ascertained in the same way.

'The eclipses of the satellites or moons of the planet Jupiter had been carefully observed for some time, and a rule was obtained which foretold the instants in all future time when the satellites were to glide into the shadow of the planet, and disappear, or again to emerge into view. Now it was found, that these appearances took place 16½ minutes sooner when Jupiter was near the earth, or on the same side of the sun with the earth, than when it was on the other side; that is to say, more distant from the earth by one diameter of the earth's orbit, and at all intermediate stations the difference diminished from 16½ minutes, in exact proportion to the less distance from the earth. This proves then that light takes 16½ minutes to travel across the earth's orbit, and 8¼ minutes for half that distance, or to come down to us from the sun.

'The velocity of light, ascertained in this way, is such, that in one second of time, viz. during a single vibration of a common clock pendulum, it would go from London to Edinburgh, and back, 200 times, and the distance between these is 400 miles. This velocity is so surprising, that the philosophic Dr. Hooke, when it was first asserted that light was thus progressive, said he could more easily believe the passage to be absolutely instantaneous, even for any distance, than that there should be a progressive movement so inconceivably swift. The truth, however, is now put quite beyond a doubt by many collateral facts bearing upon it.

'As regards all phenomena upon earth, they may be regarded as happening at the very instant when the eye perceives them; the difference of time being too small to be appreciated: for, as shown in the preceding paragraph, if our sight could reach from London to Edinburgh, we should perceive a phenomenon there in the four-hundredth part of a second after its occurrence.

'It is hence usual, and not sensibly incorrect, when we are measuring the velocity of sound, as when a cannon is fired, by observing the time between the flash and the report, to suppose that the event takes place at the very moment when it is perceived by the eye.

'In using a telegraph, no sensible time is lost on account of light requiring time to travel. A message can be sent from London to Portsmouth in a minute and a half; and at the same rate a communication might pass to Rome in about half an hour, to Constantinople in forty minutes, to Calcutta in a few hours, and so on. A telegraph is any object which can be made to assume different forms or appearances, at the will of an attendant, and so that the changes may be distinguished at a distance. A pole with moveable arms is the common construction, each position standing for a letter, or cypher, or word, or sentence, as may be agreed upon. Telegraphic signals between ships at sea are generally made by a few flags, the meanings of each being varied by the mast on which it is hoisted, and by its combination with others.'—pp. 172- 174.

The superiority of Dr. Arnott's manner of illustrating the principles of philosophy cannot be better exemplified, than in his elucidation of the refraction of light, or the bending of its rays in passing into a different medium, as from air into water, into glass, or any other transparent substance of different density from itself. A little consideration will lead to the inference that it is this which causes an oar to appear as if broken, when one part of it is in water and the other in the air. The principle can be strikingly illustrated by the common experiment of putting a piece of money into an empty cup, retiring till the edge of the cup barely hides the money from the sight, and then causing a friend to pour water over the money, which will again bring it into view. The experiment may also be made with the flower, the landscape, or whatever else happens to be painted on the cup. It will follow, that pouring water into the cup, makes it appear less deep than it is in reality. This informs us, also, why a clear stream of water seems less deep than it is; for the refraction of the light causes the bottom to appear higher than it is; the ignorance of which has more than once betrayed the unwary to venture into water beyond their depth to the hazard of their lives.

'Many a young life,' says Dr. Arnott, 'has been sacrificed to this error. A person looking from a boat directly down upon objects at the bottom of water, sees them in their true places and at their true distances, but if he view them more and more obliquely, the appearance is more and more deceiving, until at last it represents them as at less than half of their true depth.

'The ship in which the author sailed once in the China sea, before danger was apprehended, had entered by a narrow passage into a horseshoe enclosure of coral rocks. When the alarm was given, the predicament had become truly terrific. On every side, in water most singularly transparent, as the wave swelled, the rocks appeared to be almost at the surface of the water, and the anchor, which in the first moments had been let go to limit the danger, appeared to be lifted with them. It was judged that if the ship, then drawing 24 feet, or the depth of a two-storied house, had moved but a little way in almost any direction, she must have met her certain destruction. On sending boats around to sound and to search, the place of entrance was again discovered, and was safely traversed a second time as an outlet from that terrible prison.

'On account of this bending of light from objects under water, there is more difficulty in hitting them with a bullet or spear. The aim by a person not directly over a fish must be made at a point apparently below it, otherwise the weapon will miss it by flying too high. The spear is sometimes used in this country for killing salmon, but is a common weapon among the islanders of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans for killing the albacore; the use of it, like that of the fly-hook in England, affording to the fishermen good sport as well as profit. The author once with much interest witnessed at St. Helena this employment of the spear. A small fish, previously half-killed, that it might not try to escape, was every minute or two thrown upon the water as a bait, in the sight of perhaps a hundred great albacores, greedily waiting for it at one side below, and knowing the danger to which they exposed themselves by darting across to seize it. Some albacore, bold enough, soon made at the mouthful, apparently with the speed of lightning, but yet with speed which did not save him, for every now and then the thrown spear met the adventurer, and held him writhing there in a cloud of his death-blood. After a victim so destroyed, the scene of action was changed.

'The bending of light when passing obliquely from water, is also the reason of the following facts. A straight rod or stick, of which a portion is immersed in water, appears crooked or broken at the surface of the water, the portion immersed seeming to be bentupwards. That part of a ship or boat, visible under water, appears much flatter or shallower than it really is. A deep-bodied fish, seen near the surface of the water, appears almost a flat-fish. A round body there appears oval. A gold fish in a vase may appear as two fishes, being seen as well by light bent through the upper surface of the water, as by straight rays passing through the side of the glass. To see bodies under water, in their true places, and of their true proportions, the eye must view them through a tube, of which the distant end, closed with plate-glass, is held in the water.

* * * * * *

'Certain states of the atmosphere depending upon its humidity, warmth, &c., change very considerably its ordinary refractive power: hence in one state of it, a certain hill or island may appear low and scarcely rising above the intervening heights or ocean, while in another state, the same object shall be seen towering above: and from a certain station, a city in a neighbouring valley may be either entirely visible, or it may shew only the tops of its steeples, as if the bed on which it rested had sunk deeper into the earth. In days of ignorance and superstition, such appearances have sometimes excited a strange interest.

'A beautiful phenomenon is observable in a day of warm sunshine, owing to the bending of light in passing through media of different densities. Black or dark-coloured substances, by absorbing much light and heat from the sun's rays, and warming the air in contact with them, until it dilates and rises in the surrounding air, as oil rises in water, cause the light, from more distant objects, reaching the eye through the rarefied medium, to be bent a little; and owing to the heated air rising irregularly under the influence of the wind and other causes, these objects acquire the appearance of having a tremulous or a dancing motion. In a warm clear day, the whole landscape at last appears to be thus dancing.

'The same phenomenon is to be observed at any time, by looking at an object beyond the top of a chimney from which hot air is rising. An illicit distillery was once discovered by the exciseman happening thus to look across a hole used as the chimney, although charcoal was the fuel, and there was no vestige of smoke.

'This bending of light by the varying states of the atmosphere, makes precaution necessary in making very nice geometrical observations:—as in measuring base-lines for the construction of maps or charts.

'As it is the obliquity between the passing ray and the surface, which in any case of refraction determines the degree of bending, a body seen through a medium of irregular surface appears distorted according to the nature of that surface. It is because the two surfaces of common window-glass are not perfect planes, and not perfectly parallel to each other, as in the case of plate-glass, that objects seen through the former appear generally more or less out of shape: and hence comes the elegance and beauty of plate-glass windows: and hence the singular distortion of things viewed through that swelling or lump of glass which remains where the glass-blower's instrument was attached, and which appears at the centre of certain very coarse panes.'—vol. ii. pp. 184–188.

We have mentioned above, that, in consequence of the timelight, takes to travel, we do not see the heavenly bodies exactly where they are, but where they were some minutes before, when the light left them. We have now to add, that in consequence of the principle of refraction, their apparent place is considerably changed. The air only extends a few miles above the earth, and beyond is an unknown region, supposed to be filled with something as much thinner than air, as air is thinner than water. The light of the sun and stars, therefore, when it passes from this rare medium into the thicker air is bent; but though they be really set, they will appear in view, in the same way as the money in the cup comes into view when the water is poured over it. We may, with equal justice, refer many of our erroneous judgments to particular states of the reflection of light. The obscure white light, for example, reflected in the twilight from a pond, or other narrow piece of water, or from a white post or a birch-tree, may, by an apprehensive fancy, very readily be imagined to be a sheeted ghost escaped from the grave. We recollect an instance of a whole village having been thrown into consternation at the supposed appearance of a ghost among a row of tall beech-trees, adjacent to the manor house. This ghost was reported to have been repeatedly seen in the form of a headless woman, dressed in white, climbing the trees with one hand, and brandishing a pale, glimmering torch in the other. On this apparition, however, being observed by some persons less timid, and less fanciful, it was found to be nothing more than the reflected light of a miner's lantern, gleaming among the white trees, on his going to his labour.

'It is remarkable,' says Dr. Arnott, 'when the imagination is once excited by some beautiful or striking view, how readily any visual hint produces clear and strong impressions. One day in the cosmorama, a school-boy visitor exclaimed, with fearful delight, that he saw a monstrous tiger coming from its den among the rocks;—it was a kitten belonging to the attendant, which by accident had strayed among the paintings. And another young spectator was heard calling that he saw a horse galloping up the mountain side;—it was a minute fly crawling slowly along the canvas. There is in this department a very fine field yet open to the exercise of ingenuity, for the contemplation of pictures representing motion or progressive events, may be made the occasion of mental excitement the most varied and intense. For instance, there are few scenes on earth calculated to awaken more interesting reflections on the condition of human nature than that beheld by a person who sails along the river Thames from London to the sea, a distance of about sixty miles, through the wonders which on every side there crowd on the sight—the forest of ships from all parts of the world—the glorious monuments of industry, of philanthropy, of science—the marks of the riches, the high civilization, and the happiness of the people. Now this scene was last year, in one of our theatres, strikingly pourtrayed by what was called a *moving panorama* of the southern bank of the Thames. It was a very long painting, of which a part only was seen at a time gliding slowly across the stage, and the impression made on the spectators was, that of their viewing the realities while sailing down the river in a steam boat. In the same manner the whole coast of Britain might be most interestingly represented—or any other coast, or any line of road, or even a line of balloon flight. There was another *moving panorama* exhibited about the same time at Spring Gardens, aiming at an object of still greater difficulty, *viz.* to depict a course of human life; and the history chosen was that of the latter part of Buonaparte's career. Scenes representing the principal events were, in succession, and apparently on the same canvas, made to glide across the field of view, so designed that the real motion of the picture gave to the spectator the feeling of the events being only then in progress, and with the accompaniments of clear narration and suitable music, they produced on those who viewed them the most complete illusion. The story began with the blow struck at Buonaparte's ambition in the battle of Trafalgar, and to mark how completely, by representations of various moments and situations of the battle, the spectators were in imagination made present to it, the author of this work may mention, that on the occasion of his visiting the exhibition, a young man seeing a party of British preparing to board an enemy's ship, started from his seat with a *hurra*, and seemed quite surprised when he found that he was not really in the battle. To the first views there succeeded many others, similarly introduced and explained, in each of which the hero himself appeared: there were, his defeat at Waterloo—his subsequent flight—his delivery of himself to the British Admiral—his appearing at the gangway of the Bellerophon to thousands of spectators, waiting in boats around, while he was in Plymouth harbour, previous to his departure for ever from the shores of Europe—his house and habits during his exile, with various views of St. Helena;—and last of all, that solemn procession, in which the bier, with his lifeless corpse, appeared moving slowly on its way to the grave under the willow-tree. The exhibition now spoken of might have been made much better in all respects, yet in its mediocrity it served to prove how admirably adapted such unions of painting, music, and narration, or poetry, are to affect the mind, and therefore to become the means of conveying most impressive lessons of historical fact and moral principle.' —pp. 280—282.

Mr. Hughes, we think it was, one of the contributors to the Spectator, once wrote an Essay upon "Nothing," as a contrast to the German Professor's treatise on "All Things and Some Other Things." Were we, in the same way, to comment upon darkness as some philosophers comment on light, we think we could reason as plausibly as they can for the real existence of darkness, which is said to be a mere privation of light, as cold is said to be a privation of heat: for the reverse seems to rest upon arguments equally probable. They say, for example, without a shadow of proof, that light is a fluid, and heat is a fluid; now were we to assert that darkness is a fluid, and cold a fluid, on what grounds could we be contradicted which would not apply as strongly to the philosophers just alluded to? If they say that they can prove the velocity of light, we say that we can equally prove the velocity of darkness —for if we were to extinguish the candles by whose light we are writing, darkness will dart through every corner of the room as rapidly as light will when they are relit: and when the sun sets, darkness travels as rapidly as light does when the sun rises. If they say that light penetrates glass, we may the same of darkness; for if we shut out the light, darkness will immediately make its way to occupy its place. Many experiments and arguments might be brought to prove this view of the subject; we merely throw out these hints to put our readers on their guard against taking every thing they find in books for unquestionable truth. We were once asked by a stickler for the fluidity of electricity, how we proved that it was not a fluid, and we answered him by asking how he proved that it was not a cabbage or a piece of ice, to which it seems to bear about as much resemblance as it does to water, oil, or any other known fluid. By maintaining the fluidity of cold and of darkness we may always, by a *reductio ad absurdum*, put an end to such fancies, which put on the air and the strut of philosophy, while they are at bottom altogether baseless and air-drawn—without a tangible fact or a decent probability to support their flimsiness. Dr. Arnott's book is more free from such absurdities than any scientific work—popular or profound—with which we have ever met. The conclusion of the part before us is written with considerable eloquence, while it abounds with good sense, sound philosophy, and unaffected piety. Our readers cannot fail, we think, to be pleased to see this excellent passage:

> 'The investigations in progress respecting the phenomena of light, are furnishing new proofs of the extreme simplicity of nature, amidst the boundless extent and infinite variety. When men thought of the sense of touch only as it exists at the tips of the fingers, or on the general surface of the body, they were far from suspecting that the sense of hearing had the near relation to it which subsequent discoveries have proved, and still less did they think, that the sense of sight was similarly related; but step by step they ascertained, 1st, of sound coming to the ear through the air —that air was a material fluid as much as water, consisting of the same or similar particles, only more distant among themselves—that a motion or trembling in the air, by affecting nerves exposed in the ear, produced the sensation of sound, as the trembling in a log of wood caused by the action of a saw produces a peculiar sensation of touch in a hand laid on the log,—and, finally, that common sound in all its varieties, is merely such trembling of the air, affecting a structure of nerve so exposed in the ear, as to be as much more readily excitable than the nerves in the fingers, and elsewhere in the skin, as the action or impulse of moving air is more delicate than that of common solids and liquids. And now, in the investigations respecting light, this kind of comparison is carried a step further, for it is become matter almost of certainty that the sensation of light is produced in a suitable nervous tissue in the eye, by a trembling motion in another fluid than air, which fluid pervades all space, and in rarity or subtlety of nature surpasses air vastly more than air does water or solids;—and while in sound, different tones or notes depend on the *number* of vibrations in a given time, so in light do different colours depend on the *extent* of the single vibrations. Can human imagination

picture to itself a simplicity more magnificent and fruitful of marvellous beauty and utility than this! But farther, as air answers in the universe so many important purposes besides that of conveying sounds, although this alone comprehends language, which almost means reason and civilization—so also does the material of light minister in numerous ways, in the phenomena of heat, electricity, and magnetism.

'The truths now positively ascertained with respect to the nature of light and vision, are perhaps those in the wide field of human inquiry, which, acting on ordinary apprehension, most forcibly place the individual as it were in the presence of Creative Intelligence, and awaken the most elevated thoughts of which the human mind is capable. Had there been no light in the universe, all its other perfections had existed in vain. Men placed on earth would have been as human exiles with their eyes put out, abandoned on an unknown shore, of climate and productions totally new to them: every movement might be to destruction, for their perceptions would be limited by the length of their arms, and of their fearful groping steps, and the wretched beings, separating when impelled by hunger to search for food, would probably scatter to meet no more. But the material of light exists, pervading all space, and certain impressions made upon it in one place rapidly spread over the universe, the progressive impression being called a ray, or *beam of light.* The beams of light, then, from all parts coming to every individual, may be regarded as supplementary arms or feelers belonging to the individual, and which reach to the end of the universe, so that each person, instead of being as a blind point in space, becomes nearly omnipresent:—then these limbs or feelers have no weight, they are never in the way, they impede nothing, and they are only known to exist when their use is required! But this miracle of light would have been totally useless, and the lovely paradise of earth would have been to man still a dark and dreary desert, had there not been the twin miracle of an organ of commensurate delicacy to perceive the light, viz., of the *eye;* in which there is the round cornea of such perfect transparence, placed exactly in the anterior centre of the ball (and elsewhere it had been useless), then exactly behind this, the beautiful curtain the iris, with its pupil dilating and contracting to suit the intensity of light—and exactly behind this again, the crystalline lens, having many qualities which only complex structure in human art can attain, and by the entering light forming on the retina beautiful pictures or images of the objects in front, the most sensible part of the retina being where the images fall. Of these parts and conditions, had any one been otherwise than as it is, the whole eye had been useless, and light useless, and the great universe useless to man, for he could not have existed in it. Then, farther, we find that the precious organ, the eye, is placed not as if by accident, somewhere near the centre of the person, but aloft on a proud eminence, where it becomes the glorious watch-tower of the soul; and, again, not so that to alter its direction, the whole person must turn, but in the head, which, on a pivot of admirable structure, moves while the body is at rest; the ball of the eye, moreover, being furnished with muscles which, as the will directs, turn it with the rapidity of lightning to sweep round the horizon, or take in the whole heavenly concave; then is the delicate orb secured in a strong socket of bone, and there is over this the arched eyebrow as a cushion, to destroy the shock of blows, and with its inclined hairs to turn aside the descending perspiration which might incommode; then is there the soft and pliant eyelid, with its beauteous fringes, incessantly wiping the polished surface, and spreading over it the pure moisture poured out by the lachrymal glands above, of which moisture the superfluity, by a fine mechanism, is sent into the nose, there to be evaporated by the current of the breath: still further, instead of there being only one so precious organ, there are two, lest one by accident should be destroyed, but which two have so entire a sympathy, that they act together as only one more perfect; then the sense of sight continues perfect during the period of growth from birth to maturity, although the distance from the lens to the retina is constantly varying; and the pure liquid which fills the eye, if rendered turbid by disease or accident, is, by the actions of life, although its source be the thick red blood, gradually restored to transparency. The mind, which can suppose or admit that within any limits of time, even a single such organ of vision could have been produced by accident, or without design,—and still more, that the millions which now exist on earth, all equally perfect, can have sprung from accident—or that the millions of millions in past ages were all but accidents—and that the endless millions throughout the animate creation, where each requires a most peculiar fitness to the nature and circumstances of the animal, can be accident—must surely be of extraordinary character, or must have received unhappy bias in its education.

'As a concluding reflection with respect to vision, we may remark, that all the provisions above considered have mere utility in view, for any one of them wanting would leave a necessary link in the chain of creation wanting: but, we have shewn in a preceding part of the work, that if there had been white light only, susceptible of different degrees of intensity and shade, the merely useful purposes of vision would have been answered about as perfectly as with all the colours of the rainbow—which truth is instanced in the facts, that many persons do not distinguish colours, and that it imports not whether a person view objects in the morning, or at mid-day, or at even-tide, or through plane glass or coloured glass. While, therefore, the existence of light generally, and of the eye, speaks of Creative Power and Intelligence, the existence of colours, or of that lovely variety of hues exhibited in flowers, in the plumage of birds, in the endless aspects of the earth and heavens; in a word, in the whole resplendent clothing of nature,—because appearing expressly planned, as a source of delight to animated beings, speaks of Creative Benevolence, and may well excite in us towards the Being in whom these attributes concentrate, the feelings associated in our minds during this earthly scene, with the endearing appellation of "Father."'—pp. 315—320.

We have not left room to notice his chapter on Heat, which is equally well executed as that on light. We must, therefore, refer our readers, who are interested in the subject, to the work itself, which we again cordially recommend as both perspicuous and profound—qualities which are very rarely found combined in the same volume.

Art. IX.—1. *Histoire des Sectes Religieuses, qui sont nées, se sont modifiées, et se sont éteintes dans les differente contrées du Globe, depuis le commençement du siécle derniér jusqu' á l'époque actuelle.* Par M. Gregoire, ancien evêque de Blois. 8vo. Tom. v. Paris. 1829.

2. *De l'influence du Christianisme sur la condition des Femmes.* Par M. Gregoire, &c. 8vo. Paris. 1827.

We have presented our readers with a review of the four volumes already published, of the first work mentioned in the title of the present article.

The volume now before us is a continuation of it on the same plan. We understand that a sixth volume will soon be published, and conclude the work; which, when completed, will certainly be found to contain an abundance of curious information, both on the tenets, and the literary history of every denomination of christians.

The author begins the volume now before us by an account of the *English Dissenters*. Separate histories of every sect, into which they are divided, have been published. We have seen a collection of them in about forty octavo volumes. To make the work complete, the histories of the established church, and of the British and Irish Catholics, should be added to those included in the collection we have noticed. This would increase it by ten volumes at least.

M. Gregoire's account of the English Dissenting congregations is extremely concise; but conciseness is a part of his plan. Sketches of twenty or thirty other denominations of christians then follow; few of these were known to us even by name. His accounts of them show learning and research, and contain occasionally curious facts and observations; yet we cannot help lamenting that so much talent and labour have been thrown away in saving from oblivion the inglorious and uninteresting tenets and proceedings of such obscure sectarians.

He dedicates a chapter to the *Latitudinarians*. No part of the ecclesiastical history of the Protestant church of England stands so much in need of illustration, as the origin and progress of the Latitudinarians, and the different denomination of christians, which have sprung from them; such as the Hoadleyans, the advocates of the Confessional, and the modern Unitarians. We hope that some of the distinguished lights of the last of these congregations, will favour us with an account of them and their antecessors. In the forty volumes to which we have alluded, nothing of the kind is to be found.

M. Gregoire proceeds to the *Armenians*. A short but excellent history of them, and of the Synod of Dort, and the events which immediately followed it, is inserted in the second volume of the *Bibliotheque ancienne et moderne of M. Le Clerc*.

We think the intolerant proceedings of the Synod of Dort, deserve the severest reprobation. On the great point in contest between the followers of Arminius and their adversaries, respecting grace and free-will, we are so far favourable to the doctrine of Arminius, that we think the terms in which it is expressed, excite to piety, activity, and beneficence; while the language of the opposite party appears to us to lead immediately to the dreary and deleterious doctrine of fatalism. But we think that in theory the doctrines of the Armenians, and that of their opponents, are equally liable to be disputed. Motive either does or does not necessitate. If it do necessitate, then there is an end of human virtue or human vice; for how can man offend or merit by an action which he is necessitated to perform? If motive do not necessitate, then, in determining his will to perform a virtuous action, man does a good of which the Deity is not the author. Thus, when on either side the argument is pushed to its utmost bearing, a difficulty presents itself, which it has not yet been given to man to solve—what then is to be done? We should obey the laws of God; and without attempting to penetrate into his councils, we should

"Wait the great Teacher, Death, and God adore."
Essay on Man.

'It is,' says M. Gregoire, 'disputed even in the divisions of the Church of England, whether their Church be or be not Calvinistic; a multitude of publications upon this point has issued from the press; the dispute has been very animated, and the late Bishop Prettyman, by his *Refutation of Calvinism*, made a great figure in it. We think it certain that since the time of Archbishop Laud, in the reign of Charles I., the great majority of the Anglican Clergy has leaned to Armenianism. Doctor Tillotson, and Doctor Barrow, adopted its doctrine with modifications; it has made some progress even in Scotland. It is received by the Quakers, the General Baptists, the Moravians, and the Wesleyan Methodists. John Wesley, in his Apology, published in 1770, justified this doctrine. His apology was attacked by Huntingdon, in a work intitled "the funeral of Armenianism," in which he does not spare the Pope, or the Church of Rome, or its followers. He describes in it the doctrine of Wesley as poison, and as a rebellion against God and his word.

'From this it is evident, that Armenianism—a brother as it may be called of Pelagianism—is spread among many Protestant sects, and counts in them many who do not appear as its followers. Still there are several congregations of them in the United States, and Fredericstadt in Holstein.

'In 1796, the Remonstrants addressed a Letter generally to all the Protestants of the United States, in which they invited them to a union with them; the Walloon Churches, in their Synodical Assembly at Gorkun in 1798, answered this invitation by an affectionate letter.

'In this letter they reproached the Armenians with assuming a tone more decisive than should be used in a religious matter. Sinkel, a jurisconsult of great eminence, took this occasion to address an epistle to the Deputies of the Armenian communion, in which he recommended them to enlarge the boundaries of their proposed union, by admitting into it not only Protestants of every description, but Roman Catholics. This he assured them was the only practicable mode of effecting a substantial re-union. The Remonstrants in their answer exposed to Sinkel, the reasons which had induced them to confine their invitation to Protestants. Sinkel replied, and defended his opinion by the unsuspected authority of Grotius, an Armenian, who thought no union of Protestants practicable unless it extended to Catholics. Sinkel strengthened this consideration by an acknowledgment of Grotius, that if God permitted a corruption of manners to take place in the Church of Rome, he had preserved in it the Christian doctrine in its integrity. Even Daillé, and Claude, and the national synod of the French Calvinistic churches at Charenton, had, before this time, declared that the Church of Rome had preserved inviolable the fundamental tenets of faith; and that, in the essentials of religion, she had retained all that was necessary to salvation; and that its pastors had the true mission.

'The rigid Gomarists have considerably softened the severity of the decisions of the Synod of Dort, in the new organization of the Reformed Churches in the Low-Countries. The measures taken by them in their Synod in 1816, shew a marked inclination to make all differences of opinion disappear. In consequence of the decree of the Synod of Dort, the Candidates for the ministry were obliged to undergo a special examination on the five articles of Faith, adopted by that Synod against Armenianism; and were bound to teach them in their schools. This usage is abolished. The candidates for the ministry were also obliged by the Synod of Dort, to subscribe a Formula, condemning the opinions of the Remonstrants: this too is abolished. They are now only required to subscribe a Formula obliging them to conform in their instructions to the doctrine of the Holy Scripture. This allows a full latitude of interpretation, and the Remonstrants fully avail themselves of it.

'"The Decrees of the same Synod of 1816 enjoined that the members of every protestant communion, (which, of course included the remonstrants),—should be admitted to the ceremony of our Lord's Supper, in all the reformed churches, on producing a certificate of their confirmed belief of the Christian faith. The Synod also recommended all the ministers of their own churches to officiate in their ministry to all the members of any other protestant sect, who had not congregations of their own.

'These measures shew a great disposition to form an external union of worship, without any particular profession of faith; and even without any fixed religious opinions in the members of the congregation. For when persons confine themselves to say that they adopt the Gospel, and reject all public or private authority to interpret it, the door is opened to all sects, and they have no bond of union, but protesting against the Catholic Church.'

From this extract, and from many publications on the continent, particularly in the German territories, it is evident that many active spirits wish to begin the work of re-union, as they call it, by inducing Christians of different religious denominations to assemble, for public religious worship, in one congregation; the ceremonial and the prayers used in it being such as all may conscientiously join in, but without any specific creed, or profession of faith. This was the plan of *Napoleon*. In furtherance of it,

M. de Bonald published his celebrated "*Essai sur l'unité des cultes.*" Is such a religious worship desirable, lawful, or practicable? It may be both lawful and practicable, if it be allowable for each person, or each denomination of persons, meeting in religious worship, to join in the use of terms, which each considers, in his own sense of their import, to be free from objection; but which each thinks highly objectionable, in the sense in which he knows they are understood by others. The lawfulness of such an arrangement appears to us debateable.

When the Trinitarian says, "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, maker of Heaven and Earth,"—the God of whom he declares his belief, is very different from the God whom the Deist, the Unitarian, the Arian, or the Socinian, believes. Now, while each understands the words of the article in a sense so widely different from that in which it is understood by others, is it congruous that all should join in one simultaneous profession of their belief of it? Certainly not, unless it be distinctly known to all, that each professes his belief of the article in his own sense; even with this understanding, is it free from objection? We think this a grave question: it appears to us to lead to a very ample field of discussion. We suspect that much time will not elapse before the state of the public mind in Germany will render such a discussion necessary.

The other work of M. Gregoire, mentioned in the title of the present article, treats of a subject very different from the first,—the influence of Christianity in ameliorating the condition of women. M. Gregoire begins the treatise by showing the wretched condition of women in Greece, the Roman empire, and the Mahometan states. He admits that, in Gaul and Germany, women were highly respected. He notices the female senate of the Gauls, and the strong expressions by which Tacitus describes the veneration of the Germans for the female sex, and he quotes, with seeming approbation, a recent writer, who ascribes to the high notions entertained by the Germans of female excellence, the gallantry and courteous manners of the feudal ages and modern times. He justly condemns the daily prayer by which the male Jew "thanks God for not having made him a woman," and the female Jew meekly "thanks him for having made her as *she is.*"

We have heard much of fictions of law: perhaps no legal fiction is so disgusting as that by which the Roman jurisprudence viewed and regulated the rights of married women. Instead of introducing the wife into the husband's house, as his wife, and in her proper characters of mother of the children and mistress of the family, the jurisprudence of Rome treated her as sister of her own children, and therefore daughter to her husband; and pursuing the fiction to its extreme consequence, invested the husband with the plenitude of paternal power over his wife. "By the husband's judgment or caprice," says Mr. Gibbon, "her behaviour was approved, or censured, or chastised: he exercised over her the jurisdiction of life or death; and it was allowed that, for adultery or drunkenness, the sentence might be properly inflicted. She acquired and inherited property for the sole benefit of her husband.

Christianity set every thing right. By establishing between the sexes an equality of spiritual rank, Christianity established between them an equality of civil rights, an equality of claim to merit and respect. The consequence was, that, soon after the introduction of Christianity, all the wise and good have, to use the language of the amiable Fenelon, thought that "women were intended, by their native gentleness, to endear domestic life to man, to make virtue lovely to children, to spread over the world elegance and grace, and to give society its highest polish; that no attainments can be above beings whose end and aim are to accomplish purposes at once so pleasing and so salutary; and that every means should be used to invigorate, by principle and culture, such native excellence." Surely, if the Christian religion had done no other good, than thus ameliorating the condition of the purest portion of the human species, it would yet have rendered incalculable service to humanity.

ART. X.—*Two Lectures on Population, delivered before the University of Oxford, in Easter Term,* 1828. By William Nassau Senior, Late Fellow of Magdalen, A. M. Professor of Political Economy. *To which is added a Correspondence between the Author and the Rev. T. R. Malthus.*

MANY of our readers must remember the clamour raised against Mr. Malthus' Theory of Population, when it first appeared, and must be aware of the hostility it still continues to excite, in the minds of not a few of the reading and thinking portion of the British public. The religious exclaimed, and still exclaim against the impiety of believing, not only that Providence neglects the happiness, but has made a direct provision for the misery of mankind. Those who yet carry the good old proverb, "where God sends mouths, he sends meat," to the extent of denying the rule, that men must either be prudent or must starve, were yet shocked at being told, that population has a constant tendency to increase more rapidly than subsistence. In a word, they rejected the doctrine with horror, because it was so ambiguously expressed, as to throw dishonour on the benevolence of the Deity. On the other hand, the energetic promoter of a gradual improvement in the condition of man, were no less eager to renounce a system, by which it appeared, that all his hopes were demonstrated to be vain and futile, and which seemed to leave him in a state of more hopeless misery than it found him. Besides these two classes of opponents, there were others, opposed, like the late Emperor of France, to Political Economy, because Political Economy was opposed to them; who were not averse to apply the argumentum ab impio et infando, from this less popular, to other more popular doctrines of the econimists, and who argued that all reasonings respecting a free importation of corn, and a freer exportation of manufactures, deserved no attention, nay were probably themselves impious and abominable, as proceeding from a source so "hated of God and men." And, lastly, there was a large body of what may be termed simple recipients, who received all these and other anathemas, against the doctrines of this devoted race, and were persuaded to regard all which the Economists had said, were saying, or should, or even could, say, as proceeding from an innovating, inhuman and irreligious spirit. No person tolerably acquainted with the flight of pamphlets, reviews, and treatises; or, who is aware how much prejudice still prevails against philosophical views on population, will fail to rejoice at seeing impediments removed, to a calm and temperate discussion of a most important theory.

We could not, however, feel surprised at such hostility being excited, when we saw the followers of Mr. Malthus exhibiting the truth, which he enuntiated by the words, "a natural" tendency in population to increase more rapidly than subsistence, in such terms as the following.—

'"Were the whole mass of human sustenance," observes a distinguished writer, "produced by the soil now under cultivation to be increased two-fold by the efforts of human ingenuity and industry, we may assert, as an undoubted truth, that the only effect, after the lapse of a few years, would be found to have been the multiplication in a like proportion of the number of its occupants, with, probably at the same time, a far increased proportion of misery and crime."

'No one can doubt the anxiety of the eminent person whom I have quoted, to promote the welfare of mankind; but the tendency of this passage is to damp every attempt to make labour more productive.'– pp. 89, 90.

Nor is the view of the Divine Benevolence, or the hope of improvement in the condition of mankind, to be deduced from the following passage from Mr. Mill's Elements of Political Economy, at all less revolting. After attempting to prove, that all the checks to population are utterly insufficient, he proceeds:

"Such are the moderate effects which can be expected to flow from the motives to accumulation: but the proof that it is the tendency of population to increase faster than capital, does not depend upon this foundation, strong as it is. The tendency of population to increase, whatever it may be greater or less, is at any rate an equable tendency. At what rate soever it has increased at any one time, it may be expected to increase at an equal rate, if placed in equally favourable circumstances, at any other time. The case with capital, is the reverse. As capital continues to accumulate, the difficulty of increasing it becomes gradually greater and greater, till finally, increase becomes impracticable. The evidence of this proposition results immediately from the law, as already explained, under which capital is employed upon the land.

"Whether, after land of superior quality has been exhausted, capital is applied to new land of inferior quality, or in successive dotes with diminished returns upon the same land, the produce of it is continually diminishing in proportion to its increase. If the return of capital is, however, continually decreasing, the annual fund from which savings are made is continually diminishing. The difficulty of making savings, is thus continually augmented, and at last they must totally cease.

"It thus sufficiently appears that there is a tendency in population to increase faster than capital. If this be established, it is of no consequence to the present purpose, to enquire about the rapidity of the increase. How slow soever the increase of population, provided that of capital is still slower, wages will be reduced so low, that a portion of the population will regularly die from the consequences of want. Neither can this dreadful consequence be otherwise averted, than by finding means to prevent the increase of that capital, from falling short of that of population."

We really cannot wonder that numbers inferred from such language as is contained in our last quotation, that the object of the economists was to accuse Providence, not only of an omission of good, but of having made a positive provision for great and increasing evil, and that they had the arrogance to consider themselves able to supply defects, and correct errors in the system of divine government. Nor can we more wonder that such an enunciation of the doctrine in question, as is quoted by Mr. Senior, should be regarded by the philanthropist, as a denunciation of the folly and futility of all his hopes and efforts.

We now come to the solution of this apparent perversity. We think Mr. Senior has made it clear that these mistakes, both of friends and foes, originated in the misuse of the word " tendency."

'But while I admit that false and dangerous inferences may be drawn from the naked and unexplained proposition that food has a tendency to increase faster than population, I must add, that inferences as false and as dangerous may be drawn, and in fact have been drawn, from the proposition that population has a tendency to increase faster than food. Nothing can be more accurate than your statement, " that population is always ready and inclined to increase faster than food, "*if the checks which repress it are removed.*" But many, perhaps the majority of your readers, adopt the proposition without the qualification. They seem to believe that the expansive power of population is a source of evil incapable not only of being subdued, but even of being mitigated. They consider man not as he is, but as he would be if he had neither forethought nor ambition; neither the wish to rise, nor the fear to sink, in society. They deny the possibility of permanent improvement, and regard every partial amelioration as a mere Sisyphæan labour.

Αλλ' ὅτε μέλλοι
ἄκρον ὑπερβαλέειν, τὸτ ἀποστρέψασκε κραταιΐς.

* • • • • •

'Our controversy has ended, as I believe few controversies ever terminated before, in mutual agreement. I think, however, that it may be well to close it by a few remarks on the circumstances by which it was occasioned.

'It is obvious that the principal causes by which the situation of a people can be improved, are those which occasion the amount of what is provided for their use to be in a greater proportion than before to their numbers. It seems a consequence equally obvious, that the principal means of improvement are those which promote the production of subsistence and prevent a corresponding multiplication of consumers.

'But the old doctrine was, that an increase of numbers is necessarily accompanied, not merely by a positive, but by a relative increase of productive power. Density of population was supposed to be the cause and the test of prosperity: its increase to be the chief object of our exertions, and depopulation to be a danger constantly besetting us. And statesmen and legislators were urged to stimulate population with as much earnestness, and about as much good sense, as they are now urged to stimulate consumption.

'Your work effected a complete revulsion in public opinion. You proved that additional numbers, instead of wealth, may bring poverty. That in civilized countries the evil to be feared is not the diminution, but the undue increase of inhabitants. That population, instead of being a torpid agent, requiring to be goaded by artificial stimulants, is a power almost always stronger than could be desired, and producing, unless restrained by constant prudence and self-denial, the worst forms of misery and vice.

'These views are as just as they are important. But they have been caricatured by most of your followers. Because additional numbers *may* bring poverty, it has been supposed that they necessarily *will* do so. Because increased means of subsistence *may* be followed and neutralized by a proportionate increase in the number of the persons to be subsisted, it has been supposed that such *will* necessarily be the case.

'These were the doctrines which I found prevalent when I began my Lectures.

'The points of view in which we have respectively considered the subject, have, perhaps, been materially influenced by the state of public opinion at the periods when we began to write. You found the principle of population disregarded, or rather unknown; and justly thinking the prevalent errors most mischievous, you bestowed on them an almost exclusive attention. I found that principle made the stalking-horse of negligence and injustice, the favourite objection to every project for rendering the resources of the country more productive; and it is possible, that in replying to those who appeared to me to exaggerate the probable effects of its powers, and to neglect the benefits to be derived from increased production, I may sometimes have undervalued the former, and overrated the latter.

'But, in fact, no plan for social improvement can be complete, unless it

> embrace the means both of increasing production, and of preventing population from making a proportionate advance. The former is to be effected chiefly by the higher orders in society; the latter depends entirely on the lower. As a means of improvement, the latter is, on the whole, the more efficient. It may be acted upon, or neglected by every individual. But, in the present state of public opinion, and of our commercial and fiscal policy, perhaps more good is to be done by insisting on the former. The economist who neglects either, considers only a portion of his subject.'—pp. 87—90.

The error thus originated in the use of the word "tendency," was still further confirmed by a very common mistake, not confined to the Economists, in speaking of the animal desires as more natural to man, than the dictates of reason.

> 'Pray accept my sincerest thanks for the reply with which you have honoured my letter, and for the instruction which it has afforded me.
>
> 'I find, however, that the differences between us, though still I hope not great, are rather greater than I had imagined. I will venture again to intrude on your attention, in the hope of making them still smaller.
>
> 'First, as to the facts.
>
> 'I must have expressed myself ill, if I have led you to suppose that I assert any thing like an *universal* increase of the proportion of subsistence to population. When I say that subsistence *has generally* increased in a greater ratio than population, I mean, that if we look back through the history of the whole world, and compare the state of each country at distinct periods of two hundred or three hundred years, the cases in which food has increased during the preceding period of two hundred or three hundred years, in a greater ratio than population, will be found to be more numerous than those in which population has increased during the preceding period in a greater ratio than food. I admit that this increase has not been steady; it has been subject to the oscillations which you have so well described. The cessation of a civil war, the acquisition of a new and abundant material of food, mechanical inventions, enabling the importation of a considerable supply of food at a less expense of labour than must have been employed to produce it at home, improved modes of cultivation and transport, and the change from a restricted to a free internal corn trade—each of these causes would be sufficient to occasion an immediate increase of food. In this country every one of them has been experienced. As each has begun to act, it has, no doubt, been followed by an increase of population; an increase, which, in many cases, cannot have fully shown itself until some time after the cause increasing the supply of food had been in full operation. Under such circumstances a retrograde movement must have taken place. Still I apprehend that, in the absence of disturbing causes, the retrogression would not be to the point at which food and population relatively stood, before the first improvement took place. I conceive the progress of human society to resemble the children's puzzle of a snail, which we are told every day crawled up the wall four feet and fell back three. If we had always fallen back the whole four, we should still be ill-fed savages, earning a scanty subsistence by the chase. And yet in England we have many disturbing causes. We have the poor law increase our numbers, the corn laws to prohibit, under ordinary circum

stances, the importation of subsistence, and a commercial code by which the perverse ingenuity of centuries has laboured to fetter and misdirect our industry.

'Secondly. As to the accuracy of our respective forms of expression.

'I fully admit, that in all old countries, perhaps in all countries whatever, population is always pressing against food; and that the pressure not only prevents the increase which would take place, if it could be removed, but occasions premature mortality. But as society advances in what appears to me to be our *natural* course, for it is the course for which nature has fitted us, this pressure generally, though not universally, diminishes. The proportion of those who now die in England from want, is probably less than it was two hundred years ago; it certainly is less than it was six hundred years ago. I shall think myself, therefore, justified in saying, that there is a tendency in the pressure to diminish. I admit that human nature tends to marriage directly, and to the increase of subsistence only indirectly, and through the intervention of forethought. It may be said that, strictly speaking, man has no natural tendency to *produce food, or to better his condition*, but to *consume food*, and *to have his condition bettered*, and, through the intervention of reason, to the accomplishment of these results. But reason, in some degree or other, is as natural to man as passion. On this ground I speak of man as a rational animal, as having a tendency towards the ends, which he pursues through the intervention of forethought, as well as towards those which he pursues at the dictates of passion. In this sense I speak of any people as having a desire to increase their subsistence, (for that is what I mean when I speak of the tendency of subsistence to increase,) stronger than the desire which leads them to increase their numbers.'—pp. 73—77.

And, thus, the error originating in the use of the word "tendency," and confirmed by this abuse of the term natural, has been still further strengthened by the Economists not having made prominent, or even having thrown into the shade, a very important fact.

Considering this question as one of *nomenclature*, we cannot estimate it as an unimportant verbal difference, whilst we remember that the definition adopted by the followers of Mr. Malthus, has exposed his doctrine to great opposition of prejudices, not unwarranted, as we have already noticed. Considering it as a question of *fact*, we esteem it as of the highest importance towards vindicating the ways of God to man, and affording a strong incentive to exertion, to show, that, if there are grounds of fear in the animal impulse, which leads to an increase of population, there are foundations for hope in the higher principles, which are equally natural to man. Whilst we look upon the fearful increase of paupers in England, with the dread with which we should see a Boa coiling each additional fold around its victim, were that victim ourselves, yet we turn with some hope to the wide diffusion of right feelings and principles respecting the checks of population, which, with the aid of emigration and a free trade, may yet arrest the evil.

How soon, in the absence of these remedies, it must be our own fate to witness the united effects of a population, which we are encouraging by our poor laws to advance rapidly beyond the means of subsistence from within, and of corn laws, which, in ordinary circumstances, prohibit its importation from without, we pretend not to prophecy. But we are deeply sensible of the importance of removing every obstacle to the diffusion of right views respecting population, and we think the temperate, and very able, discussion of Mr. Malthus's principle, at which we have, indeed, rather glanced, than offered an adequate review of it, and this successful attempt at a more correct statement of the truth, must not only tend to remove impressions very unfavourable to the adoption of truth, but must rouse the mind from a sickening contemplation of the vastness of the evil, to a vigorous effort at an effectual remedy. But what is the remedy? The remedies are in truth many, and are thus concisely designated by Mr. Senior.

> 'I will only say at present that knowledge, security of property, freedom of internal and external exchange, and equal admissibility to rank and power, are the principal causes which at the same time promote the increase of subsistence, and by elevating the character of the people, lead them to keep at a slower rate the increase of their numbers. And that restrictions on exchange and commerce, artificial barriers excluding the great majority of the community from the chance of social eminence, and, above all, ignorance and insecurity of person or property, are the general causes which both diminish the productiveness of labour, and tend to produce that brutish state of improvidence in which the power of increase, unchecked by prudence, is always struggling to pass the limits of subsistence, and is kept down only by vice and misery. I use the expression *general* causes, to exclude those causes which, being peculiar to certain nations, require separate consideration. Such are, the superstitious desire of offspring in China, the political motives to create freeholders in Ireland, and certain parts of the poor laws in England. But omitting these details, it may be generally stated, that all that degrades the character, or diminishes the productive power of a people, tends to diminish the proportion of subsistence to population, and *vice versa*. And, consequently, that a population increasing more rapidly than the means of subsistence, is, generally speaking, a symptom of misgovernment indicating deeper-seated evils, of which it is only one of the results.'—pp. 51, 52.

When our attention is drawn too forcibly to the increasing folds of the monster population, our hopes and energies collapse; but when remedies are suggested, which if vigorously applied may yet save us from a fearful fate, we recover a force adequate to any exertion.

The tone of our remarks has shown that we think Mr. Senior has performed his part with ability; but we must add, that his portion of the publication before us, is not that which we have perused with the most interest. Mr. Malthus's letters are models of candour, in which persons of the highest talent are often lamentably deficient. It is impossible to deny, that Mr. Senior's second lecture is an attack upon the doctrine on which the high fame of Mr. Malthus has principally rested. Up to the present time that doctrine resisted the assaults of its enemies, and the far more troublesome exaggerations of its friends; but at length, when all danger seemed over, when economists had acquiesced in the doctrine, that there is a natural tendency in population to increase beyond subsistence, had established it as an axiom, had even invented a formula, called "The principle of population," to express it, comes Mr. Senior, and maintains, with great force, as a proposition almost self-evident, depending for its proof on the obvious facts of there existing in the human race a natural tendency to rise from barbarism to civilization, and of the means of subsistence being proportionally more abundant in a civilized than a savage state; that there is a natural tendency in subsistence to increase in a greater ratio than population. It is no slight proof of Mr. Malthus's general reputation for candour, that such lectures should have been sent to him before publication. And the result shows how fully that reputation was justified. The first reply of Mr. Malthus contains a general view of the subject, in which he states, that the meaning he intended to convey was, that population is always ready and inclined to increase faster than food, if the checks which repress it are removed.

He goes on to admit, that these checks are often more efficient in civilized than in barbarous countries; to express a hope that they will become still more efficient as knowledge advances, and to anticipate the possibility, and even probability, of the labouring classes of society being altogether in a better situation than they are now. And in his second letter he says, still more decidedly,

'In the same manner I must allow, that it follows from my principles, that if by a free trade, corn were obtained much cheaper, and a labouring family could really command a much larger quantity of it, population would unquestionably increase with greater rapidity than before, so as to reduce the increased corn wages: and that the final condition of the labouring classes would not depend on this change which had taken place in the law, but upon the greater or less prevalence of the moral checks to population after the peculiar stimulus to its increase had subsided; and repeated experience has shown that the facility of obtaining food at one period is not *necessarily* connected with the formation of more general habits of prudence subsequently.

'It does not by any means follow from these principles, that we should not use our utmost endeavours to make two ears of wheat grow where one grew before, or to improve our commercial code by freeing it from restraints. An increase of population is in itself a very decided advantage, if it be not accompanied by an increased *proportion* of vice and misery. And the period during which the pressure of population is lightened, though it may not be of long duration, is a period of comparative ease, and ought by no means to be thrown out of our consideration. It is further to be observed, that the experience of such a period may sometimes operate in giving to the labouring classes a taste for such a mode of living as will tend to increase their prudential habits. But it is obvious that, without this latter effect, the pressure of poverty cannot be permanently lessened. And when the principal question is distinctly respecting the *permanent* condition of the great mass of the labouring classes, as in the latter part of my essay, the interests of that body, which ought to be considered as the main interests of society, imperiously require that we should not call off their attention to the chances of a great increase of food, but endeavour by every proper means to direct their view to the important and unquestionable truth, that they can do much more for themselves than others can do for them, and that the *only* source of an essential and permanent improvement of their condition, is the improvement and right direction of their moral and religious habits.'—pp. 84—85.

Now it appears to us impossible to compare these passages with those Mr. Senior has extracted in his lectures, and not to feel that Mr. Malthus's present opinions differ, in some respects, from those which he formerly maintained, and widely from those which are maintained under his name.

ART. XI.—*An Appendix to the Horæ Homileticæ; or Discourses (in the form of Skeletons) upon the whole Scriptures. Containing Nine Sermons before the University on the Law and Gospel.* In Six Volumes, 8vo. By the Rev. Charles Simeon, M. A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. London: Cadell, Hatchard, and Son; and Deightons and Stevensons, Cambridge.

IN the preface to this work, Mr. Simeon informs us that 'he has been led to treat many important passages on which there exists no printed sermon in our language; and by digging thus into the inexhaustible mine of Scripture, he hopes he shall be found to have brought forth some valuable ore, and to have augmented in some small degree the treasures provided by others for the benefit of the church.' We can cordially assure him that his expectation has been abundantly realized; and that this 'Appendix to the Horæ Homileticæ,'—a sequence worthy of his former works,—has conferred an inestimable benefit upon the church at large, and the ministrations of the Established Church in particular.

The "*Ars Concionaria*" has unhappily been too little cultivated, and its importance grievously underrated in this country. Unquestionably it has not kept pace with the intellectual march of the day, in every other department of science,—for it *is* a science, deep and delightful, and none but Sciolists neglect or despise its cultivation. Independently of its divine sanction, of the special promises annexed to the *Preaching*, i. e. the '*vivâ voce*' annunciation of the gospel,—the human mind from its very constitution attaches a more than ordinary influence to the solemn delivery of the sublimest truths, on days and in places set apart for the most sacred purposes; where all earthly distinctions merge in the levelling reflection that we are but "dust and ashes,"—within the walls of a sanctuary where, as in the grave, "the rich and the poor meet together," and feel that "the Lord is the maker of them all."

In the early ages of the church, this noble art of appealing to the finest affections and faculties of the soul, upon the great concerns of its salvation, was held in due estimation. The Gregories, the Basils, and the Chrysostoms, felt the pre-eminence which it afforded them, and bowed the hearts of their audiences "as the heart of one man," under their energetic denunciations, startling remonstrances, and enrapturing descriptions of the glories of eternity. Their successors have bequeathed us much that is worthy of imitation; much may be profitably learned from their triumphs and their failures. They were generally men of deep study, who explored the philosophy of the human mind with a keen and scrutinizing research. Like the great orator of Athens, their grand object was practical effect, and it is even now scarcely possible to read without emotion, those splendid effusions in which, in later times, the *vivida vis animi* of a Massillon or a Bourdaloue flashed conviction on their auditors, and made the daring libertine tremble at the judgment to come.

Pulpit eloquence in England partook somewhat of our national character. It was forensic, argumentative, or didactic. The sermons were logical disquisitions, special pleadings, or mathematical demonstrations. Puritanism introduced an immeasurable prolixity, an infinite divisibility of matter; a harsh, sarcastic tone, which if it sometimes overawed rather than convinced the judgment, seldom affected the heart. There was, as artists say, a hardness and dryness of style in the Puritanic discourses, which savours little of the affectionate tenderness that gives a charm to those beautiful sketches of sermons preserved in the Acts of the Apostles.

The re-action produced by the dark fanaticism of the Cromwellites, gave an opposite direction to the style and matter of sermonists. Morality, professing to base itself upon the Scriptures, but really deduced, and differing only in the name, from the philosophy of Greece or Rome, was the theme on which the preachers generally descanted. Essays, elegant and *recherchés* but lifeless and powerless because destitute of the spirit of the gospel, continued to amuse the popular ear, and occasionally perhaps to produce some external reformation in manners; but failed to convert the soul.

Barrow might reason with the subtlety of an Aristotle. South might jest with the pleasantry of a Montaigne, or the causticism of an Aristophanes; and Blair might captivate by his gracefully rounded periods, just as Allison dazzles our Hyperborean neighbours with his dilettanti sermons on taste; but the true end and aim of preaching was obscured or unknown. Their effusions were like "the song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and playeth well on an instrument." "Their hearers showed much love, but their heart still cleaved to its covetousness."

Whatever may have been the extravagancies into which Whitfield and Wesley were seduced, or led their votaries, it is certain that they were the founders of a school which still continues to affect very materially the tone and character of pulpit eloquence. Extemporaneous preaching being peculiarly adapted to arrest the attention, and inflame the passions of the multitude, though equally calculated to win the higher classes, in its more refined and polished style, now rapidly rose in public estimation, while a revolution of taste in the *matter* of the sermons became decisively marked amongst all classes of hearers, as well as preachers. *Doctrine*, to the exclusion of *precept*, was the distinctive feature of the art in those days; Arminian and Calvinist spun out their tenets to an extreme of tenuity; and in the general distaste for the Essayists (those "*apes of Epictetus*," whom the Doctrinists now dispersed in popularity), the indispensable apparatus of learning, care or industry in the composition of a sermon, were despised as "carnal weapons," as a distrust in the immediate inspiration of the Holy Ghost, who (in their interpretation of the promise), would enable the preacher to speak all that was needful, provided only "he took no thought how or what he should speak"! This race of pulpit orators has been propagated far and wide—within and without the pale of the establishment. We have still many Huntingdons and Hawkers, who spurn the petty restraints of text and context, method, division, or arrangement. We have still "*many who prate, but few who preach.*"

Great, therefore, are the benefits which the example and instructions of such a teacher as Mr. Simeon have conferred, more especially upon the university of which he is a venerable member, and the Clergy of the Established Church of which he is so distinguished an ornament. His publication of "Claude's Essay on the Composition of a Sermon," illustrated by his own masterly application of its rules, would alone entitle him to the gratitude of every Christian pastor.

It appears to have been his great aim in the publication of his 'Skeletons,' 'Horæ Homileticæ' and 'Appendix,' to give a scriptural tone and character to preaching; to make it, in fact, that which it ought to be. He wished to rescue it from the degradation into which it had sunk; to model it conformably to the holiness and majesty of Him to whose purposes of mercy it is professedly dedicated. He would discriminate between the good and the evil of extemporaneous sermons; retaining all the earnestness of impassioned and energetic delivery,

> "Warm from the heart and fresh with all its fires."

Freed from the shackles of elaborate written discourse, yet restrained within the bounds of chastened, soberized, and thoroughly digested arrangement. He would inculcate the importance of judicious selection in texts, and faithful adherence to their subject matter; of ascertaining what are the prominent truths in the passage to be discussed, and how they are elucidated or substantiated by the context. It is, in short, his object to draw off the attention of men from the subtleties of theology to the duties and charities of religion; avoiding those trivial subjects of dispute which too often distract the Christian community. Accordingly, his work forms a body of doctrinal and practical divinity, or a sort of Homiletic Commentary on the whole Bible; less tinctured, perhaps, than any similar production with the peculiarities of partyism, which frequently deform the otherwise valuable effusions of some popular preachers.

Mr. Simeon is not over anxious to *systematize* the Scriptures, or submit the individual texts to the Procustes' bed of a Calvin, or an Arminius, "*aut quocunque vocetur nomine.*" He neither heeds the outcry of "*Legalism*" from the one, nor "*Antinomianism*" from the other. He will not warp the plain and obvious purport of the text, or make it speak a language the very opposite of its inspired Author's sentiments. He seems to have adopted that salutary notion, that the writers of Holy Scriptures *generally meant what they said*; and that obvious system of interpretation according to which the *literal* import of the words will generally be found the *true*. The figurative, or mystic scheme, is unquestionably sanctioned by high authority; and the names of Bishops Hurd, Lowth, and Horne, will sufficiently rescue it from the sweeping censures of the Sceptic or the mere Millenarian. But still the remark attributed, we believe, to Origen, viz. "that he had *spiritualized* the prophecies before he *understood* them," carries much weight, and merits the attention of Scripturists in the present day. A vastly large proportion of the Old Testament prophecies concern the destinies of the Jewish people, as a national church, divorced, indeed, from her legitimate lord because of her gross infidelity, and for a time supplanted by the Gentile bride. But the period, as well as the certainty of her restoration, is accurately foretold; and none but the fool will taunt the study of chronological prophecy as "either finding a man mad, or making him so." Since the learned Joseph Mede and Bishop Newton, and the giant-minded Bishop Horsley drew attention to the literal scheme of interpretation, as respects the glories of the latter days, however men may have varied as to dates or minor points, the grand feature of the system stands out in bolder relief, as the course of events developes the solid and scriptural basis on which it is built.

Few expositors of the Bible have more ingenuously lent themselves to its guidance, than Mr. Simeon; wherever it leads, he unhesitatingly follows; and it is very delightful to trace the workings of mind by which he seems to have been progressively led to brighter views, and like the venerable Scott, to modify, so as almost to unwrite his earlier opinions, more especially respecting the prophecies of the Old Testament. At a time when Missions to the Heathen engrossed the almost exclusive attention of the Christian Church, it was customary to apply to the Gentiles, every scriptural promise of blessing, made to Judah or Israel, Zion or Jerusalem. Perhaps one of the most important collateral results from the labours of the "London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews," has been the awakened attention to the Prophetic Scriptures, and the disabusing the minds of modern students of theology, respecting the scope and design of unfulfilled prophecy. We are aware that the literal scheme of interpretation may be unwarrantably strained; and we can discern among the disciples of the Millenarian school, an occasional rashness bordering upon presumption; a dogmatizing and domineering spirit, which in other times would have dragged its opponents to the stake, because it condemns without discrimination, all of whatever grade of erudition, or standard of piety, who dissent from the ordinances of the conclave as promulgated in the "*Noctes Cœnæque Deorum,*" and in the records of the "*Ædes Alburiana.*"* To the more ardent zealots of this stamp, we earnestly recommend the judicious remarks of Mr. Simeon, in Sermon 476, vol iv. pp. 396, 397, where speaking of the time and manner of Christ's second Advent, he observes:—

> 'But I must enter my protest against that bold, confident obtrusion of this matter upon the Church of Christ, which we have witnessed of late, and which has tended exceedingly to draw away the minds of many pious persons from the more sober and serious contemplations of matters of far deeper interest, and of incomparably greater certainty. I object not to the consideration of any point contained in Holy Writ, but I deprecate the giving such extraordinary, and almost paramount importance to things, which to say the least, are extremely questionable, and which, if ever so fully established, would tend in no degree to quicken the soul in the service of its God. For, whether we are to enjoy the presence of our God and Saviour in heaven or on earth, it can make no difference in our present duties, nor can it add one jot or tittle to our present encouragements. And the grievous errors which have been broached by some who have been most zealous in propagating their Millenarian notions, are abundantly sufficient to keep all prudent persons from being drawn into their vortex. Of this however we are certain, that, "all the ends of the earth are given to the Lord Jesus for his possession," and that in the appointed season, which we hope now is fast approaching, "All flesh shall see the salvation of God." Yes, whether by his personal appearance, or by the operations of His Holy Spirit, "He shall reign in Mount Zion, and in Jerusalem, and before His ancients gloriously."'

In this work of Mr. Simeon's, no topic of interest or importance has been left untouched, and of its author we can truly say "*Nihil*

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* The "Dialogues on Prophecy," being the substance of the conversations, &c., on that subject at Albury Park, (Surrey,) the residence of Henry Drummond, Esq.

non tetigit non ornavit." His good sense discards the meretricious frippery of those who are desirous "to preach themselves;" and, alas! there are some of that description who stand high in odour of sanctity, and attract vast congregations, either by the

"Start theatric practised at the glass,"

or the tinsel of lachrymatory appeals, or fustian and cant phraseology and stimulating doses of mysticism. To these we would recommend the admirable hints suggested by Mr. Simeon, in Sermon 517, vol. v. p. 102:—

'On us, therefore, the same obligation lies, to wave the use of all rhetorical ornament, and of artificial statements that savour of human wisdom; and to look to the influences of the Holy Spirit to render our word effectual for the good of men. The same holy watchfulness should be found in us respecting the honour of God, in the work of man's salvation. Were our talents ever so great, we ought to deem the exercise of them, in dispensing the Gospel, a matter of extreme care and jealousy. I mean not that they are to be laid aside; for they may be employed to good purpose, but they are not to be employed for the purpose of display, or to exalt our own wisdom: but they must be improved only for the purpose of unfolding more clearly the great mysteries of the Gospel, and of rendering them more intelligible to the meanest capacity. The object which we should ever keep in view should be, to have our word accompanied with a divine unction to the souls of men; and to see faith wrought in their hearts with a divine power.'

And again, in Sermon 587, vol. v. p. 479:—

'There are others who preach Christ for *popularity*. It is found that there is nothing which so interests the feelings of mankind, as the Gospel; and wheresoever that is preached with any degree of clearness and energy, there people will flock to hear it. Now, to our fallen nature, distinction of any kind is gratifying: and if a person can see himself followed by multitudes, who hang on his lips, and express delight in his ministrations, he will feel himself repaid, quite as well as by pecuniary compensation: and that many are actuated by this kind of ambition, whilst they profess to be led on by higher motives, there is too great reason to fear. Few, indeed, would acknowledge that they were influenced by such vanity as this, but, if they would mark what inordinate satisfaction they feel in a crowded audience, and what disappointment in a thin attendance, they might see that, to say the least, their motives are very questionable. And, indeed, this very motive often gives a tone and direction to the ministrations of men; who will gratify a particular taste, not because they judge that style of preaching to be most scriptural, but because they see it to be most accordant with the public feeling; and they dare not to enter fully into what they themselves would think most needful, lest they should give offence to their hearers, and lessen the popularity which they supremely affect. Base is this motive; which prefers the estimation of men to the real welfare of their souls.'

The solemn topics of Election and Predestination are discussed by Mr. Simeon with calm sobriety, and in inseparable connexiowith their practical tendencies. The doctrine of the final perseverance of Christ's people, and the experimental assurance of faith, are introduced with a tender solicitude to guard against their abuse, either by the overweening vanity of intellect, or the inflated enthusiasm of passion. Those mysterious themes on which the pretended philosophy of the world loses itself, and wastes its strength in profitless speculations, 'fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute,' are touched with a master's hand, and instead of barren disputations, engender a tranquil reliance on Divine Providence, coupled with a holy circumspection, lest any man fall after the examples of unbelief.

Few have investigated more deeply than Mr. Simeon the ritual law under the Mosaic dispensation, that singular piece of mechanism wherewith it pleased Almighty God to instruct His Church while yet in a state of pupilage, just as a skilful tutor chooses emblems or models to initiate his pupils into the abstract sciences. The doctrine of human depravity, and the atonement made by Christ, are thus beautifully illustrated in one of the whole length sermons, No. 443, vol. iv. p. 235:—

'In all this (i. e. the sacrificial rites) was Christianity depicted. On what are the hopes of Christians founded, but on sacrifice, even the sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ, except through His atoning blood not a creature in the universe can ever come to God. In presenting that offering He himself was the priest as well as the victim; and having offered himself up to God upon the cross, He rose from the dead, and went with His own blood within the vail, there to present it before the mercy-seat; and on that He founds His all-prevailing intercession. But let us come to a few particulars, and we shall see how the light beams upon us from every part of the Jewish Scriptures. We have said, that on some occasions, the offender laid his hands upon the head of his offering, just as Aaron did on the scape-goat, when he confesed over him all the sins of the Children of Israel; and this teaches us that it is not sufficient for us that the Lord Jesus Christ has been offered for our sins: we must go to Him, we must confess over Him, as it were, our sins; and we must by faith transfer to Him our guilt, and declare before God that we have no hope, whatever, but in His atoning blood. It has been said, also, that on some occasions, the offerer was sprinkled with the blood of his offering, and this, also, must we do; taking, as it were, the bunch of hyssop in our hands, and dipping it in the Redeemer's blood, and sprinkling our own souls with it, as the only possible means of purging our consciences from guilt, and of bringing us into a state of peace with God. It is in reference to this, that we are said to "have come to the blood of sprinkling, which speaketh better things than that of Abel." The sacrifice of Abel received, indeed, a sweet token of God's favourable acceptance; but the blood of our sacrifice washes all our sins away, and gives us a title to an everlasting inheritance.

'It has been observed, that on some occasions, the blood was mixed with water, and then sprinkled on the offerer. This shews us, that we must have the Holy Spirit, also, poured upon us; according as it is said, "I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness, and from all your idols will I cleanse you." The Lord Jesus Christ, we are told, "came not by water only, but by water and blood;" and this very mystery was intimated at the time of our Saviour's crucifixion, when the soldiers pierced our Saviour's side, and forthwith came, in two distinguishable streams, blood and water; the one to cleanse us from the guilt of sin, the other from its power: according as it is written, "Ye are washed, ye are sanctified, ye are justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God."'

There is a topic on which the opinions of Mr. Simeon will probably be consulted with some interest. It has for some time been a question agitated among the students of prophecy, whether any, and what part, of the Jewish ceremonial law may be retained by that people when nationally converted unto Christianity? The question may appear rather curious than useful, and scarcely to be determined by any certain scriptural data. But the more minute investigators of prophecy, upon the literal scheme of interpretation, have been greatly struck by a passage in Zechariah (xiv., 16—19) where it is asserted, that in the days of Messiah, "*all nations* shall keep the *Feast of Tabernacles* unto the Lord." It was generally supposed that the Prophet spake in figure, and a variety of mystic or allegoric meanings have, accordingly, been attached to his words. Mr. Simeon's sentiments will be found recorded in Sermon No. 381, vol. iii. p. 563, where, after observing that the great feasts of the Passover and the Pentecost plainly prefigured the atoning death of Christ, and the out-pouring of the Holy Spirit, he says,

'But now comes the difficulty. What was the event predicted by the Feast of Tabernacles? Commentators have mentioned two; namely, the incarnation of our blessed Lord, and the state in which all his people should live in this dreary wilderness. For the former of these, there appears some foundation in Scripture; for our blessed Lord's Advent was, in all probability, at that season of the year, the autumn, and not as we generally imagine, in the winter. And the expression whereby his incarnation is designated by St. John seems to have a special reference to this feast:—"The word was made flesh, and dwelt (*tabernacled*) amongst us," and this being so wonderful an event, and withal so accordant with the other two, it may well be supposed that the expectation of it should be kept up by a particular feast, instituted for that express purpose. But then there arises a great difficulty. Why should *this* be so particularly and so *exclusively* celebrated in the latter day? Why should such heavy judgments be denounced against those who should omit to celebrate this; whilst yet no notice at all is taken of the other two? This necessitates us to look for some other event, which is of sufficient importance to justify the appointment of a feast, and which demands that peculiar honour which is here exclusively reserved for it. As for the state in which all are to live under the Christian dispensation, there is nothing at all mysterious in that, nothing that calls for such a typical prefiguration, and nothing that is peculiarly appropriate to the latter day. We therefore dismiss that altogether from our thoughts, *as far as the prediction is concerned.*

'In order to discover what event there is which the Prophet had in view, and which, either by itself, or in connexion with Christ's first Advent, corresponds with the Feast of Tabernacles, and which, moreover, calls for such distinguished honour in the latter day, we must examine the whole preceding context. The Prophet is speaking respecting the future restoration and conversion of the Jews. He foretels that it will be opposed to the utmost by the heathen nations; but that the Jews will triumph over all their enemies, and having destroyed immense multitudes of them, will be the instruments of converting the rest to the faith of Christ. Now it is obvious, that the Jews, in going up to their own land, must dwell in booths made of the branches of trees, or at best in tents, such as soldiers use when they take the field. It is equally obvious, that, in appearance, they will be as likely to fall a prey to their enemies, as when they came out of Egypt to sojourn in the Wilderness, yet shall they be as miraculously preserved then, as heretofore, not only through the destruction of their enemies, but by a supply of all their wants; and they shall have renewed to them all their former mercies under their Messiah, the Lord Jesus Christ, who will then reign over them, and fix his tabernacle in the midst of them, as their head and king. By this blessed event, their surviving enemies will be convinced, and converted to the faith of Christ; and all who shall resist the evidence thus afforded them, and refuse to join them in the worship of the Saviour, shall be visited with plagues, which shall make plain the indignation of God against them. At the Feast of Tabernacles they were wont to pray for the latter rain, which fell at that season of the year; and God threatens that they who should not unite with them in these holy exercises, "should have no rain," and whereas Egypt was independent of rain, their land being fertilized by the overflowing of the Nile, they should have some other plague equivalent to that inflicted on other disobedient nations, for God would sorely chastise all who should refuse to unite in celebrating the wonderful event, and in honouring the Saviour who shall have brought it to pass. Now, here we have an object worthy of such an ordinance to prefigure it: for it is the consummation of all the Prophecies relating either to the Jewish or Gentile world. And here we see why this feast is to be observed, not only in preference to, but to the exclusion of, the other two: and certainly if we conceive, as many do. that the Lord Jesus Christ will then descend, and *personally* reign on the earth, the connexion between His first and second Advent will more strongly appear, and the authoritative injunction respecting the observance of that Feast will be more fully accounted for. Could we make up our minds to this point, it must be confessed it would throw great light on the passage before us; because this Feast would then have the same direct reference to Christ as is unquestionably found in the other two. But of His *spiritual* reign there can be no doubt: and *that* being then more glorious than ever, and over both the Jewish and Gentile world in one collective body, it may well be regarded as a renewal of His presence upon earth, and an accomplishment of the prophecy before us.'

We cannot take leave of these volumes without earnestly recommending the incalculable advantage derivable from such a model as Mr. Simeon, whether speaking from the pulpit or through the medium of the press.

When we reflect on the objections to which extemporaneous preaching is liable; how frequently the gift of a fluent delivery begets a dangerous carelessness of preparation; how often it is urged and yielded to, as a plea for indolence and slovenliness in study, thus enervating the mental powers, relaxing the tone of spiritual piety, and drawing men off from the salutary severity of deep meditation and profound research into the mine of Scripture, we cannot too strongly recommend to those who possess and are anxious judiciously to cultivate that gift, an attentive perusal in the first place of "Claude's inimitable Essay on the Composition of a Sermon," a fifth edition of which we are glad to see announced, with Mr. Simeon's latest alterations and improvements. We would next recommend Mr. Simeon's 'Skeletons,' 'Horæ Homileticæ,' and the 'Appendix' now before us; reminding the superficial reader that, however brief some of these Skeletons may appear, they evince throughout a great assiduity of research and industry. This 'Appendix' alone contains 718 Skeletons and complete Sermons. Amongst the latter, those preached before the University, on the Law and the Gospel, may rank with the productions of the first masters.

ART. XII.—*Préjugés des Reputations.* Par J. B. Salgues. Paris: 1830.

THE author of the volume now before us has already published three other volumes, on the various prejudices and errors which pass current in the world; and might, perhaps, if at all industrious in collecting, find ample materials for fifty volumes more. But of all the prejudices which infest society, none are more rife, or more absurd, than those which relate to the reputations of public men, authors, artists, or statesmen. A certain notion of a public man is formed no one knows how, and passes first to one person, then to another, till at length the whole reading world is possessed by it. This vague conception is quickly believed to be an exact representation of the character of the individual in question; and the idea, gaining ground from day to day, and passing into the records of the times, is sometimes handed down to posterity. For this reason it is highly praiseworthy and useful, to examine from time to time the notions which we and our cotemporaries entertain, or appear to entertain, of those individuals who have distinguished themselves in our own days, or in the ages which have preceded, that, if necessary, we may correct our judgments, and approach more nearly to the truth.

M. Salgues, who, in the work before us, has undertaken to performthis task in part, has several qualities which befit him for the office. He possesses a keen perception of the ridiculous, a certain species of bold malicious wit, a passion for satire, considerable knowledge, and a mode of expressing his thoughts which is by no means destitute of felicity. The absence of other qualities, however, even still more requisite than those we have enumerated, in whoever would be the Rhadamanthus of this world, is strikingly visible. His philosophy, his tastes, his opinions, are Parisian. He wants that masculine judgment which distinguishes between the simply absurd and the odious. Like Draco, he visits the sins of vanity and egotism with no less severity than those of cruelty and profligacy. To crown all, while declaiming against prejudices he is prejudiced. Notwithstanding all this, his book is likely to enjoy a considerable share of temporary popularity, and, in spite of its defects, and of the vices of its author's mind, must unquestionably be useful in proportion as it is known.

The art of acquiring popularity, without deserving it, appears to be still more completely understood in France than in England. The secret, however, all the world over, is this: a man, desirous of enjoying the sweets of reputation, contrives, by cant, by flattery, or by more solid and convincing means, to gain over a small coterie of would-be wits to his party, and engages them to inform the world of the extent and splendour of his merits. They raise up their voices, trumpet forth his praises in all quarters, and insinuate that not to discover the genius of their protegé, is to be exposed to the suspicion of wanting it. This is enough. Every man in this age is ambitious of being considered *a genius*, as well as of knowing everything, and therefore every body falls into the trap, and lauds and magnifies the new idol, in order to be thought sagacious, and discerning, and well informed. Thus it is that men delude each other and themselves; while the quack, for whose benefit the farce is got up, laughs at the juggle, and enjoys the fruits of it.

M. Salgues is particularly attentive to persons who have acquired a reputation in this way. He commences with Madame de Genlis, a woman of unrivalled good fortune, and of considerable talents; but as genuine a quack as ever exhibited before the public. His exposure of the inordinate vanity, and audacious absurdity of her "Memoires," is cleverly executed; and if the work at all survive this well-deserved castigation, it will only prove how much more acceptable idle gossip and bigoted cant are, than useful truths, and unostentatious piety. Impressed with the dignity of his subject, the author commences his article on Madame de Genlis with these words: 'It is now upwards of fourscore years since the good genius of France bestowed upon morality, upon theology, upon the sciences, and upon literature, Stephanie Felicité Ducrest, Marchioness de Sillery, and Countess de Genlis;' and he proceeds to expose to ridicule and contempt, the puerility and nonsense with which the old lady has stuffed the memoirs of her own life.

We believe it is the Margravine of Anspach who tells us that she narrowly escaped being squeezed to death, on the first day of her entry into this world, by the weight of an old friend of her mother, who came to visit her after the critical moment was over. Madame de Genlis, a still more important personage, was almost by miracle saved from the same fate; for the baillie of the place, who we suppose, was as fat as an alderman, was just about to seat himself on the cushion where she lay, when the fates, who had carved out a more glorious destiny for her, interposed, and rescued her from the baillie's unwieldly weight. No doubt the old gentlewoman recals with delight the various perils and mischances that her youth suffered, and amuses her own family and friends by recounting them by the winter fire-side; but it appears to be a strange fancy to imagine that the world should occupy itself in learning that she was dry-nursed; that at the age of eighteen months she narrowly escaped drowning in a fish-pond; that the usual means were employed to cure her squinting; and that when she was made a canoness, the Grand Prior, in attempting to cut off a lock of her hair, clipped off her ear, which, however, grew again.

Mr. Salgues's version of the Countess's history of her marriage, is extremely pleasant:—'As the amiable canoness grew up, she became charming. The Count de Genlis, a young man of twenty-seven, a colonel in the army, and nephew to the Marquis de Puisieux, minister for foreign affairs, beheld the portrait of the enchantress, and feeling that his heart was wounded by the sight, threw himself at her feet, offering her his fortune and his hand. The offer was accepted; the Marquis was angry; they married secretly, and set out for Picardy; and in this way the young Countess de Lanes became Countess de Genlis.' It would be necessary to copy the whole of this illustrious lady's memoirs if we would describe all the sallies, the tricks, and the frolics of the young Countess. She conducted her husband's horses to water, riding astride upon them; and played off a thousand tricks upon the peasantry, knocking in the evening at the doors of the cabarets, and asking for *sarre-chien* and then running away with all her might, roaring with laughter. She moreover bled and physicked the villagers with various success, made them swallow decoctions of various herbs, and far from demanding payment for her prescriptions, she frequently added to her potions a good silver shilling, which made them go down more pleasantly. All this was delightful, but Paris was a thousand times more so.

When Madame de Genlis retired to the convent of Belle Chasse with the children of the Duke de Chartres, she was visited by several of the literary men who were at that period called "Philosophers," in Paris. D'Alembert, unquestionably in jest, promised her that if she would lay aside her bigotry, he would exert himself to create in the French Academy a place for four female members, of which she, of course, should be one; but the Countess, who prized her bigotry still more than her literary reputation, or at least, than a place in the French Academy, felt her rage kindle at the proposal, and the philosopher returned no more. La Harpe, however, who visited her for love, was not to be repressed, even by her bigotry; for love is much-enduring, patient, and unwearied. He celebrated her charms and her wit in a thousand songs, in a thousand madrigals, and the Countess replied to his passion in the same way. This was exactly as it should be. The love that evaporates in a song, should be paid with a song, and with nothing more.

The children who had been placed under the care of the Countess de Genlis, at length reached that age in which the services of a master appeared to be required 'The period, 'says M. Salgues,' approached, when according to custom, their education was no longer to be confided to women. But was Madame de Genlis an ordinary woman! Did not her knowledge, her talents, the greatness of her conceptions, elevate her above her sex? The Duke de Chartres came formally to consult her on the choice of a Governor. She named several able men, one after another, but the Duke approving of none of them, she said, "Well, here is myself?" "Aye, replied the Duke, you are the person:" and Madame de Genlis was forthwith transformed from the *Governess*, to the *Governor* or *Tutor*, of the young princes.' The dwelling of Belle Chasse now became the residence of all the sciences, and arts, and knowledge, known to man. Maupertuis had, a short time previously, proposed to found a city in which the language of the ancient Romans only should be spoken; but Madame de Genlis did much better: her dining-room became a polyglote school, and her house a living encyclopedia. Her pupils breakfasted in German, dined in English, supped in Italian, and by this ingenious method feasted body and mind at the same time. The mechanical arts themselves were not banished from this scientific mansion. The delicate fingers of the Countess wielded in succession the pen, the turning machine, the saw, and the plane. She moreover constructed twig baskets, admirable for their tastefulness and lightness, and manufactured laces, gauzes, and portfolios, superior even to those of England, together with marble paper and wigs.

In the immediate wake of this singular plan of education, we have the history, in epitome, of one of those scenes of literary squabbling which have so frequently been exhibited at Paris. During her education scheme at Belle Chasse, the Countess, besides her baskets and lace, had manufactured a kind of Romance, called "Adela and Theodore," which her lover, La Harpe, had undertaken to praise to the skies in the "Mercure de France." Instead of a panegyric from La Harpe, however, the "Mercure" only contained a critique, which was any thing but favourable. Revenge now took the place of love, though it does not appear how La Harpe was to blame; and as her quondam admirer had also 'written a book,' the power to avenge herself was in the lady's hands, and she availed herself of it to the utmost.

We quit Madame de Genlis, however, and pass on to the other characters here assembled together. M. Salgues is perfectly mistaken if he imagines that the Bienheureux Robert d'Arbisselles, abbot of Fonterrault, possesses a reputation worth demolishing. To use a phrase coined at the west end of the town, an not altogether intelligible out of that quarter, "Robert" is person "whom nobody knows." The name of the convent Fonterrault occupies, to be sure, a place in "Bayle's Historical an Critical Dictionary," where certain jokes, and scandalous anecdote are related of this "Bienheureux" personage; but "the world has long ceased to take any interest in such matters, and th resuscitation attempted by M. Salgues will have no effect. W do not now care one straw whether he partook or not of the bed his pretty nuns, or whether the letters of Geoffry de Vendome an the Bishop of Rennes, be genuine or not. If Robert was guilty loving this species of martyrdom, other holy personages, as Sain Adhelm, bishop of Canterbury, had been addicted to the sam thing. In fact, the middle ages were as fertile in vice of ever species, as they were in ignorance and foolery.

Madame de Maintenon, whatever may be the rank she occupie in Fuller's Dictionary, is tolerably well understood, in the presen day, at least here in England. Her talents for intrigue, he affected piety, her inordinate ambition, and her heartless selfishness, have long been acknowledged; and if a few harmles Jesuits have amused themselves in these latter days, when the have little else to occupy them, with descanting on her virtue and her piety, why should we be angry? Men must emplo themselves, and there seems to be something chivalrous in proppin up equivocal reputations, like those of Madame de Maintenon Jane of Naples, and Mary Queen of Scots. Let us quit thi ingenious old lady, who contrived at the age of fifty-two to becom the mistress of a king younger than herself, and pass on to characters more worthy of our notice.

The next personage whose character M. Salgues undertakes t examine, is Mohammed. Conscious, or at least fearful that h was about to tread on dangerous ground, our author adopted th plan of throwing what he had to say concerning the Arabia Prophet into dialogue, supposing that by this means he should th more easily escape censure, supposing that any of the truths h was about to utter should be found unpalatable. In old times thi contrivance was sometimes found to succeed. Euripides vente his own incredulity through the mouths of his *dramatis persona* and Plato is thought to have done the same thing. But the tric has now become a little stale; and therefore M. Salgues, i adopting a form of composition which he could not manag adroitly, subjected himself to the certainty of being tediou without deriving any equivalent advantage. The subject, althoug by no means new, is sufficiently fertile, and an author thoroughl impregnated with the spirit of the East, and at the same tim aware of the extent and nature of the prejudices prevailing i Europe on the subject, might have rendered an outline of th character of Mohammed exceedingly striking. The ignorance

Europeans upon every point relating to the history, manners, and opinions of Asiatic nations, appears truly marvellous, when we consider the number of travellers who have traversed the East for the purpose of collecting correct information on the character of the people and their institutions. There are individuals still to be found who believe that Mohammed's coffin hangs suspended by magnetism between earth and heaven, in the great mosque at Medina; that during his lifetime he pretended to have cut the moon in two; and that he supposed women, that is one half of the whole human race, to be without souls. But it is not worth while to refute the opinions of persons so absurd as these. The Koran exists, let them read it; the book contains their refutation. The errors of the literary and the learned, however, must be treated differently; and on this particular subject the literary and the learned are but little more correct in their notions than the vulgar. M. Salgues has attacked and exposed some of these, but in a tone more calculated to irritate and offend than to convince. His knowledge of the East, appears too confined for the task he has undertaken, and accordingly his success is very small.

To Mohammed succeeds Martin Luther, a great man also, and one who, in certain parts of Europe, is as little understood as the Arabian Prophet is in any part of Christendom. If M. Salgues is unsatisfactory in the preceding article, he is far more so in this. Luther was a man above his reach. The intrepid, ardent, indefatigable advocate of liberty of conscience, who performed more than a hundred philosophers towards the emancipation of Europe, from the darkness of the middle ages, is here attempted to be shown up in a ludicrous light, as pretending to hold conferences with the devil, while he was only dreaming. It is true the author pretends all the while to be defending the great reformer; but we can discover that, in the midst of his apparent design, there is another, which is neither more nor less than to cover both Catholic and Protestant with ridicule. This is a relic of the philosophism of the last age, which is not at all to the taste of the present; and our lively satirist, by giving himself up a little too much to this view, is extremely likely to give more offence to real philosophers than to any other class of men whatever.

Leaving Martin Luther to be appreciated by more competent persons, we come to the famous Cardinal de Richelieu, who is here delineated with considerable truth and vivacity:

'"This man," says our author, "has still a magnificent mausoleum in the Sorbonne; and in Paris, and in all parts of France statues are found to his memory. It was of him that Montesquieu remarked that 'he compelled his king to play the second part in his kingdom, while he was acting the first in all Europe; that he rendered the sovereign contemptible, while he was shedding glory upon his reign. I would consent," adds M. Salgues, that the Cardinal de Richelieu should have statues erected to him wherever the qualities of the mind are considered every thing, and those of the heart nothing, wherever the genius of politics is preferred to the rights of humanity, of justice, and of morality. He humbled the enemies of France, he raised to the highest degree of glory the crown left by Henry IV. to a feeble successor; he was the terror of the great, whom he cast bound hand and foot at the foot of the throne, but he was himself regarded with horror by the people, who were pressed to the earth by the weight of his intolerable despotism. He erected the power of the prince upon the ruins of public liberty. Let him have a statue raised to him, provided its head resembles those theatrical masks which are majestic on one side and hideous on the other. Nature had bestowed upon him a powerful mind and a superior judgment, but an iron heart. Covetous of every kind of glory, he began by studying with ambitious ardour the science of theology. At the age of nineteen he discoursed with eclat on various subjects in the college of the Sorbonne. His talents, his court favour, his reputation, raised him at the age of twenty-two to the honour of the episcopacy, and it was the Pope himself who consecrated him with his own hands. He now composed various controversial, pious, and ascetical works, and acquired a high reputation in the church. He expounded the principal points of the Catholic faith, and of those christian perfections which he recommended to others, but took care not to practise himself. Ascending rapidly from one step to another, he became almoner to queen Mary de Medicis, whom he first served, then provoked to hatred, then betrayed, and, hurrying her abominable son into a forgetfulness of his natural duties, caused to be banished from the court, from the kingdom, and to die in despair and misery in a foreign land. While the monarch's favourites furthered his designs, he made use of their services; when they could no longer serve his purpose, he cut them off, or cast them from the court; he took possession of the mind of Louis XIII., the degenerate heir of Henry IV., and discovering that he was hated by the great, that certain courtiers were planning his ruin, he seized upon that pretext to surround himself with a guard, at first of fifty archers, then of two companies of cavalry, and two hundred infantry, while his palace displayed greater pomp and more severe etiquette than that of the sovereign himself.'

In describing the actions of this proud and unprincipled priest, our author falls into an error, not uncommon in historians of judgment superior to him, of attributing all the blame to the minister, and none to the king. For example, he observes that Richelieu plunged the monarch in a narrow and superstitious devotion, kept him in continual fear of sorcerers and the devil, and occupied his whole time in pilgrimages and "neuvaines," or nine days' prayers, while he himself was advancing with rapid strides towards supreme power. But how came Richelieu to possess this boundless influence over his prince's mind? Was Louis XIII. a mere puppet, without judgment, without intellect, without common sense? If he was, it was a matter of course that he should be led by the nose by the first man who should have the courage to attempt it; and he was merely unfortunate, in putting his head into the noose of a rogue like Richelieu. When one individual is said to lead another into an evil course of action, an accusation is advanced against both;

against the one, of profligacy and power; against the other, of profligacy and imbecility; for there is no man so far destitute of common sense as not to see his way in morals.

It is perhaps impossible to penetrate so far into the secrets of those times, as to know with certainty whether Louis the XIII. really loved or hated the Cardinal. No doubt he was sometimes pettish and angry when any of his courtiers brought to his mind the sorry figure he cut, in the eyes of mankind; but, if he hated Richelieu, he was still more weak and despicable than we think him. On the taking of Rochelle, when our own tyrant, Charles I., betrayed the interests of the religion of his country, the bold and ambitious Cardinal drew upon him the admiration of people of all ranks, and on every side the enthusiastic cry of "Vive le Grand Cardinal!" was heard. At this moment, when, if ever the envy of the prince was likely to take vent, Louis only said, "Whoever loves him, loves me."

In perusing the unhappy chronicles of our species, we are often compelled to blush for the race to which we belong, but never so much as when we have before our eyes the picture of what men have been degraded to, in courts and palaces. Let the reader linger a moment on the following passage:—

> 'The hatred against the Cardinal was now carried to its highest pitch; no one doubted that it was his intention to open the way to the throne, for his family. At this moment Louis XIII. fell sick at Lyons, and the courtiers exerted all the force of their hatred around his sick bed to produce the ruin of the Cardinal. The Marshal de Marillac offered to cut him off; the two queens urged the same request with tears and prayers, the only arms of women; and the Marshal de Bassompiére united his entreaties with theirs. They began to entertain some thoughts of giving way, and the Cardinal to prepare the means of escaping the storm; but the force of the disorder at length began to abate, the wretched monarch sinks into his usual state of slavery, which he detested but could not escape, and threw himself at the feet of the queen-mother to beg forgiveness for his oppressor. The Cardinal humbles himself and weeps, promising whatever is required of him, but inwardly determining to listen to his ambition and the thirst of vengeance. The queen-mother, expelled from the court, and shortly after from France itself, soon hastened away to die in grief and misery amongst strangers; the Marshal de Marillac, arrested at the head of his army, was imprisoned in the castle of Ruelle; was denied the privilege of being tried by his natural judges, while a commission, chosen by the Cardinal, conducted his trial in the very house, and under the eye of his enemy, who, when he was condemned to death, thus ironically complimented the magistrates on their baseness: It must be confessed, gentlemen, that God bestows upon magistrates lights which he refuses to others; I myself, now, could not have hoped to find the accused sufficiently guilty to deserve death!"'

The rest of the picture of this atrocious minister is given in the same vigorous style, but we can, of course, do no more than point at a few portions of it. The rebellion, and subsequent baseness of the Duke of Orleans; the proud stoicism of the Duke de Montmorency, who, when condemned to death by the parliament of Toulouse, refused to appeal to other judges, observing, " I will not quibble for my life;" the inexpressible meanness of the Prince de Condè, and the despicable vengeance of the Cardinal against a few poor women and monks, we must pass over entirely; but the passage which describes the wretched attempts of this tyrant to shine as a literary man, and which forcibly remind us of the furious ambition of the Sicilian despot to distinguish himself in the same way, is worth quoting, although the fact be tolerably well known.

Having glanced for a moment at the hypocrisy of Richelieu, the author proceeds:

> ' He moreover founded theatres, and with the aid of Colletet, and other poor devils of that stamp, composed various tragedies and comedies. He expended two hundred thousand crowns in getting up the representation of his would-be tragedy of *Mivaine*, and lavished upon Colletet six hundred francs for six lines. In the beginning of his career he had had the ambition of shining by his theological works in the church; he had now the vanity to hope to distinguish himself in the world of letters by his compositions both in verse and prose. But his verses were written by Gombervile, as his theological works had, for the most part, been by the abbé de Bourzeis. Being desirous of exhibiting proofs of his affection for learning and literature, he founded the French Academy, and declared himself its protector. Nero and Domitian found poets to celebrate their praises; Horace and Virgil lavished the most contemptible upon Augustus; and the Cardinal de Richelieu found enthusiastic and servile panegyrists. Not content with this, however, he desired a monopoly of praise. If the success of the *Cid* raised the name of Corneille to the clouds,
>
> " Si Paris pour Chimère a les yieux de Rodrigue,"
>
> his self-love becomes offended, and to flatter his wounded vanity, he prevails upon the Academy to censure the Cid. Like all other celebrated ambitious men, he united the most astonishing contrasts, meanness and pride.'

The article which follows, upon the burning alive of Urbain Grandier, and the possession of the nuns of Loudun, may, in some measure, be looked upon as a supplement to that on the Cardinal de Richelieu. It is composed in a very different style, and although less animated, is more interesting. The history of this unfortunate man, who seems to have been put to death because he was handsome, vain, and somewhat witty, is one of the most extraordinary that can be conceived; and although it must be sufficiently familiar to those who are versed in the history of superstition, it may still possess the charms of novelty for the general reader.

In entering on this narration, the author observes that he was far from thinking, when he commenced his work, that the name of Grandier would have found a place in it; since the decision of posterity seemed to have sufficiently avenged his memory. A recent publication, however, falling into his hands, changed his resolution. He discovered that, not content with having formerly burned him alive, there were certain priests who wished to perpetuate the belief in his guilt, notwithstanding that the world has ceased to have any faith in the existence of the crime of which he was accused, and for which, ostensibly at least, he was executed. Many of the details into which the author enters, for the purpose of exposing the wickedness of Grandier's accusers, are such as could not be printed in England, though they are allowed in France; but we shall lay before our readers enough of this extraordinary affair, to exhibit a true picture of the spirit of those times.

The people of the town of Loudun, for some reason or another, were desirous of possessing a convent of Ursuline nuns, and signified their desires in form to the bishop of Poictiers. This worthy prelate, who appears to have shared all the superstition and profligacy of manners of the times in which he lived, very readily yielded to their wishes, and understanding that in the convent of Poictiers there were several nuns whose reputations were a little the worse for the wear, he selected those pious and charitable sisters, and placing the most debauched of them all at their head, despatched them in all haste to the good town of Loudun. On their arrival at the place of their destination, they found that there was no convent prepared to receive them, and that it would be necessary to put up for the present with an old haunted house, which was greatly fallen to decay. Neither was there at first any other provision than bread and water, a species of diet to which few persons resort from preference. Our nuns, who were persons of taste and judgment, soon gave affairs another turn. They laboured, acquired money, furnished their convent, and then began to look about for handsome confessors. Two persons presented themselves to perform this office for the nuns of Loudun, a priest with the very handsome name of Mignon, and Urbain Grandier, who possessed a person still handsomer than the name of his rival. M. Mignon, however, was not the man tamely to submit to rivalry in a matter of this kind, where the question was, who should possess the right to the consciences and persons of some score or two of pretty nuns. He, therefore, set himself seriously to work to get rid of his adversary, not by the ordinary means prevalent among the vulgar, but by a fine, subtle, and curious policy which none but a monk could have devised. He determined to remove his enemy by burning him alive. To effect this a certain degree of ingenuity was necessary, but no very extraordinary genius for mischief, for mankind seem to have lent themselves in those times with wonderful facility to further the designs of any rogue whatever.

In the first place the nuns, whose intellects seem to have been somewhat deranged by the spirit of licentiousness, were to be persuaded that their evil desires had been inflamed, not by the conversation and the arts usually prevailing at that time in convents, and not to be repressed so long as human nature shall remain unchanged, but by the magical practices of Urbain Grandier. This part of the business was of course not very difficult, for the nuns, incapable of concealing their wanton propensities, were exceedingly willing to shift the blame from their own shoulders, even though it should rest on those of the handsome curé, who may, after all, have had something to do with the excitement among the nuns. Be this as it may, Mignon, terrified lest Grandier should rob him of his prey, pushed the matter to extremities, and with all the vehemence of a man urged on at once by the love of woman and the love of gain. Other passions, more or less malignant, united their force with these, perhaps, to hurry on the criminal in his course of guilt; but without any other motives, these were of themselves sufficient to account, under the circumstances, for his actions.

Grandier was now accused of having cast into the convent certain thorns and roses prepared by magic, which excited, in as many of the nuns as inhaled their scent, an irresistible passion for the magician. The curé seems, in fact, to have been in possession of that kind of magical art, which is all-powerful over the heart of woman, but which cannot be defined or described; for even among the secular dames of the town of Loudun, his powers were acknowledged, and his love sought for by many. Mignon, however, had resolved that his triumph in the world should be short. The accusation of sorcery was pushed with vigour, the nuns were interrogated, found to be possessed by whole troops of devils in the pay and service of M. Grandier, and the master of these faithless and unruly servants was apprehended and cast into prison.

Among his other accomplishments the handsome curé was understood to possess the art of writing satires, and had, it seems, amused himself in an unlucky moment, in exercising this talent at the expense of the Cardinal de Richelieu. Observing persons thought they could perceive some secret connexion between this fact, and the accusation of sorcery, and imagined that the hand which struck the curé reached all the way from Paris. At present the fact is pretty well ascertained; and we can add to the other claims of the "Grand Cardinal" to the admiration of mankind, that of having caused a poor handsome young man to be burned alive, for having made himself too merry with his beard.

There is a singularly comic view in this horrible tragedy, which provokes laughter in the midst of the most fearful scenes. The abbé Mignon having discovered that the pretty nuns were possessed by the spirit of lust, who, when interrogated, replied that his name was Astaroth, hitherto supposed by the learned to have been a female demon, brought the whole affair before the magistrates, and requested them to repair to the convent, to be present at the exorcisms, and to behold the wonders which accompanied them. The baillie and the civil lieutenant accepted of their invitation, and repairing to the convent, found the lady abbess and one of the inferior sisters, in an apartment furnished with seven little beds, and rounded by Carmelite friars, a canon, and a surgeon. At the sight of the magistrates, the lady abbess, who probably experienced some slight access of terror at that moment, uttered a piercing shriek, like a little pig, and hid herself under the sheets of the bed; and then putting out her head again, she made the most horrible grimaces, in order to convince the man of authority that the seven devils to which she laid claim were actually in her bed at the time.

This part of the farce having been performed to the satisfaction of the Carmelites and the abbé Mignon, the latter took up his exorcising book, and commenced the reading of those questions to which it was desirable that the devils should reply. It should be remarked, that in those times all devils were supposed to be extremely well educated, and to possess, among other accomplishments, a competent knowledge of all languages, ancient as well as modern. Their favourite dialect, however, was the Latin, and in order to accommodate himself to their taste, the abbé Mignon put questions in that language. "Propter quam causam?" said he to the devil Astaroth, "ingressus es corpus hujus virginis?" (that is, "for what reason has thou entered the body of this virgin?") The devil, with a degree of candour which does him great credit, immediately replied, "Per animositatem" ("through spite"). This point having been settled, and it being now clear that it was not for love, which, perhaps, the abbé previously suspected, Mignon continued, "Per quod pactum?" (by what covenant?) "Per Flores," (by that of flowers), said the devil. "Quales?" (what sort?) "Rosas;" (roses). But now came the question for which all the others had been contrived. "Quis misit?" (who sent them?) Here Astaroth, like a devil of some conscience, who betrayed his master with reluctance, hesitated for a short time, but at length muttered forth "Urbanus." This was coming close to the mark, but not hitting it; there might be other Urbanuses, and it would be difficult to obtain the permission of the magistrates to burn all persons of that name, in order to make sure of the right one. Another step, therefore, was to be made, and the intrepid Mignon continued, "Dic cognomen, (mention his surname). Here Astaroth made a dead pause. Should he, or should he not, obey the powerful exorcises, and expose his beloved master to the certainty of being roasted alive before his time.

"Some natural tears he dropped, but wiped them soon."

He paused again—then endeavoured to speak—then stopped. At length, however, plucking up his courage, and remembering, perhaps, that he had shared the favours of Grandier, with many others, he answered boldly, "Grandier." "Dic qualitatem," (mention his quality) said Mignon; and the devil having now passed the Rubicon, continued, "Sacerdos" (a priest). "Cujus ecclesiæ?" (of what church)? "Sancti Petri." (of St. Peter.) "Quæ persona attulit flores?" (what person brought the flowers)? Diabolica." (Mademoiselle Diabolique). After these words the devil grew sulky, or could muster no more Latin, and the prioress coming to herself, repeated her *Benedicite,* and pa of a slight collation, to recruit her strength after so grea exertion.

It now came to the turn of sister Clara's devil to be interrog but he turned out to be a demon of inferior accomplishments, could speak no Latin. When greatly pressed, he merely re in French, "To the other! to the other!" Upon this the m trates appear to have begun to understand the matter, but wit making any remark on the subject, they retired. Mignon, h ever, was not to be wearied by disappointment. He procured favour of a second meeting, and the prioress, who was resolve maintain the character of her devils for energy and activity, foamed at the mouth, lolled out her tongue like a mad dog, made the most frightful grimaces. The ceremony of exorcising already commenced when the magistrates arrived; but it was no longer the abbé Mignon who performed the conjuror. It the curé of a neighbouring parish, a fierce, sombre, bigoted pr In the midst of the operations a sudden terror was struck thro the whole assembly. A cat, an animal in the form of which devil often appears, dropped down the chimney in the midst of exorcism, and after throwing the whole assembly into an agon horror, sprang upon the top of the priestess's bed. Here then Satan, in bodily reality, in the midst of them. Every man cros himself, and the exorcising curé, firmly persuaded they had the devil among them at last, lifted up the cross, and w trembling hand flung up a flood of holy water at the cat. Inst of vanishing in a cloud of smoke, the feline devil recovered a li from his fright, and altogether misunderstanding the affair, be to fawn and purr at his pursuers; and at length the lady prio discovered that the devil on the top of the bed was no other t her own tom cat.

The affair of the tom cat amazed the exorcisers for some ti but they soon returned to their old humour, and longed for a m exciting spectacle. On one particular occasion a Scotchman, w happened to be present at the ceremony, and was somewhat sc tical, requested the conjuror to put a question or two to the d in Gaelic. The curé observing that if it pleased God, Satan co speak Gaelic, as well as any other language, consented, and Scotchman put a few short questions to his Satanic majesty, in language of the Highlands. Satan, however, in all his travels, l never thought of visiting that part of the world, and could m nothing of this new jargon; he therefore replied pertly, "De non volo," (God, I will not,) which was merely a cunning way saving his credit.

Having been defeated in his design of passing for a great guist, Satan got out of humour, began to give a tragical tur the affair, and hurried on, as fast as possible, the condemnatio poor Grandier. The events which succeeded were no less inde than horrible. Several of the nuns, however, seeing the fearful termination the affair was likely to have, now became alarmed, and confessed aloud that they had been playing the hypocrite, and accusing an innocent person. This only hastened the punishment of Grandier, who was brought before a mock tribunal, tried, and condemned. The poor man, after enduring all the tremendous pains which could be inflicted by torture, was at length carried forth to execution: between four and five o'clock in the afternoon he was taken from the prison by the executioners, who conveyed him to the place of punishment upon a kind of rope litter. On the way the unfortunate man conjured those whom he met to pray to God for him. He was then placed in a small car, and brought out before the Church of St. Peter, to make the "amende honourable;" but he could not keep himself upon his knees, his legs having been broken to pieces by the torture he had endured, and falling flat upon his face, he lay in that posture until the executioners came and lifted him up. He then repeated his entreaties to the bye-standers to pray for him. At this moment a Cordelier, whom he had vainly requested to see for the purpose of confession, came up to him, and embraced him, saying, "remember the sufferings of our Lord Jesus Christ. You are a man of intellect, do not forget yourself. I bring you the blessing of your mother, who joins me in praying God to have mercy on you."

This, however, was by no means agreeable to the enemies of Grandier, and therefore the good and pious monk was beaten, and driven away with brutal violence by the archers, at the command of their superiors. It was not thought prudent that the people should understand what pious sentiments the unhappy Grandier entertained. The Provost's lieutenant, regretting the part he was compelled to perform, begged the accused to forgive him: "You have not offended me," replied Grandier, "you have performed your duty with humanity."

A curé also, but whether one of those who had been leagued against him is not mentioned, came to ask his forgiveness, and to conjure him to pardon the injuries which had been heaped upon him. "I forgive every one," Grandier replied, "as I hope God will forgive me."

The funeral pile, as it may justly be termed, was now ready, the executioner seized upon his victim, and fastened him with an iron collar to a post, which had been fixed in the earth. The multitude, which consisted of persons from all parts of France, who had come purposely to see the show, was immense. Scarcely could the judges who had condemned him, and who were coming to witness the effect of their righteous sentence, make their way through the crowd. Hovering over the pile a flock of pigeons were seen, which would not by any means be frightened away. "They are, said one party, the devils, who are waiting for his soul. They are innocent doves, exclaimed others, come hither to bear testimony to the innocence of Grandier."

follies of man. But all works of this kind require to be handled with masculine power, in order to ensure them a lasting reputation. It is not enough to be piquant, lively, amusing. There must be absolutely something of the stuff of the author's mind. Something new, striking, original. Something to excite thought, and project it into new channels. This is not the case with the writings of M. Salgues, which will please for a moment, and then pass away for ever. For one trait in his character he deserves great praise: he has adhered steadily to one set of principles, though he moved among the fearful scenes of the Revolution, witnessed the birth and extinction of numerous parties, and had apparently many motives for adopting a different course. He is now an old man, and has performed all that his character and talents enabled him to cope with; and it is some praise to say that there is no symptom of old age, or decayed powers, in his writings. If there is no trait of genius, there is vivacity and spirit; if there is little depth, there is rapidity; if there is no earnest of duration, there is pleasure for the moment. In short, his work is a book for the indolent and the curious, not for the student or the literary man.

Art. XIII.—*The German Pulpit: being a Selection of Sermons by the most eminent modern Divines of Germany.* Translated by the Rev. Richard Baker, A. M., of Merton College, Oxford, and Chaplain to the British Residents at Hamburgh. London: Rivington. 1829.

We are greatly pleased at the appearance of this volume, as it enables the English reader to form his judgment on one of the most interesting questions connected with the present state of religion on the continent. German Theology, embracing as it does the extremes of mysticism and rationalism, is regarded as any thing but adapted to the every day wants of the christian commonalty, but till the appearance of this interesting and valuable volume, the general reader had no means of determining whether this opinion be correct or otherwise.

In every country where religion has a real and positive existence; where it possesses the hearts or minds of the people; where its preachers are truly expounders of the law, or interpreters of its mysteries; there the charactor of the discourses publicly pronounced from the parish pulpits, is the true character both of the theoretical and practical theology of the nation. It will, however, sometimes happen, that divinity is studied as a science, without reference to the immediate object of its application, and this is generally the case, though the assertion may seem a startling one, when there exist many Universities in a country, and many of its most learned men are consequently employed in teaching its elements as a science, and without reference to its practical and moral tional independence in religious matters, he appears desirous of enslaving the consciences of mankind, as his own conscience has been enslaved by his imagination. His notions form an edifying contrast with those of his brethren in general, whom the spirit of the times has touched and chastened; and who are secretly undergoing a reform which can no longer be deferred.

There is one article in the volume, which shows in the most forcible manner how easy it is to declaim against the prejudices of others, while we cherish and preserve our own. It is that on the Duke of Wellington. Whether his character has ever been properly drawn or understood, either in England or France, we shall not now pause to inquire: but in raising his moral qualities at the expense of his military reputation, M. Salgues evinces a degree of sagacity which we have never seen equalled. He is not, according to this oracle, a great general, but he is a very amiable man; he did not win certain battles by dint of talent, courage, and foresight; but we must allow that he has brought about Catholic Emancipation. In one word, he has the misfortune not to be a Frenchman. Reverting to the foolish and worn out notions of past times, this enemy of prejudices amuses himself with describing the English as the 'natural enemies' of his countrymen; and labours heart and hand throughout the article, to awaken those bitter feelings which time has now blunted, and which humanity and good sense would eradicate for ever. He very justly blames England for bestowing such enormous sums of money upon the Duke; but when he compliments his own country for adopting a different line of conduct, he seems to forget that it is no praise not to lavish when one has nothing to give. His pedantic jargon about ancient Greece, the spirit of whose institutions he knows no more of than a child; about Paulus Emilius, Scipio, Pompey, and "*hoc genus omne*," is sickening and offensive in the extreme. Let him keep to his line. Greece and Rome are beyond his comprehension. England, also, and her poetry, are in the same predicament. He is at home only on those topics which are hackneyed about in Paris and its coteries: and on these he gossips agreeably, and sometimes with a considerable degree of vigour.

It is singular enough that a writer of this stamp should not be a little more fertile than he is in anecdote. There are comparatively very few scattered through his work. He need not, however, abstain from this species of agreeable trifling from any notion of dignity, as it is perfectly within his province. Notwithstanding the numerous writings of this author, his name is very little known in England, where his new translation of "Paradise Lost," is scarcely ever heard of. He no doubt borrowed the idea of his work on Errors and Prejudices, from Sir Thomas Brown's famous book on Vulgar Errors, which may even still be considered as the most complete of the existing catalogues of the weaknesses and follies of man. But all works of this kind require to be handled with masculine power, in order to ensure them a lasting reputation. It is not enough to be piquant, lively, amusing. There must be absolutely something of the stuff of the author's mind. Something new, striking, original. Something to excite thought, and project it into new channels. This is not the case with the writings of M. Salgues, which will please for a moment, and then pass away for ever. For one trait in his character he deserves great praise: he has adhered steadily to one set of principles, though he moved among the fearful scenes of the Revolution, witnessed the birth and extinction of numerous parties, and had apparently many motives for adopting a different course. He is now an old man, and has performed all that his character and talents enabled him to cope with; and it is some praise to say that there is no symptom of old age, or decayed powers, in his writings. If there is no trait of genius, there is vivacity and spirit; if there is little depth, there is rapidity; if there is no earnest of duration, there is pleasure for the moment. In short, his work is a book for the indolent and the curious, not for the student or the literary man.

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But in saying this, we would not be understood to mean, that divinity is not to be studied by all the aids which human learning can bring to our assistance, or that it ought not to engage the most powerful exertions of the most powerful intellects, but that the tendency of its being studied and examined in the hard dry manner of an ordinary science, or of its being made a subject for speculation, in arguing with great skill and refinement on which, the *élite* of a University may acquire distinction; we intend to say, that the tendency of this is to separate the body and soul of theology, and leave its practical purposes in the back ground, and that we shall therefore, very frequently find the existence of many divinity chairs unproductive of that good which they were intended, and have been supposed to effect.

The objects to be arrived at in the public teaching of divinity, are first, the establishment of its truths; then their explication, so that their mutual relations and bearings may be fully seen; and secondly, their application; first, to our moral nature in general, and next, to the particular relations in which we may be placed. Whenever either the one or the other of these objects is lost sight of, theology is converted into a spurious kind of metaphysics, or is reduced to an imperfect moral philosophy. Both cases are equally hurtful to the proper ends of the study; but the former is by far the less discreditable to the divines of a country, than the former; activity of mind and an interest in the subject being indicated in the one instance, while in the latter we see only the evident marks of indifference and want of knowledge. We have not intended in this article to allude even to the great controversy which is being carried on, respecting the state of theology in Germany, the consideration of which we refer to another occasion; but we cannot help observing, in passing, that while the speculators of that country have greatly endangered the simplicity of Christian doctrine, they can scarcely be convicted of the crying sin of negligence, which we are sorry to say lies at the door of our English divines to a very grievous extent.

In neither Germany nor England, however, is there to be discovered, it seems, that close connection of spirit and manner between the written theology of their divines as scholars, and their practical divinity as preachers, which ought to exist, and would exist, if right notions prevailed. But the volume before us is calculated to give us very favourable impressions of the style in which many of the most distinguished preachers of Germany address their congregations. We could have wished that Mr. Baker had given us a larger collection, and that he had been able to introduce more discourses of a strictly practical character, but many of the sermons at present published are highly interesting, and as a general specimen we select the one which treats of the divine judgments as being *corrective* rather than vindictive. It is the custom of the German to introduce his discourse by an exhortation which precedes the delivery of the text; the sermon under consideration is thus prefaced:

'Collect your thoughts, my brethren, and listen attentively to my words, for I shall solemnly address you to-day on the most solemn subject that the human mind can conceive—the judgments by which the Lord of the universe makes manifest his righteousness. I will direct your view to God, who sits in judgment on our sinful race, that veneration and pious awe may penetrate your hearts; but that then, when you perceive in the Judge the Father also, and discover in the revelations of his justice, the manifestations also of his love, trust and hope may mix with these feelings, and your meditation end in deep adoration of the highly exalted Being, who sits eternally enthroned in solemn majesty, and yet is a God of grace and compassion. But that you may rightly interpret my words, and estimate the divine judgments agreeably to the doctrine of Christianity, I shall first of all oppose a double error, which at one time misleads men into uncharitable judgments, at another involves them in inextricable difficulties, and has often shaken their faith. This is partly the opinion, according to which the Divine justice is conceived as only occasionally acting, and consequently the Divine judgments are looked upon not as a continuing, but an interrupted operation of God; and partly the presumption, that the misfortune, which falls upon individuals or on whole nations and ages, is the measure of their guilt. The living, the ever-creating and ruling, the all-pervading and all-animating God, whom Christianity teaches us to know and adore, never turns his eye from human affairs, never lets his arms rest, and does not, like an earthly king, rise but occasionally to chastise the disobedient, and to curb the daring. His justice as well as his goodness continues through all times, and is a progressive, uninterrupted operation. Sin is unceasingly punished; retribution begins with the evil deed, yea with the evil intention, although in the external world it is often not visible till after a long time, and often not all; for the laws of the holy Governor of the world are eternal and immutable, nothing stops his everlasting rule, which penetrates the whole world, " the Lord never suffers his eyes to sleep, nor his eyelids to slumber." But it is still more important to combat the opinion, that misfortune is the measure of guilt, which is then most clearly discerned to be error, when we contemplate the judgment of God gone out against whole countries and generations. For since in fact the generation which sinned, and the people that deserved its misfortunes, remain; but the individuals which compose the people or generation, change; it is possible, that the children on whom the punishment, the consequence of sin, falls, are less guilty than their fathers. Although, therefore, all are guilty, whom punishment, which follows sin, overtakes, (for all partake more or less in the universal guilt) yet we are not to take their misfortune as the measure of their delinquency, and assert that the nations and people whom great distress, occasioned by sin, has befallen, are guiltier than others. Hence it is that not all misfortune can be considered as punishment, and we have no sure marks by which to distinguish deserved from undeserved sufferings. For God sends calamity not merely to punish but to prove, and not only sin but nature also, (which destroys while it builds, and wounds while it delights), and the will of others, prepare sorrow and pain for man. Unmerited sufferings, therefore, often befal the individual, as well as whole people and generations. On this account, fate must not be the measure of guilt and of merit; and whoever attempts to adopt such a measure concerning individuals or nations, soon finds himself entangled in such difficulties, that he despairs of perceiving the hand of God in human affairs. For this reason Jesus Christ has expressly declared himself in opposition to the opinion that every unfortunate is a criminal, and that the greatness of his distress testifies of his guilt, especially, when it was related to him, that Pilate had caused several Galilæans to be killed, while offering sacrifices in the temple. " Suppose ye," said the Lord to those who announced this event to him, " Suppose ye, that these Galilæans were sinners above all Galilæans, because they suffered such things? I tell you, nay; but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

' But although the degree of calamity must not be taken as a criterion of the degree of guilt, we must nevertheless, if we believe in God, own his judicial dispensations in human affairs; and although his justice, as his goodness, pervades all times, yet it is visibly manifested only on particular occasions. Now the revelations of Divine justice, such events as attract the special notice of men, in which we clearly perceive a connexion of calamity and ruin with sin and guilt, we call the judgments of God, and must call them so, though the amount of merit and demerit may not be estimated by the fate that attends them. We see how a period of disorder and distraction, of bloody conflicts and unutterable misery, comes upon a whole quarter of the globe; and whilst we search for the causes of this ruin, we discover its foundation in the disregard of sacred things and of right, and in a licentiousness and selfishness, which daringly breaks through the bounds of civil order, overturns every thing, if it can but raise itself, and allows itself every possible liberty and indulgence. We say with right, that the judgment of God is come upon the generation of such a period; for God has so ordered it, that calamity and ruin follow the moral degeneracy of nations and their rulers, without our being at the same time able to maintain, that the generation experiencing such calamity is more culpable than the preceding ones, which propagated the moral degeneracy in the succeeding age and prepared its ruin. We see how a nation that proudly and overbearingly exalted itself, and subjugated, plundered, and brought low the neighbouring nations, has been conquered and humbled. We say with reason, that the judgment of God has overtaken this people; for God has so ordered it, that aggression gives strength and courage to the aggrieved to turn against the aggressor, and to be victorious in the struggle of desperation; we say with reason, that the judgment of God has overtaken this people, yet without declaring them to be worse than other nations, or finding in the victory of their conquerors a testimony of their moral worthiness. We see the criminal receive the reward of his deeds. We say with reason, the avenging hand of God has seized him; for it is the dispensation of God, that civil society expels from its bosom him, who has wickedly violated the rights of men, and thus the crime engenders his eventual downfal; we fully acknowledge the judgment of God in the punishment of the offender, yet without determining the degree of his guilt, or asserting that he is worse than all the multitude who stand gazing around the scene of his disgrace. This, my friends, is the notion we ought to have of the judgments of God:—Revelations of his righteousness, significant events exciting attention, in which we discern the connexion of misfortune and ruin with sin and guilt, dark clouds which we see collecting from the vapours exhaled from the earth, and which, menacing destruction, hover now over individuals, now over whole nations. If we believe in God, we must seek and find manifestations of his justice in human concerns, and, therefore, consider events occasioned by sin, and productive of ruin, as Divine judgments. And if we only take care not to regard calamity as the measure of the guilt of those on whom it falls, and do not forget that we are all of us sinners, and consequently no one, who is involved in the general distress, is an innocent sufferer; then every difficulty is removed, and the belief in the righteousness of God exhibited in the world, without misleading us into uncharitable opinions, fills us only with reverence, pious awe, and humility. For in the whole circle of imagination there is nothing greater and more sublime, more solemn and awe-inspiring, than the thought of God entering into judgment with the sinful race of men. This very solemn thought, however, has its bright and pleasing side, and in this resembles the moon, whose face towards the earth is at one time dark, at another bright and luminous. For even in his judgments God manifests his goodness, even in the solemnity of the Judge the love of the Father is displayed. We shall acknowledge this, if we contemplate the judgments of God as a purification of the sinful world. But let us to-day so contemplate them, that they may appear to us as thunder-clouds, which together with the destroying lightning send down fruitful rain; and that the gentle feeling of confiding love may mix with the solemn awe of our veneration.'—pp. 57—63.

After taking his text, which is from the third chapter of the prophet Malachi, and the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th verses, the preacher proceeds with his argument, and shews that times of distress were profitable to the purification of the Jewish nation, and have great influence in bettering the affairs of mankind by shewing men in their true colour, it being generally during such times that the virtue of the good is proved, and the corruption of the evil disposed brought to light. The whole illustration of the subject is ingenious and eloquently expressed.

'For justice and goodness are inseparably united in that Holy One, who invariably wills what is well known to be good, so that his justice is manifested in the dispensations of his goodness, and his goodness in the exhibitions of his justice. It is the one sacred will, which we, viewing it in one light, call goodness, and in another, justice. Every revelation of Divine justice must, therefore, be a revelation of Divine goodness also; and however severe the countenance of the Judge, however dark his eye, however threatening his uplifted arm, may appear to us, we must, nevertheless, discern clemency in his severity, and love in his wrath. The thought of the Divine wisdom leads us to the same conclusion. For the essence of wisdom consists in this, that its every aim serves as the means for a higher purpose, and all these means and aims closely connected unite in one last object. We must then, since we ascribe the highest wisdom to God, admit that the objects of his justice, the punishments he sends forth over the sinful world, are, at the same time, means for the attainment of other ends, means for the cultivation and improvement of our species, and that all his ordinances and dispensations meet in this last and highest object, to guide the human race to moral perfection. Thus the view of his judgments, as a purification of the sinful world, necessarily results from the holiness and wisdom of God. Therefore the Scripture always says of God, "He reproveth, and nurtureth, and teacheth, and bringeth again, as a shepherd his flock;" therefore it instructs us to consider the sufferings of life as chastisements, and chastisements as proofs of Divine love; and exhibits to us now the punishing severity of the Judge, now the forgiving love of the Father.

'If we believe in God, we must believe in a judgment of God, which is conspicuous in the history of the world, and is shewn in whole nations and generations, as well as in individuals; for the ground of the connexion of distress and ruin with sin and guilt, can only be found in the will of him, who has given to the world its laws, and guides destiny according to his discretion. But we must contemplate this judgment as a cleansing of the sinful world, when we have acknowledged that the right-Being is also all-gracious, and the Judge, the Father, and Preceptor, of our species. And now, if fate appears to us as God's judgment, and the judgment as a purification of the sinful world, we look up with reverence, indeed, and holy awe, but still with trust and love, to him who sits as a refiner and purifier of silver;" for the fire that he pours forth over the world, terribly as its flame may blaze, and painful as may be its effects, destroys and consumes not, it but cleanses and purifies; it resembles not the flame, which, raging, ungovernable, and destructive, rushes through the dwellings of men, but the fire which the artist with design and caution kindles in his laboratory, and renews and extinguishes at the proper time.'—pp. 65—67.

It is not the least valuable part of the discourse, that it directs the reader to take those views of the history of the world, which sanctifies the office of knowledge and experience, and enables us to survey the past as it lies spread behind us under the light and steady rays of a sacred philosophy. We have seldom read any observations of this nature with more satisfaction than the present.

'But further, history also teaches us, that at all times much evil perished in the whirlpool of appalling events and opinions; constitutions and customs sank in it, which only the force of a devastating torrent could exterminate. Such an effect, for instance, was produced by the irruption of the nations which took place in the fifth century, and which appears to us as a judgment of God, that the Romans brought down upon themselves, first, by an insatiable spirit of conquest and an overbearing oppression of the nations, and then by a deep corruption of morals that made them weak and effeminate. Unspeakable calamity to the south and west of our quarter of the globe was the consequence of this event: many cities were destroyed, and whole countries converted into deserts. But much that was evil and pernicious perished at the same time. Rapacious Rome, that had heavily offended against three quarters of the world, was destroyed, and the iron and burdensome yoke of her dominion was taken off the neck of the subject world, and the enervated effeminacy, and languid, worn-out existence of a degenerate race, gave way to the fresh life of ruder, indeed, but more youthful and vigorous nations. Or would you have an example from modern history? Consider the event, on account of which posterity will call our age the age of revolution. It was the judgment of God, which France called down by her thirst of conquest, which acquired, indeed, some provinces, but had wasted her wealth by her immorality; which dissolved the bands of domestic and social life by her infidelity; which shook the foundations of rectitude and integrity; and by the contentions of her citizens, one part of whom obstinately maintained oppressive privileges, and, by dissolute living, mocked at the general distress, while another would not acknowledge any distinction of ranks, nor comply with any ordinances. Inexpressible calamity was certainly the result not only to France, but to all Europe. But we must look upon this also as a purification of the world; for much that was noxious and pernicious was swallowed up in the abyss of revolution. It has taken away in many places privileges founded on relations long since changed, which one class maintained to the disadvantage and detriment of the other classes of civil society, and removed the restrictions of the exercise of religion, which in most countries the stronger had imposed upon the weaker; equality of civil rights and freedom of divine worship, though some nations may not yet have the full enjoyment of these benefits, will accrue, as a permanent gain, from the ferment and the struggles of recent times, and will descend to future generations.

Thus the divine judgment extirpates what is evil and corrupt, removes oppressive relations of life, puts an end to decayed forms of government, and changes the opinions and habits of nations. But at the same time it proves that which is good. It is misfortune that exercises moral strength, and tries charity, confidence, and courage. He who preserved his charity amidst the struggles of hostile passions; he who trusted in God, when destiny was enveloped in the gloom of night; he who stood firm and unshaken, even when the ground trembled beneath his feet; him has the cleansing judgment of God proved. That which is true and good must go through the storms of events that agitate countries and change the world, in order that its subsistence under every alteration of opinions, customs, and relations, may demonstrate its Divine origin, and its connexion with the essential wants of human nature; for we justly assume, that the ground of such imperishable duration lies not in fortuitous causes, but in the Everlasting himself. Thus has Christianity been proved to be the work of God and eternal truth, since, in the midst of falling kingdoms and adverse schools of human wisdom, it survived and sank not, when a whole nation publicly renounced it, and half the world was unfaithful to it.'- - pp. 68--71.

The concluding portion of this excellent address is powerful and affecting, and is of a character calculated to leave deep impressions on the mind of the hearer or reader.

'To observe the history of the world as a continued judgment of the world, is a serious contemplation: but by means of viewing it in this light it acquires a religious character, so that we see in it not merely a spectacle of changing forms and appearances, but a manifestation of God; and though his finger is not always clearly to be perceived, yet we may every where be sensible of his rule and superintendence. And however grave and serious this consideration may be, yet it is at the same time consolatory, for this judicial visitation is also a purification of the world, so that not only the justice but also the goodness of God is revealed in it. God does not destroy the kingdoms which have been aggrandised by conquest and robbery, with this intent only, that they may crumble into ruins, but that it may be made manifest to the world, that every work of unrighteousness bears the germ of destruction within itself: he does not give up indolent and effeminate nations to the yoke of slavery, that they may wear perpetual chains, but that they should learn under oppression to be conscious of their strength, and raise themselves again with vigour and courage: discord and confusion are not spread through the people, who scorned what was just and sacred, that they may exterminate each other in endless civil wars, but that they may reform and return to God and to a regard for rectitude. The judging is also the cleansing of the world; and now a consolatory view of the history of the world is opened to us, for we trace through its dark paths the steps of him, who bears the sword in his right hand, but the palm-branch in his left, who can indeed strike, but also heal, and turn mourning into joy.

'To preserve the belief, that the world is purified through God's judgments, is, further, important on this account, because it exercises, especially in times when the government of Divine justice is more obviously apparent, an awakening and consoling influence on our hearts. Both the solemnity of the Lord in judgment, and the love of the Father cleansing the sinful world, must, when the judgment of God is revealed on us and our contemporaries, lead us to reflection, and from that to repentance, and from repentance to amendment. Every one shares, more or less, in the general guilt; we must, therefore, all bow in humility and contrition before the Mighty One, when he executeth judgment. No one is clean; it is incumbent, therefore, on every one, when he sees the visitation gone forth in the age in which he lives, to rise and meet God who would draw men to him by his visitations, and open his heart, that he also may be cleansed and purified to that grace, which does not always descend as gentle dew, but sometimes as the fire of lightning.

'Forget not then, my friends, the call of Divine grace recently emitted from tempestuous clouds; and keep the vows you made to God in the days of distress. The Divine judgment is a rousing from the sleep of sin; and happy are all they, who awake and stand up, and turn from levity and folly to serious wisdom, from luxury and licentiousness to pure morals, from selfishness and injustice to strict integrity and sympathizing charity, from a vain love of the world to that faith, which teaches us to overcome the world. And when the judgment of God leads to your sanctification, then, my friends, then you will feel the consoling power of the belief, that it is a purification of the sinful world. For then you will be certain through your own experience, that calamity sent from God has an object; and your conviction, that all the ways of God are wisdom and goodness, will rest on the surest grounds; so that you will be able to contemplate disastrous occurrences, if not without tears, yet without immoderate lamentation, and to support with courage and composure, whatever the time of visitation may compel you to bear.

'It is, lastly, of advantage to maintain the belief that the world is purified through God's judgments, because it leads us to expect the maturing to perfection of our species. However often the goldsmith melts the metal and repeats the refinement; his end is at length attained, the silver lies before him, pure and spotless, clear and bright as crystal or the dew-drop sparkling in the morning sun. In like manner must the design of God with respect to our race be finally accomplished. Long as the trial may last, often as the purification may be repeated, the day must come at length, when man, unspotted and clean, freed from sin, and glorified, shall stand before his Maker and Fashioner.'—pp. 73—76.

We recommend this volume, which does Mr. Baker great credit as a translator and editor, to the general attention of our readers. To those who are at all interested in the inquiry respecting the state of religion on the continent, it will prove of remarkable interest, but it is also equally valuable, if not more so, as a collection of excellent discourses full of striking and impressive views of religious truth, and furnishing the readers of sermons with an addition to their collection, which will be of real use to them, as being wholly free from tame imitations of the style and ideas of those they have already perused.

NOTICES.

Art. XIV.—*An Introductory Lecture upon the Study of Theology and of the Greek Testament, delivered at the opening of the Theological Institution, Saturday, Nov. 21st,* 1829. By the Rev. Thomas Dale, M. A. London: Taylor. 1829.

The object of the Theological Institution is so excellent that we cannot too highly applaud the serious and benevolent spirit in which it has originated. We alluded, some time ago, to the question respecting the introduction of religious instruction into the University of London, and we then endeavoured to show, that it could not be wanting to a place of education without greatly diminishing its usefulness, if not perverting its design. We confess we cannot assent to the conclusion which Mr. Dale would draw from the particular circumstances of the Institution, of which he is so active a member. Ought it even to have been a possible question, in the arrangements of a great public school for youth, 'whether religious instruction shall be provided for those who have learned to appreciate its value, and are willing to exert themselves for its attainment? Whether it shall be accessible to any?' Ought it to have been even doubted, in an age like the present, whether young persons should or should not be left to the equal chance of becoming sceptics or Christians? Or ought any matter of mere convenience to have prevented a recognition of the value and necessity of religion? We are confident that Mr. Dale is himself conscientiously convinced by the reasons which he has urged in defence of the University, but we are unable to discover any thing in his arguments which are not trebly confuted by the very measure which he and other friends of religion have thought it necessary to take, and the adversaries to the Institution altogether will not find it difficult to point their arrows with satire, when they have a lecture before them, headed '*University of London,*' but purporting to have been delivered at the opening of The Theological Institution, which institution, it is expressly said, is *altogether distinct from and independent of the University.*

But we turn to a pleasanter theme, the ingenious plan which Mr. Dale has laid down for the future instruction of his theological pupils, and which does him great credit for the wide scope it embraces, and for the order and arrangement of the subjects. We extract his observations on the evidences of Revelation:—

'The Evidences of Revelation must be twofold, *Internal* and *External.* Those Evidences, in relation to Christianity, are termed *Internal,* which result from the obvious excellence of its design, the expedience and utility of its precepts, their tendency to promote the general good, and from comparison in these and many other respects with the principal systems of religion, which are or have been prevalent among mankind. It is evident that Natural Theology must enter most deeply into the determination of these points. In fact, without its aid, we could scarcely arrive at any satisfactory conclusion, for it must supply us with the very data of our argument.

'These Internal Evidences, again, may be subdivided into those which are *direct,* and which are *indirect,*—there existing between them this important difference, that the energy of the former depends upon their being *combined;* of the latter, on their being kept single and distinct The former are like the brooks which gradually swell into a river; the latter like standing pools, which, although separate and insulated, indicate the vicinity of a stream. The former are so familiar, that to specify them would be superfluous:—some of the latter are;—the immediate effect of the preaching of Christianity; its fitness for an universal religion; the condition and capacity of those by whom it was promulgated, each apparently so utterly inadequate to the mighty result; the conception of the character of Christ, which has no parallel nor precedent in any of the writings known to have been extant at that time. All these, viewed separately and singly, are of peculiar importance in regard to the chain of collective and connected evidence, which may be called in words appropriate to its excellence, though very differently applied,—

——— 'The golden, everlasting chain,
Whose strong embrace holsd heaven !'

In like manner the External Evidences to the truth of the Christian Revelation may be divided into direct and collateral; the one being the argument from miracle and prophecy; the other, a numerous and diversified class, the nature of which will be easily inferred from the specification of a few. Such, for example, are, the connection between the claims of John Baptist to a divine mission and those of Jesus; the miraculous conversion of the Apostle Paul; the opposition of ancient infidels; and the present dispersed and insulated state of the Jews. There are also *collateral* evidences applying equally to both divisions of internal and external, together with *presumptive* evidence for the religion of the Bible in general, forming on the whole an accumulated coherent mass of evidence, the weight and energy of which can only be estimated by means of profound investigation. Many believe their religion to be true, who know little of the nature and number of the evidences which render it impossible that it should be false.'—pp. 15—17.

No means, we are convinced, will be spared, either by the lecturer or his associates, to effect the purposes of the Institution. Some of those intended to be immediately employed are mentioned:—

'That a system of Theological Instruction, framed in strict correspondence with this outline, if conducted with assiduity on the part of the Teacher, and attended with only common diligence by the Pupil, may be productive of the most beneficial results; that the Student may thus become more firmly rooted in his faith, and more prepared to defend it against the attacks of those adversaries, from whom, in our days, no condition in life can be exempt, is not, I trust, presumptuous to hope. Perhaps no small proportion of the prevalent indifference to religion among the superior classes of society, may be traced to its comparative exclusion from the plan of a liberal education, in which it is too often regarded as subordinate, even where it is not omitted as superfluous. It becomes, therefore, most desirable to recommend the study of Theology by inducements similar to those which have ever been found so effectual in the various departments of Science and Literature; and consequently, that no proper encouragement may be wanting to the Student of this Institution, its noble and honourable friends and patrons, I am authorised to state, will take not only a lively but an active interest in its management: they will bestow on it not only their pecuniary assistance but their time: they will personally witness and examine the progress of the Students, and, on the General Examination, at the end of the session, will award prizes to the most deserving. Not that the study of Theology, which combines within itself so many claims to attention, of unequalled interest and importance, can really derive additional sanction from these, or from any adventitious aids; but it is at least desired that no legitimate means should be left untried of attracting young men to a branch of instruction, which is ever most highly appreciated by those who have pursued it with the greatest perseverance, and with the most distinguished success.

'But I must not conclude this address without adverting to another feature of this Institution, in which both the advantage and convenience of Students have been most especially consulted—I mean the Theological Library. By the liberality of those noble friends of our undertaking, to whom it owes its very existence, as a school for gratuitous Theological instruction, and by the kind assistance of my colleagues and others, who are interested in the union of sound learning with religious education, a very respectable collection has been formed, containing already more than three hundred volumes of the most approved Theological works. It is intended to place this on a footing which shall render it generally accessible; a trifling annual payment being the only contribution to which a Student attending here is subjected, and even that being left entirely to his own option. The functions of Librarian will be discharged for the present by the Lecturer, who will thus have an opportunity of conversing individually with the Students, of ascertaining the correctness of their views, and directing them in the pursuit of information. And as the Students will be permitted, under certain regulations, to take books from the Library, it is hoped that provision may be thus made for the due employment of a portion of the Sabbath-day. Thus the temptation of devoting this day to secular studies—a temptation which too often overcomes the conscientious scruples of the young aspirant after literary honours, will be obviated; unprofitable recreation, and vacant indolence, will no longer be protected by even the shadow of an excuse; and Theology as a science may be studied, as it ever should be, in connection with religion as a principle.'—pp. 23—25.

We cordially wish Mr. Dale success in his meritorious labours. He possesses many qualifications for his office, which will considerably tend to the efficiency of his efforts, and occupying, as he does, so many arduous offices, he deserves to be ranked among the most useful members of his profession.

Art. XV.—*The Mercantile Teacher's Assistant. A Guide to Practical Book-keeping, comprising three sets of Books, with an Appendix on Merchants' Accounts, Bills of Exchange, and Mercantile Letters.* By James Morrison, Accountant. London: Joy. 1829.

This publication is an enlarged treatise on the same subject as that which employed Mr. Morrison some time since, and the success which attended his Elements of Book-keeping, has encouraged him to produce the work now before us. It seems to be exceedingly well adapted to the wants of commercial students, and merits the attention of all persons engaged in their instruction.

Art. XVI.—*A Concise System of Mechanics, in Theory and Practice; with Original and Practical Remarks, Rules, Experiments, Tables, and Calculations, for the use of Practical Men.* By James Hay, Land-Surveyor. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. 1821.

It is a task of so great difficulty to combine theoretical and practical instruction, that most of our elementary works of science are rendered next to useless by their imperfections in this respect. The mathematics have especially suffered from this cause, and their importance been rendered doubtful in the eyes of a great many students, by their being suffered to view them apart from the objects of immediate application. The beauty of a theorem is so difficult for the young or uneducated mind to comprehend, that the deliciæ and elegantiæ of mathematics as an intellectual science, give the instructor little power over the minds of his pupils, and the greater part of them, whatever may be his efforts to impress them with a due sense of the value of his instructions, will give up the study as soon as his authority is withdrawn. There are few of our readers it is probable, who cannot remember some memorable instance of this unfortunate termination to a course of mathematics. But when the youthful student has his invention and his eyes and hands employed at the same time; when he has something to do as well as learn, the case becomes changed, and mathematics are pursued with the characteristic liveliness and determination of juvenile activity.

Mr. Hay has made it his particular object in the present publication to unite theory and practice, and assures his readers, that he has employed much both of time and study on his work. We can believe him, and from the style of his publication, we consider that it may be found of considerable use both to the private student, and to the younger members of the university, whose pursuits are frequently not a little facilitated by the writings of men who are neither tutors nor professors.

There are some very ingenious remarks interspersed throughout the work. The following on the strength of beams, &c., will show Mr. Hay's manner of treating his subject.

'The lateral strength of beams, posts, or pillars, of any material, are diminished the more they are compressed longitudinally. Because, when they receive the least bend, the longitudinal pressure acts upon that point as a weight to bend it still more, and causes them to break immediately.

'*Cor.* Whence, when the mast of a ship is bent to a certain degree by a strong gale, the tension of the shrouds and stays completes the fracture. Whence also the injudicious practice of making the cast iron pillars that support the galleries of some churches solid instead of hollow cylinders.

'So far as I have advanced in the theory of transverse strength and strain, I agree with former writers upon the subject, and also with experiments, which have confirmed the above theory.

'I now beg leave to depart from the most of former writers upon one part of the theory. It is asserted by eminent authors, that a triangular beam will bear twice as much, or (by some) thrice as much, with the weight or strain placed upon its vertex, as when placed upon its base; and they demonstrate this from the celebrated proposition of Galileo, which is Prop. L. of this book nearly. It is there supposed that the whole of the fibres are torn asunder; and in breaking the whole section of fracture opens, by turning round the point or line in contact with the straining force, as on an immoveable fulcrum or joint.

'Now, (as I have there remarked,) this is not the case; it depends wholly upon the nature of the substance employed, how far this fulcrum or neutral point may be removed towards the opposite side; for it is obvious, that, if a body be easier crushed than torn asunder, this fulcrum, in beams whose sections are parallelograms, will be nearest the side that inclines to be convex; that is, where the force of cohesion and the force opposed to crushing may balance one another. This circumstance, however, cannot alter any part of the preceding theory, as far as regards bodies of the same material, whose sections are parallelograms; because, wherever the fulcrum is situated in one body, it must be similarly situated in others of the same substance and position, whichever of the opposite sides be uppermost.

'But in a triangular beam, it is evident, that, if the force of cohesion be equal to the force opposed to crushing, the fulcrum or neutral point will accommodate itself to a situation where the forces will balance one another, whatever side be in contact with the straining force, and will be equally strong the one way as the other. But, if the force of cohesion be greater than the force opposed to crushing, then the triangular beam will be strongest with the edge in contact with the strain, but, if less, the contrary.'—pp. 113—115.

ART. XVII.—*Cottage Poetry*. By the Author of "Old Friends in a New Dress." To which is added, a Supplement to "Old Friends in a New Dress," containing twelve additional fables. London:—Smith, Elder, and Co. 1829.

WE like the idea of Cottage Poetry, and it is a kind and benevolent heart only which could have thought of such a title, or written poetry of such a character. The little cheap collection before us has also many of the characteristics which render simple, pastoral poetry agreeable, and several of the pieces might be said to deserve a better place, could they have a better than one in which they they are to be found by men of pure and humble minds. The following lines will show how gently cur cottage poet plays his oaten pipe.

'The labors of the early day
With richest gain my toil repay;
Both health and appetite I feel,
Best sweeteners of the frugal meal:
With strength restored, I then renew
My duties and my pleasures too:
That duties pleasures are to me,
How grateful, Lord, I ought to be!

'What pure delight, what treasures yield
The grove, the garden, and the field!
The birds that hail the break of day,
The fragrance of the new mown hay,
The beauties of the varied flowers,
Shining o'er all the beds and bowers,

All tend to raise my thoughts to Thee:
How grateful, Lord, I ought to be!

'And when my daily task is done,
While gazing on the setting Sun,
As its mild radiance fades away,
Hope lingers on its parting ray;
Hope and reliance that to cheer
From day to day, from year to year,
The morrow shall its rising see;
How grateful, Lord, I ought to be!

'O, may I not presumptuous seem,
Attempting too sublime a theme,
But may I, like the obedient Sun,
My earthly course of duty done,
Sink gently into life's decline,
And every thought be wholly thine!
That I dare hope to rise with Thee,
How grateful, Lord, I ought to be!'—pp. 16, 17.

ART. XVIII.—*Statement of the Services of Mr. Dawson, as Chief Agent of the Australian Agricultural Company, with a Narrative of the Treatment he has Experienced from the late Committee at Sydney, and the Board of Directors in London.* London: Smith and Elder. 1829.

THIS is the statement of a plain man of business, who considers himself to have been greatly injured by his employers, and seeks redress accordingly, by appealing to the just decision of the public. It is always the duty of the public to attend to such an appeal, and we, therefore, recommend Mr. Dawson's pamphlet to the consideration of such of our readers as may be in any way interested in the matter. The writer, it appears, was applied to in the Spring of 1824, by Mr. John M'Arthur, the barrister, who informed him that an association had been established for the purpose of improving the fleeces of Australian sheep, and pressed him strongly to offer himself as agent to the Company. Mr. Dawson was then in an excellent situation on a nobleman's estate in Berkshire, and enjoyed an income of six hundred a-year, with the prospect of an advance. He was, however, persuaded to give up his occupation and embark for Australia, and the disappointments which followed this step form the subject of the pamphlet.

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Bucke's Epic Drama of Julio Romano, or the Display of the Passions, will be published early in February. It will be accompanied by an historic memoir, giving an account of the proceedings in Parliament last session, on the claims of dramatic writers; remarks on the present state of the stage, and the author's correspondence with various persons. To which will be added an Appendix, stating the manner in which dramatic writers are rewarded in Russia, Germany, and France.

The Rev. Hobart Caunter is preparing for publication, in one vol. post octavo, a poem entitled the Island Bride, with an illustration by Martin.

The Lost Heir, a novel, which has truth for its basis, will be published in a few days.

Charity Bazaars, a poem, is just ready. The Author, we understand, is a near relation to the noble author of Matilda, and Yes and No.

The forthcoming poem of The Reproof of Brutus, will contain distinct appeals on the state of the Country, to Mr. Peel, Sir F. Burdett, Messrs. Hume, Horton, and Sadler. The Archbishop of Canterbury, The Bishop of London. Sir Walter Scott, Southey, Campbell, Wordsworth and Moore. Malthus. Mc Cullock and Mill.

Mr. Klauer Klattowski, author of the German Synoptical Grammar, has in the press, in 2 vols., A Manuel of German Literature, intended for self-tuition. The whole selection will be illustrated by copious explanatory Notes, and the first portion of the work will be accompanied by an interlinear analytical translation.

Mr. Klauer has also nearly ready for publication, A Manuel of Icelandic Literature, with an abridgment of Dr. Rask's excellent Swedish Icelandic Grammar.

Education in France.—It appears from an account in the *Voleur*, that there are in Paris 577 priests; 80 charity schools, 12,000 pupils of both sexes; 403 elementary schools, of which 112 are gratuitous, with 25,582 pupils; 7 colleges; 118 boarding schools for boys, at which there are 7,669 pupils; 329 boarding schools for girls, with 10,240 scholars; and for the higher branches of education, 20 public establishments, most of which are supported by government, with 317 professors, and 17,823 students: thus making the number of persons receiving education in Paris 73,222—about one-tenth of the population.

Paris Academy of Sciences.—At the sitting of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, lately held, a report was read, giving an account of several experiments performed by order of the Academy, for the purpose of determining the tension of vapours in high temperatures. It was stated, that many of these experiments had been attended with great danger; but that they had produced the important result of the discovery of a new invention for a sucker, by which all accidents in steam engines may be avoided, when the tension becomes greater than is necessary for the required service. At this sitting M. Eugène Robert announced through one of the members, the discovery of some fossile crocodiles' teeth, and the remains of lophyodone at Boulogne, near Paris.

In Mr. Murray's new list of announcements are the following interesting works; for example—Consolations in Travel; or, the Last Days of a Philosopher, by Sir Humphry Davy.—A Memoir of the Life and Public Services of the late Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles.—The Book of Psalms, newly translated from the Hebrew, and with Explanatory Notes, by W. French, D.D. Master of Jesus College, Cambridge, and G. Skinner, M. A. Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge.—A Narrative of the Life and Adventures of Giovanni Finati, native of Ferrara, who, under the name of Mahomet, made the Campaign against the Wahabies, for the recovery of Mecca and Medina; and since acted as interpreter to European travellers in some of the parts least visited of Asia and Africa.—The Life of Julius Cæsar, by the Author of the Life of Alexander the Great.—On Financial Reform, by Sir Henry Parnell.—The Kirby Letters; a Family Tour from Yorkshire to Penzance.—Principles of Geology, by C. Lyell, F.R.S.—and the Life of Sir Humphry Davy, comprising a great part of his early Correspondence, by Dr. Paris.

Literary Prize.—The Revue de Paris has offered a prize of two thousand francs for the best dissertation in prose on the following question: "What has been the influence of the representative government, for the last fifteen years, in France, on our literature and on our manners?" The dissertations are to be addressed, before the 1st of March, 1830, to the office of the Revue de Paris, inscribed with an epigraph, and accompanied by a sealed note inscribed with the same epigraph, and containing the name of the author.

The Literary and Antiquarian Society of Perth held their anniversary meeting on 26th Nov., which was more numerously attended than on any former occasion. The president, Earl of Kinnoul, took the chair; and Lord Gray, and other vice-presidents, the Lord Provost of Perth, Mr. Trotter of Ballindean, &c., occupied the table at the head of the museum. The secretary then read the report of the proceedings of the Society for the past year, in which the discovery of several monuments of antiquity in the county of Perth, and the preservation of others, which had engaged the attention of some of the members, was given; and numerous donations to the museum were detailed. The Rev. Mr. Esdaile read the second part of a very able essay, the first part of which was given on a former occasion, "On the progress of luxury, and its influence on society and manners." Dr. Anderson followed Mr. Esdaile with an elaborate and ingenious disquisition "on the variation of the barometer, particularly in different latitudes and regions of the earth, with an inquiry into the causes of these phenomena." About sixty members afterwards dined together.

A meeting of the Cambridge Philosophical Society was held on Monday week,—the Rev. Dr. Turton, the president, being in the chair. Mr. Rothman, of Trinity College, read a notice of an observation of the winter solstice at Alexandria, which is recorded in Strabo, and which has not hitherto been understood, from its being spoken of by the author as an observation of an equinox. Professor Whewell continued the reading of his paper "On the causes and characters of pointed architecture," and explained the influence of the pointed arch upon the other members of buildings, through which influence the romanesque style was at last superseded by the very opposite forms of the Gothic. It was stated also that the transition from one of these styles to the other, which took place in England by means of the early English style, was made in Germany by means of a very different one, which may be termed early German. Of this style the characters were given in some detail, and it was remarked that, among these, the invention of the flying buttress was of as much importance to the complete developement of the Gothic style, as that of the pointed arch. Observations were also communicated by Mr. Millar, of St. John's College, on the forms and angles of the crystals of boracic acid, indigo, and borate and bicarbonate of ammonia. After the meeting, Professor Sedgwick gave an account of the geological structure of the Austrian Alps, illustrated by the representation of a section traversing their chain, and passing from the plains of Bavaria to the Gulf of Venice.

Census.—A Paris paper of Sunday last, contains a curious calculation of the revenues of the population of France, divided into classes. The total amount is assumed to be 6,396,789,000 francs, and the number of the population 32,252,000; giving 198 francs 33 cents per head per annum, or 54 centimes and 6-10ths per day. This population is divided into ten classes; the first of which, consisting of 152,000 persons, receives 608,000,000, or an average of 10 francs 96 cents per day; and the table goes on gradually diminishing to the 9th class, consisting of 3,500,000 persons, who are said to receive 700,000,000, or an average of 55 cents each per day. The 10th, 11th, and 12th classes are put at 22,500,000; of which the first have, on an average, 41 cents per day; the second 33 cents, and the third 25 cents; so that 7,500,000 have only two-pence halfpenny per day English, to subsist upon. This calculation, although probably in some degree imaginative, shews a frightful extent of human misery.

Canova.—We learn from the Italian newspapers, that a most singular distribution has been made of the mortal remains of the celebrated Canova. The new church erected on his plan, and at his expence, at Possagno, his birth-place, is destined to receive his body. His heart had been deposited at the Academy of the Fine Arts at Venice; but it appears that this has given rise to some discussion, and in consequence it has been determined that it should be placed under a cenotaph in the church *Dei Frati* at Venice. The Academy, resolving to possess a portion of the mortal relics of Canova, addressed M. Canova, the brother of the artist at Rome, requesting to have the *right hand*, with which the sculptor executed so many *chefs-d'œuvre*. M. Canova has consented, stipulating, that in case the Academy of Venice should be suppressed, or removed to another city, it shall restore this deposit to the high priest of the church of Possagno, to be re-united to the rest of the body. The Academy of Fine Arts at Venice have obtained possession of the right hand of Canova, and a notary has drawn up the conditions insisted upon.

Mr. Charles Marsh has been for some time engaged in a Complete General History of the East Indies. He has already made considerable progress in the work.

The Rev. J. D. Parry, M. A., of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, Author of the Legendary Cabinet, &c. &c., is preparing for publication, Poetical Beauties of the XVIth and XVIIth Centuries; from Surrey to Dryden—chiefly of the Lyric class: with Notes, &c. In 2 vols., royal 18mo.

MONTHLY LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS,

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Murray on Atmospherical Electricity, post 8vo. 6*s.* bds.
Recreations in Science, 18mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* bds.
Kenrick's Conversations on Miniature Painting, post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.

BIOGRAPHY.

Marshall's Naval Biography, supplement, part 3, 8vo. 15*s.* bds.

HISTORY.

Scott's (Sir W.) Scotland. (Lardner's Cyclopædia, Vol. I. fcp. 8vo. 6*s.* cloth.
Private Memoirs of the Court of Louis XVIII. 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 4*s.* bds.
Creighton's Siege and Capture of Bhurtpore, 4to. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.

LAW.

Crabbe's History of English Law, 8vo. 16*s.* bds.

MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

Thomson's London Dispensatory, 5th edition, 8vo. 15*s.* bds.
Christian on Poisons, 8vo. 16*s.* bds.
Reid's Element of Practical Chemistry, 8vo. 14*s.* bds.
Hammick on Amputations, 8vo. 9*s.* bds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Zoological Keepsake, 1830, 6*s.* 6*d.* silk.
Time's Telescope, 1830, 12mo. 9*s.* bds.
Brasse's Antigone of Sophocles, English notes, crown 8vo. 5*s.* bds.
East India Register, 1830, 10*s.* sewed.
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Vegetable Cookery, 12mo. 4*s.* cloth.
The Oracle of Health, &c. by Medicus, 12mo. 6*s.* 6*d.* bds.
Thoughts on Laughter, 12mo 3*s.* bds.
Summary and Index to Herodotus, 12mo. 8*s.* 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.
Hartshorne's Book Rarities in the University of Cambridge, 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.
Recollections of a Blue Coat Boy, 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* hf.-bd.
Draper's Class Book, 12mo. 3*s.* bds.
Toy Shop, or Sentimental Preceptor, 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* hf.-bd.

NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

The Exclusives, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

POETRY.

Bradfield's Athenaiad, a poem, 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.

The Lotus, or Fairy Flower of the Poets, 12mo. 4*s.* bds.

Hatfield's Moments of Loneliness, fcp. 7*s.* bds.

THEOLOGY.

Bishop of London's Sermons at St. Botolph's, 8vo. 12*s.* bds.

New Scheme of Evangelical Religion, 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Bland's Annotations on St. Mark, 8vo. 6*s.* 6*d.* bds.

Thoughts on Antinomianism, by Sylvanus, post 8vo. 4*s.* bds.

Gracie's Worship in the Presbyterian Church, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.

Pring's Intellectual and Moral Relations, 8vo. 15*s.* bds.

Coxe's Liturgy revised, crown 8vo. 5*s.* bds.

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THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

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Art. I.—1. *The Venetian Bracelet, The Lost Pleiad, A History of the Lyre, and other Poems.* By L. E. L. Author of "The Improvisatrice," "The Troubadour," and "The Golden Violet." 12mo. pp. 307. London: Longman and Co. 1829.

2. *Satan. A Poem.* By Robert Montgomery. 8vo. pp. 390. London: Maunder. 1830.

From the pile of blank and rhymed verses amassed upon our shelves, we have selected a pair of volumes recently produced from the practised pens of two authors, who are ranked by most of our periodical critics among the immortal minstrels of the age. It is this community of fame, emanating from one and the same source, which has induced us to place Miss Landon,—without danger, we hope, to her heart,—by the side of Mr. Montgomery. In no other respect is there the slightest intellectual propinquity between them. The lady is a model of delicacy, a combination of sighs, stolen from the Zephyrs, and perfumed with the flowers of June. The gentleman is a sort of poetic Hercules, who, arrayed in a lion's skin and armed with a club, aims at no less a labour than the cleansing of the Augean stable of the world, polluted as it is with the vices of more than sixty centuries. One seeks the sylvan shade, and summons to her presence the gallant knights, and despairing maids, and roving troubadours of the days of romance. The other urges his Pegasus far beyond the limits of time and space, and holds converse with spirits of every degree. Not long since, he rose to the regions of Heaven, wandered at his leisure through all their provinces, and described their rivers and gardens with the minuteness of a modern tourist. He seems lately to have taken a downward flight; but feeling, possibly, that Dante and Milton had been before him in those tremendous abysses, and had left him nothing to say in the way of description, the happy thought occurred to him to prevail on Satan to visit this planet of ours, and to pay marked attention to the towns and rural districts of England.

Both these poems have had considerable success, if we may believe the concurrent testimony of our periodical publications. Miss Landon, from all that we hear, must have acquired a little fortune. Mr. Montgomery has already, it is said, written himself into Cambridge. Certainly no two authors that we know of are more indebted, than these are, to the voice of criticism. It has made some of the basest metal that ever came out of a mine, pass for the sterling coin of the realm. It has talked so often and so much, of the Sapphic fire of one, and of the soaring Miltonic genius of the other, that half the country is under an impression that Miss Landon and Mr. Montgomery have really written some poetry, and that too of the highest order.

We do not accuse our contemporaries of praising the productions of these bards from corrupt motives. Indeed, we sincerely believe that no such thing as the purchase of opinion is known to our critical writers. But while we vindicate them from a charge so often and so ignorantly brought forward, we are free to avow our belief, that motives of a less impure nature, though in their operation scarcely less detrimental to the literary character of our age, produce a prodigious mass of partial criticism, which is daily, weekly, and monthly diffused from the laboratories of this capital, throughout the empire and its dependencies.

The applauses of which we speak, are not, we repeat, purchased, nor do we think that they could be obtained, for money. They are given freely and gratuitously, so far as the person receiving them is concerned. The fortunate author happens, perhaps, to be personally known to the editor of the journal in which his work is to be first reviewed. Of course, it is lauded to the skies, and the tone being thus given, the favourable opinion of the first review runs through all the other journals, without undergoing any material alteration. The newspapers, which, though in many respects very ably conducted, do not, and cannot, attend sufficiently to the sound rules of literary criticism, take up the strain which they receive from other quarters; and thus the delusion goes round the whole circle of authorities, which form what is called public opinion.

Besides, such is the amazing activity of the press, and so numerous its demands for literary assistance, that there is scarcely any one who can write a book, who does not also contribute, in verse or prose, to the literary journals. It is the general interest of these *collaborateurs* to assist each other, and they do so to an extent, of which the uninitiated can have no conception. There is an *esprit de corps* amongst them that supersedes any just principles of criticism which they might have received from education and study. They pass over, as an antiquated notion, the sacred regard which a true critic will always pay to the dignity and purity of his country's literature. This is a consideration which those gentry altogether overlook, for they feel that the

veniam damus" is sure to be followed at one time or another
" petimusque vicissim." Many of them are, in truth, the
orkmen of the booksellers, who write, as they are paid, by
ume; and who are ready either to get up a review, or a
e, at a moment's notice, and exactly in the tone which their
er prescribes.

manifest, therefore, that although golden opinions may not
chased directly for money, they may nevertheless be pro-
and are constantly procured, from other considerations;
though certainly not morally base, are at least equally
is to literature. The great mass of readers is induced to
ie, and read, and admire books merely from the praises
id upon them by the journalists; and thus there has been
amongst us, within the last ten years, a spurious sort of
hat gives currency for a season to productions, destined
be consumed by the cheesemongers for the fifty years
are to follow.

impossible to doubt that Miss Landon believes herself to be
Indeed, how could she think otherwise, as scarcely a week
n which the soothing flattery is not poured into her willing
She proclaims the pleasing consciousness in her title page—
ny soul felt her destiny divine." In her preface, she de-
hat she is 'no longer one who springs forward in the mere
of exercise and enjoyment; but rather like the Olympian
ho strains his utmost vigour, with the distant goal and
n view.' Women, we believe, sometimes contended for the
own, and won it too; but it certainly argued in them no
consciousness of merit to enter the arena at all. The me-
however, as it is here used, has a meaning beyond that
trikes the ear; it imports not merely that the crown is in
ut that it already encircles the head of the successful racer,
are told, in another part of the preface, that she has exe-
one of those memories at once a good and a glory,' and
e has acquired a popularity 'beyond her most sanguine
'

uch for the lady's opinion of her own deserts. Now a word
with respect to the purpose of her labours. Whoever has
he trouble, as we have done, to read the volumes of verse,
various sweetly sounding titles, which Miss Landon has
ed, will, perhaps, agree with us in thinking, that whatever
erit might be in a poetical sense, there was in them, at all
very little of philosophy. If any of her verses were well
d, musical to the ear, and picturesque to the fancy, they
seem to have accomplished the only end which the fair
had in view. But now the secret is disclosed. Miss
l's objects were of a much more ambitious nature. She
n writing all this time, not merely for the purpose of un-
ning her imagination of the worlds which it was constantly

creating, but for a much more noble end, that of reforming society! She has, in fact, been, for some years at least, under the disguise of a minstrel, a second Mrs. Fry! She observed, we learn from her preface, that society was fond of indulgence, and consequently selfish, and that refinement was attended by a heartlessness 'which too often hardens while it polishes.' It was, therefore, from the commencement of her poetical labours, the guiding object of all her verses to discover a remedy for these imperfections of humanity. 'Aware that to elevate I must first soften, and that if I wished to purify I must first touch, I have ever endeavoured to bring forward grief, disappointment, the fallen leaf, the faded flower, the broken heart, and the early grave.' We venture to assert, that not one reader in fifty, of Miss Landon's poems, ever suspected that her views were so profoundly moral before. We must do her the credit to say, that she has preserved her disguise admirably. The sweet sorceress—she has cheated the world of its selfishness, simply by presenting to it a yellow leaf, or a decaying flower! Some persons thought that her fondness for such illustrations arose from the influence of an ill-requited passion. But that, she says, was all a joke! She is utterly unconscious of so great a misfortune!

For aught we know, 'The Venetian Bracelet' may be a homily, under the appearance of a tale. If we treat it as poetry, perhaps we shall be told to consider only its morality. We are informed, in what may be called the "argument," that by the application of poisons, good may be turned to evil. Thus a Venetian lady, who meets with a disappointment, buys from a Jew a bracelet containing poison, which she administers, without being detected, to her more fortunate rival. This is undoubtedly turning good into evil with a vengeance; and yet we are at a loss for the point of the moral.

Looking barely to the poetical character of the tale, the reader shall judge for himself of the sort of verse which is praised, and that loudly too, by many of our contemporaries. After confessing her ignorance of the Italian language, (by the bye, a confession not very creditable in these times,) and also her personal unacquaintance with that classic land, she nevertheless selects it for the scene of her narrative. We do not know that it is absolutely necessary for a poet to have travelled through a foreign country in which his hero or heroine may be placed; yet it is unfavourable to the effect which he desires to produce, to set out with professing that he had never stirred from home. The way in which the measure obliges us to pronounce the name of Amenaide, sufficiently indicates Miss Landon's ignorance of the Italian language, without rendering it necessary for her to make any declaration on the subject. The parting of the lovers is, in every line of it, a truly Landonic passage.

'The beat of heart, the flush of cheek, are gone,
Amenaïde but felt she was alone.
The vow which soothed her, and the hope which cheer'd,
The pride which nerved, with him had disappear'd.
"Leoni, dear Leoni!"—'twas in vain;—
The mocking echo answer'd her again.
—It is deep wretchedness, this passionate burst
Of parting's earlier grief, but not the worst;
It is the lingering days of after care,
That try the wasted spirit most to bear.
Now listless, languid, as the world had left
Nothing to interest, of him bereft;
Now lull'd by opiate thoughts that but restore
The mind its tone, to make it sink the more;
Now fever'd by anxiety, for rife
Are fears when fancy calls them into life;
And then that nameless dread of coming woe,
Which only those who've felt it e'er can know:
These still have been in absence, still will be,
And these, Amenaïde, were all for thee.'—pp. 11—13.

The sentimental reflections on loneliness, clothed as they are in raseology which really conveys no idea, no picture to the mind, precisely the sort of writings which our critics praise as glorious rsts of passion.

Amenaide having survived the first shock, and escaped from the isolations of her nurse, to her own chamber, looks through her tice, and sees at a distance the mansion of her lover's father.

'A crimson beauty wooed the maiden's eye:—
She look'd and saw, where, dark against the sky,
His father's battlements rose on the air;-
Alas, how haughty and how high they were!'—p. 13.

The alliteration, and the contrast, evidently give great energy to last line. Our heroine is not allowed to enjoy the prospect g, when she, who had hitherto apparently been but a rustic han, is summoned to a higher destiny.

'"Amenaïde!" her kind old nurse's voice;
"*Nay, come to me, dear child, come and rejoice.*"
Wondering, she enters, strangers round her stand,
And kindly takes their lordly chief her hand.
"So fair a peasant, sooth, but it is shame
To tell thee, maiden, of another name.
In the wild troubles which have rent our state
Thy noble father met an exile's fate:—
Nay, not that anxious look; he is no more,
And sorrowing Genoa can but restore
His honours to his child: I was aware,
Thanks to that faithful creature's parent care,
His daughter lived; and dear the task to me
To bring these words, and let Arezzi be
The first to greet and honour, *Countess, mine,*
Loveliest, and last of Alfiori's line.'—pp. 14, 15.

We submit to any person, who is at all capable of judging on the subject, whether such writing as this deserves the name of poetry. From these creeping lines we ascend to some pages of tinsel, about a lovely room, velvet carpets, myrtle buds, lily bells, scented winds, purple couches,

> '—how soft and warm
> Clung the rich colour to her ivory arm'!

pictured faces, and wreathed flowers. In short, the Countess was restored to her rank; yet she was miserable, as her lover was still absent.

> 'Many a weary hour and day had past
> For that young Countess,—this day was the last.
> He was return'd, with all war could confer
> Of honourable name, to home and her.
> Leoni would to-night be in the hall
> Where Count Arezzi held his festival.'—p. 17.

The lovers meet—but, alas, Leoni is married! Amenaide, of course, is horror-struck at seeing his bride, and when she returns home, falls very naturally into a fit, from which she awakes with a resolution to conquer her passion. The contest in her breast gives birth to another Landonic apostrophe.

> '*Love, what a mystery thou art!—how strange*
> *Thy constancy, yet still more so thy change!*
> How the same love, born in the self-same hour,
> Holds over different hearts such different power;
> How the same feeling lighted in the breast
> Makes one so wretched, and makes one so blest;
> How one will keep the dream of passion born
> In youth with all the freshness of its morn;
> How from another will thine image fade!
> Far deeper records on the sand are made.
> —Why hast thou separate being? why not die
> At once in both, and not leave one to sigh,
> To weep, to rave, to struggle with the chains
> Pride would fling off, but memory retains?
> There are remembrances that will not vanish,—
> Thoughts of the past we would but cannot banish:
> As if to show how impotent mere will,
> We loathe the pang, and yet must suffer still:
> For who is there can say they will forget?
> —*It is a power no science teaches yet.*'—pp. 36—38.

In this mood, she meets a Jew, who offers for sale the fatal bracelet, containing a subtle poison, which a secret spring afforded the means of extracting. After a short struggle—but we must here exclaim with the author,

> 'Alas! alas! how plague-spot like will sin
> Spread over the wrung heart it *enters in*'!

she buys the bracelet, poisons her rival, saves Leoni from the effect of a sentence which adjudged him to be the murderer, and dies heroically at his feet. Of the verses, in which all this latter part of the tale is told, we shall only select the announcement to Amenaide of the result of her stratagem.

'Hark! the hall echoes to a stranger's tread—
It is the Count AREZZI:—"My fair child,
How now!—thy cheek is wan, thine eyes are wild.
Ah, well, the rose is brightening on thy cheek:
I was too hasty with my sudden break
Upon thy solitude; scarce may I tell
The crime and horror which last night befell.
I have no time. The Count LEONI's bride—
You saw her -by some sudden poison died;
And strange suspicions on her husband fall:
There were so many present who recall
He gave her the sherbet:—'twas not all drain'd;
Part of the venom in the cup remain'd.
Some say 'twas jealousy:—I'm on my way
To the tribunal that will sit to-day.
—AMENAÏDE, *dear, thou art very pale:*
I would I had not told thee of this tale.'—pp. 44—45.

If this trash be really English poetry, then let some other country claim as her own, our Pope, our Goldsmith, our Campbell, our Byron, and our Moore. We should take shame to ourselves for thus speaking of the productions of a woman, if the foolish praises of her friends, and of those who adopt their sentiments, did not render it absolutely necessary to abate the nuisance.

Upon 'The Lost Pleiad,' we shall only remark, that it is just such a poem as any person, experienced in writing, may produce, who chooses to let his imagination and his pen wander over a quire of foolscap, taking care only to give eight syllables to each line, and to find rhymes for the couplets—a task which the labour of an hour or two will render perfectly easy. The 'History of the Lyre,' being in blank verse, may be rivalled with still greater facility, if the experimentalist can by any chance discover as mellifluous a name as *Eulalia!* The horrors of the 'Ancestress' will no doubt procure for that dramatic sketch the honour of being represented at the Coburg Theatre. Many of the poetical portraits we have met before, and shall therefore pass them over, in order to come to that second new star in our literary hemisphere—Robert Montgomery.

We are told by several of our contemporary critics, metropolitan and provincial, that in his new poem, Mr. Montgomery has displayed "wonderful powers;" that "its sublime tenor places him at once on terms of noble emulation with the better spirits of the age;" and that he is, indeed, one of those

'"Beings more than men,
Who spread the beam of inspiration round—
Whose very genius consecrates the ground!"'

To the *Literary Gazette* our author is indebted for the first of these quotations; to a writer in the *Times* for the second; and to that most profound and enlightened print, the *Carlisle Journal*, for the third. It is worth while to notice here, in passing, the paltry imposition which is practised on the public by advertising a favourable criticism from the *Times*, without adverting to the material fact, that it was emphatically marked in that newspaper as the production of "a correspondent," a precaution which is generally used when the editor has a wish to oblige, but no desire to be held out to the world as responsible for the truth or justness of the article so inserted.

Mr. Montgomery has chosen a singular, and, as we shall shew, a most preposterous title for his new production. It might as well —and, indeed, with a great deal more propriety—have been called "Mr. Montgomery," or "Peter," or "Tobias," or, indeed, any name whatever, with the exception of that which he has chosen. When he determined to evoke "Satan" from the sphere of his power, and to represent him as holding a soliloquy upon the earth, and its inhabitants,—their various pursuits, their vices, and their follies,—he ought at least to have studied the character of that Spirit, and to have preserved its consistency. Satan is generally, we should suppose, believed to have been degraded from the highest rank of the seraphs, and to have been doomed to never-ending woe, as a penalty for his rebellion against the CREATOR. Even if we were not to take his character from the glimpses of it which are afforded to us in the sacred writings, or from the awful impressions of it with which Milton has pre-occupied every cultivated mind, there is still in the very nature of the crime, and its consequent penalty, which eternally excluded Satan from heaven, enough to teach us that peace, joy, hope, or any of the affections that delight the soul, can never revisit his polluted breast. We can form no idea of him, except as the enemy of man,—as the lion that never sleeps in pursuit of his prey. To brand an act as Satanic, is to call down upon it a more than ordinary share of execration, as being a deed of more savage atrocity than man could be supposed capable of perpetrating.

What will our readers, who agree with us in these notions of Satan's character, say, when they learn that Mr. Montgomery's Satan is, in fact, a very good sort of a person, with whom any body might spend an hour without the slightest danger to his morals? He appears in many parts, and in all of them, to the greatest advantage. He often speaks like a polished gentleman. He is sometimes a very learned, and even an eloquent philosopher. Dr. Syntax was but a tyro to him in his admiration of the picturesque. He is a friend to liberty, and a classical scholar of the first order. No person excels him in a love of the fine arts. His taste in all things is exquisite. To the fair sex he is quite devoted; nay, he likes wedded life very well, and can paint with great truth its dignity and happiness. He is remarkably fond of children, so that the old gentleman must henceforth cease to be a terror to the infant generations. But the most novel feature in the reformed Satan of Mr. Montgomery is, that he ascends the pulpit frequently, and preaches right excellent discourses.

Our readers will hardly believe that any man in his senses could have really feigned such a portrait of Satan as we have just described. We shall presently give them an opportunity of putting our description to the test of truth. In order, however, that they may be able to comprehend the plan of the poem, it is necessary to premise, that the author represents his hero as appearing once more upon the mountain which witnessed his temptations of the Redeemer.

> 'Awake ye thunders! let your living roar
> Exult around me, and a darkness shroud
> The air, as once again the world I greet,
> Here on this haughty mountain-head, where He
> Of old, now palaced in the Heaven of Heavens,
> The Virgin born, by Prophets vision'd forth,
> Was tempted, and withstood me!'—p. 19.

Here is a commencement with a vengeance! Here is a flourish of thunders! The ancient and the modern poets, too, who are supposed to have any pretensions to that sacred title, thought that the opening strain of a long poem could hardly be too modest or too simple in its language. But Mr. Montgomery, who in many things appears to think that novelty as well as excellence may be found in the reverse of established notions, flings his hero upon the scene, in the midst of darkness, and a 'living roaring' storm of thunder! Not content with this, he follows it up with an earthquake, and an indescribable accumulation of natural and supernatural horrors, which, though long, we must quote, as it furnishes a specimen of the most unqualified bombast which we have seen since the days of Rowe.

> 'Is the Earth
> Appall'd, or agonizing in the wrack
> Of Elements?—like Spirits that are lost,
> Wailing and howling, sweep the orphan winds,
> While Nature trembles with prophetic fear,
> As though a Chaos were to crown the storm!
> Lo! how it glooms, and what a fiery gash
> Deal the red lightnings through yon darken'd sky,—
> All echo with the chorus of her clouds!
>
> 'And well Earth answers to the voice of Heaven.
> Hark to the crash of riven forest-boughs
> In yonder waste, the home of hurricanes,
> That catch the howlings of the cavern'd brutes,
> And wing them onwards to Arabia's wild,
> O'ercanopied with flying waves of sand,
> Like a dread ocean whirling through the skies!

But Thou, alone eternally sublime,
Thou rolling mystery of Might and Power!
Rocking the tempest on thy breast of waves,
Or spread in breezy rapture to the Sun,—
Thou daring Ocean! that couldst deluge worlds,
And yet rush on,—I hear thy swell of wrath
In liquid thunder laughing at the winds
Resoundingly, and from afar behold
Thine armed billows, heaving as they roar,
And the wing'd sea-foam shiver on the gales.

'Swell on, ye waves, and whirlwinds, sweep along,
Like the full breathing of Almighty ire,
Whose sound is desolation!—where the sail
Of yon lone vessel, as a shatter'd cloud,
Is moving, let the surges mount on high
Their huge magnificence, and lift their heads,
And, like Titanic creatures, tempest-born,
In life and fury march upon the main!—
Rave on, thou Tempest, on thy reckless wings;
To me thy warring mood is fearful joy,
A faint memento of that mighty day,
When proud rebellion shook the walls of Heaven,—
Till, charioted by Thunder, forth He came,
The Lightning of the Lord, and blazed revenge,
Hurling us downward to the deep of Hell,
That madden'd wild as billows in the storm,
When rushingly we met her roaring flames!'—pp. 20—22.

We had intended to direct those lines and expressions which are most outrageous in their fury, to be printed in italics; but we found so many of both entitled to that type, that it would have ceased to be a distinction. We have therefore left the passage as it is in the original, commending it as a proof of Mr. Montgomery's "wonderful powers,"—of the "sublime tenor" of his poem, and of that magical genius which "consecrates the ground."

After soliloquising in this style for some time, and admiring every thing around him, Satan commences his tour, in the course of which he visits Jerusalem, Bagdad, Damascus, and all the famous cities of the East; proceeding by way of Hindostan to China, thence to America, and across the Atlantic to Europe, where, of course, in compliment to his patron and friend, Robert Montgomery, he pays marked attention, and, indeed, devotes a great part of his precious time, to England. It will not be in our power to attend him in all his excursions, or to give the reader an idea of the many sage reflections which he makes upon human life and manners. We have said, however, that Mr. Montgomery's Satan was a "good sort of a person, with whom any body might spend an hour without danger to his morals," and we now produce the proof.

'To the vast silence of primeval gloom
On wings of Mystery may Spirit roam,
And meditate on wordless things, whence comes
A glorious panting for a purer state.—
True sadness is the soul of holy joy;
And such feel they, who fashion brighter worlds:
But martyrs to diseased thought abound,
Who out of earthly elements have sought
To reap a happiness, whose home is heaven,
And failing, sunk to profitless despair.
Thus Learning, Luxury, and Fame,—these three
Vain phantoms, what a worship have they won!
The first, a shallow excellence; the next,
A malady of brutish growth, debased
And most debasing, turning soul to sense,
Till Nature seems unspirited; the last,
Magnificent betrayer! while afar
Beheld, the crown of heaven itself is thine;
When won, oft unavailingly enjoyed.
Oh! many an eye, that in the glow of youth
Hath brighten'd as it gazed on pictured worth,
Or linger'd in the lone and princely fanes
Where tombs have tongues, by monumental piles,
Where great inheritors of glory sleep,—
Hath wept the laurels that it once adored!'—pp. 80—82.

Certainly there is not a word in this passage which at all betrays the Tempter. It is delightful to hear him talk in this way of a 'purer state,' 'holy joy,' 'brighter worlds,' and of those human phantoms, 'Learning, Luxury, and Fame.' We know of no old woman in England who might not be trusted near such a proper devil as this.

We have said that the new Satan "often speaks like a polished gentleman." Behold him in that amiable character.

'The atmosphere that circleth gifted minds
Is from a deep intensity derived,—
An element of thought, where feelings shape
Themselves to fancies,—an electric world,
Too exquisitely toned for common life,
Which they of coarser metal cannot dream:
And hence, those beautifying powers of soul
That arch the heavens more glorious, and create
An Eden wheresoe'er their magic light
Upon the rack of quick excitement lives;
Their joy, the essence of an agony,
And *that*, the throbbing of the fires within!'—pp. 82—83.

Is not this language exquisite? We almost imagine that we hear it fall trippingly from the lips of a fashionable lecturer. We have said that Mr. Montgomery's friend is "sometimes a very learned and even an eloquent philosopher."

'Beyond the Libyan wild,
Where hot suffusion suffocates the winds,
Lo, wond'rous Egypt lies!—Come, royal heirs
Of Ptolemy, and patriarchal kings,
And see the shadow of your once sublime
And storied Egypt!—True, her fostering Nile,
That flowing wand'rer of mysterious birth,
Her annual life-flood generously yields?
But where the soul of Science? where the fount
Of Wisdom, from whose deep and dateless spring
The Greek and Roman drank?

* • • • •

'So sink the monuments of ancient might,
So fade the gauds and splendors of the world.
Her empires brighten, blaze, and pass away,
And trophied fanes, and adamantine domes,
That threaten'd an eternity, depart.
Amid the dying change, or lapse of things,
Enthroned o'er all, a desolation frowns,
Save mind,—omnipotent, surpassing mind!
One scintillation of a soul inspired,
Though kindled in an atmosphere of gloom,
Or loneliness, will strengthen, glow, and live,
And burn from age to age, till it become
The sun and glory of a thinking world,
When thrones are shatter'd, and their kings forgot!'
pp. 30—32.

Indeed, a few lines farther on, Satan becomes quite ethical, and claims to himself the honour of having been the original founder, not only of philosophy, but of poetry.

''Tis human actions stamp the chart of Time,
And wrap a shadow round departed years;
And he who marks mere havoc, not the tides
Of passion, and inclining will,—but prates,
Drowning his moral in a dream of words!
Let him who muses on the awful wreck
Of empires, wailing in the dust,—of thrones
Reversed, or titles ruinously vast,
Where silence and the solemn feelings dwell,
Dive deeper, till he stretch a thought to me!
Ere man was fashion'd from his fellow dust,
I was,—and since the sound of human voice
Has echoed in the air, my darksome power
Hath compass'd him in mystery, and in might:
Upon the soul of sage Philosophy
And Wisdom, templed in the shrines of old,
Faint shadows of my being fell; a sense
Of me thus deepen'd through the onward flood
Of ages, till substantial thought it grew;

A certainty sublime, in that great soul,
The epic God of ancient song, who down
The infinite abyss could dare to gaze,
And show imagination shapes of Hell!'—pp. 33, 34.

We have at hand abundant proofs of Satan's love for the picturesque, but we shall content ourselves with a single specimen; admitting, at the same time, that there are other passages of very considerable merit in this style of writing to be found in the poem under our consideration.

'How rich
The wooing luxury of floral meads,
Reposing in the noon; where scented winds
Exult, and many a happy brooklet sings;
Sure Admiration might romance it here!
Tall mansions, shadow'd through *patrician trees,*
Those brown-spread farms, grey villages and cots,
With castled relics, and cathedral piles
Where dreaming Solitude may muse and sigh,—
Enchant dead ages from their tombs, or hear
The dark soliloquy of ancient Time,—
Adorn the landscape, and delight the view:
While haggard rocks, and heaven-aspiring hills,
Balking the ocean, here and there create
A mountain charm, to solemnize the scene.'—pp. 239, 240.

Of the other novel features of character which we have ascribed to Mr. Montgomery's Satan, we might furnish the most complete evidence from the pages before us. This, however, would be to many of our readers, we fear, a tedious operation, and we shall therefore close the book, after extracting from it the commencement of a sermon, with a regular text, which is really too good to be omitted. To induce Satan to preach against Carlile, is one of the triumphs of poetry which has been reserved for the present author.

'"What Understanding cannot grasp, Belief
Can never claim,"—a wisdom most divine!
Why, all around him, from the race of flowers,
That woo his unadoring gaze, to hosts
Of sphery wonders that pervade the sky,
Is Myst'ry, robed in her material pomp;
Then why should mysteries of awe within
Resolve themselves, to charm a sceptic mind?
Religion proves—but is not all explained?
The beatings of the heart resemble this,
And men may wonder, but it still beats on!'—pp. 36, 37.

It is not to be doubted that the observations we have made on the poems which form the subject of this article, will be ascribed to personal feelings, either against the authors, or the booksellers who have published their works. Such imputations are always the resource of empirics in every art. Those who make them, must well know that the conductors of this journal have no reason to entertain personal feelings against any of the parties here alluded to, and if they had, that they would disdain to express them in an indirect and unmanly manner. Instead of throwing out charges of this description, the flatterers and friends of the two authors here reviewed, would be much more usefully employed in defending the criticisms by which they have endeavoured to palm upon the world, as true poetry, the tinsel and the bombast which we have been obliged to quote, in order to justify the judgment which we have now pronounced.

ART. II.—*A Treatise on Atmospherical Electricity; including Lightning Rods and Paragrêles.* By John Murray, F.S.A., &c., &c. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 149. London: Whittaker, Treacher, and Co.; Edinburgh: Daniel Lizars. 1830.

WHEN we consider how extensively amongst all classes the fear of the effects of lightning prevails, and particularly when we remember how reasonable are the grounds on which, to a certain extent, this apprehension is founded, we are at a loss to account for the apathy so generally to be found amongst the public, respecting the means by which life and property may be protected from so fearful a visitation. But though we cannot find a motive for this indifference, we cease altogether to wonder at its existence, since we know that week after week, human beings are consumed in their beds by nocturnal fires, and yet not a single effective movement is made either by the Government or the public towards preventing such calamities. We hear indeed of a project of one of the members for the county of Surrey, for regulating the construction of houses in and near London, with the view of checking the progress of a conflagration, in case it commences in any part of a building. But this measure, supposing it to be capable of answering its professed object, can of necessity be only prospective, and must leave the inhabitants of the actual metropolis in the same state of dangerous liability as that to which they are exposed at this very hour.

That a ready and effectual means of protection from each of the dreadful casualties to which we allude may be provided, we have not the slightest hesitation in affirming. At all events, we can boast that the wonderful element—Electricity, to whose power the heavens and the earth bear witness, has so far submitted to the importunate curiosity of man, as to yield, at length, a knowledge of those laws by which its malignant fury and its arbitrary caprice may be controlled. Ever since the illustrious Franklin practically established the theory, which was first advanced by the ingenious Abbè Nollet, namely, that the lightning of the heavens and the electricity excited by the hand of man here on earth, are identical,—philosophers are enabled to maintain with that astonishing agent an acquaintance the most familiar. Hence have we ascertained some of the most important attributes of Electricity; its habits, if we may so speak, its predilections and propensities. There are substances with which the electric fluid, it has been discovered, is violently disposed to coalesce. There are others, again, with which it refuses to engage, even upon the most transitory terms of alliance. Metals belong to the first of these classes, and hence they are employed as the materials of Lightning Conductors. 'Thunder Rods,' says the author of this very ingenious and very interesting little work,

> 'Thunder or lightning rods are metallic bars attached to buildings for the purpose of presenting a medium of escape to the lightning; which, when it strikes a building, seizes on the best conducting medium, and most direct passage to the earth, and if these are not provided for it, its vengeance is terrible, and will be felt. The question whether *balls* or *points* should terminate the conductor, was once stoutly contested; points it was contended, attract the lightning from a greater distance, and, as it were, invite the approach of the storm cloud, which might otherwise pass by on the other side, or at least float over the spot harmlessly; but it was overlooked, or forgotten, that lightning exercises terrible powers on a blunted surface such as a ball, from the great difficulty opposed to its entrance by the resistance it finds under such circumstances, facts known to every electrician, while there is no such difficulty of entrance or exit with respect to a point.'—pp. 115, 116.

Such is the instrument which has been long used in this and many other countries, and which, notwithstanding various objections, has been found, when properly constructed, to answer the proposed end. It is most curious to find, however, that this very conductor or rod, which so many men of genius, learning, and ingenuity, have been at the pains to complete,—which in fact has been always regarded as one of the proudest trophies of science, was known and employed by a people of no more refined cultivation than the wild peasantry of Lombardy. The Abbè Berthollet, in his work on the Electricity of Meteors, describes a practice used on one of the bastions of the Castle of Duino, on the shores of the Adriatic, which has existed from time immemorial, and which is literally neither more nor less than the process that enabled Franklin to bring down lightning from the clouds. An iron staff, it seems, was erected on the bastion of this castle during the summer, and it was part of the duty of the sentinel, whenever a storm threatened, to raise an iron pointed halberd towards this staff. If, upon the approach of the halberd, sparks were emitted (which, to the scientific mind, would show that the staff was charged with electricity from a thunder cloud), then the sentinel made sure that a storm impended, and he tolled a bell which sent forth the tidings of danger to the surrounding country. Nothing can be more delightfully amiable than the paternal care of its subjects, which this interesting provision of the local government exemplified. The admonishing sound of the bell was obeyed like a preternatural signal from the depths of the firmament; shepherds were seen hurrying over the vallies, urging their flocks from the exposed fields to places of shelter. The fishing boats, with which the coast of the Adriatic was generally studded, forthwith began to crowd sail and make for the nearest port, whilst many a supplication was put up from many a gentle and devout heart on shore, before some hallowed shrine, for the safety of the little fleet.*

The inductions, then, of scientific research show, and the experience of an untutored race of men establish, the utility of metal conductors. But it must not be denied that objections have been strongly urged against them. The great defect of Mr. Murray's book is, that he has not noticed the arguments and speculations of adversaries at any thing like an adequate length. Professor Leslie, the most ingenious and erudite of them all, and at the same the most uncompromising, is scarcely mentioned in this volume. And yet, to our apprehension, the reasoning of the learned professor is by no means of the formidable quality that would make it a point of prudence, in an opponent, to decline a controversy with him. We have read his paper on Electrical Theories, published in the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, about five years ago, with great pleasure. It is, however, a mere academical display—a brilliant chain of theories, and, as a piece of reasoning, perfectly suicidal. What, for example, can be more inconsistent than that the man, who declares every attempt to divert or dissipate the superabundant electricity collected in a cloud, with a view of preventing a storm, to be invalid and of no effect, should yet recommend copper conductors to be appended to powder magazines, and ribands of the same metal to be attached to the masts of vessels and extended to the keel? Professor Leslie, in the paper alluded to, observes, "It never can be proved that thunder rods have produced beneficial effects, but several instances may be cited where they have afforded no sort of protection." The answer to this statement is satisfactorily given by Mr. Murray. He says—

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* For the thousand and first time, we are constrained to repeat that "there is nothing new under the Sun." We have given one illustration of this truth, and shall now add another. A few years ago a small instrument, which had been evidently used for surgical purposes, was dug out of the ruins of Herculaneum. The instrument was admirably calculated for its supposed purposes: a Frenchman who had seen it, or had heard it described, was tempted to introduce into the surgical profession an implement, as he thought, fabricated on the same plan. But this new instrument, which he proposed as an original invention, differed in material particulars from the old one, and it failed altogether in practice. In this defective state, it fell into the hands of the justly celebrated artist, Mr. Weiss, of the Strand. Applying his judgment and experience to the matter, he ultimately produced an improved instrument of the same kind. The reader, perhaps, will think his credulity to be sadly taxed, when he is called on to believe that Mr. Weiss's *improved instrument is identical as to its plan, with the instrument which was dug from Herculaneum.* Mr. Weiss, it must be observed, never knew of the latter; and the first intimation which he had of the identity of plan, was given by Dr. James Johnson, a learned and excellent physician, who recently saw the Roman instrument at Naples, and to whom we are indebted for this curious anecdote. Our ancestors, it must be allowed, had some "wisdom" after all.

> 'More than nine-tenths of the conductors attached to buildings in Great Britain are worse than useless, nay, *act a false character*, and tend to invite destruction on the buildings they are meant to protect and defend. Such conductors are always formed of *iron*, a very inferior conducting material, and worse than all, they are mostly corroded through with rust, the consequence of oxidation; now metallic oxydes are not conductors; and since it appears clear from the experiments of Coloumb and Biot, that electricity penetrates the surface to an *inappreciable depth*, its conducting character by such superficial oxidation is utterly destroyed, while the point may still operate partially and imperfectly as a *point*. Besides, we shall find these conductors, as they are called, often dislocated, sometimes linked together, and at other times fastened to the wall by iron clamps or staples, and finally, instead of entering the earth, *the extremities are left to dangle several feet above the surface, as if we wished the lightning to raze the building from the foundation.* Iron is every way objectionable as the *material* for a conducting rod, or to form any part of it.'—pp. 117, 118.

No human invention can withstand the prejudicial effects of bad materials and unskilful execution. The great providential blessing of vaccination, was nigh a premature condemnation in consequence of the ignorance or neglect of many who undertook to practise it. 'Let it be remembered,' says Mr. Murray, a few pages afterwards, 'that the number of *tolerable* lightning rods in the three kingdoms is extremely limited, and *we have personally inspected the greater number of them.*'—(p. 125). We think Mr. Murray's evidence quite satisfactory as to the point, that the failure of lightning rods is owing entirely to the deficiency of their formation. The plan of construction which he proposes for general adoption must be given in his own words.

> 'The conductor we recommend is composed of four softened copper wires, formed into a fasciculus by copper rings; these wires are separated at the top, and bent from the centre outwards, at about an angle of 45° with the horizon, they are elevated several feet above the highest part of the building, and are threaded through wedges of wood; at about two feet from the surface of the ground they glance off at an angle, and terminate below the surface in the moist subsoil; the wires should diverge here, to allow the more ready diffusion and form an escape for the lightning; this may be called the *root* of the conductor. The following plan, we think, will completely obviate the necessity of having a gilded summit, and may be conceived an interesting application of the principle of voltaic electricity:—Let the wires below ground in contact with mois-

ture pass through a *cylinder of zinc*, before they diverge to form the root, the copper wires will in this case always remain free from any oxidation. The diameter of each wire we recommend to be one-fifth of an inch, which would give a circumference of three-fifths to each wire, and an aggregate conducting superficies of two and two-fifths inches. In this arrangement we have four points, and each point its respective stem; a pointed conductor only acts as *one point* irrespective entirely of the size of its stem, while multiplied points act in the ratio of their numbers.'—pp. 122, 123.

For our own parts, we have been led to the consideration of this subject, from knowing, as we do, how great and how general is the fear which the season of thunder inspires, and consequently how vastly it would contribute to the ease and comfort of many thousands, could they be assured that a certain guarantee against the calamities which they dread, was attainable. We think, that upon matters touching the convenience and personal safety of the public, the government of this country is exceedingly remiss; and this negligence is the more to be wondered at, since the law for a long time has considered the crime of taking money or property from the person of a man, to be most heinously aggravated by the culprit, *if he put the party in fear of his life*. We trust that the time is near when the legislature, perhaps from having nothing more weighty to engage its deliberations, will turn its serious attention to many points in the domestic condition of the people, which at present it would be almost deemed a condescension in them to consider. Whose business, whose duty is it but that of such a national tribunal, having no limit to its power or to its facilities of investigation, to ascertain whether or not a dreadful apprehension, almost universal amongst the people, may be superseded? What object can be more worthy of the ambition of a true patriot, than to make his fellow countrymen secure from an acknowledged danger, and then make them feel that they are so.

From the consideration of the temporary utility of lightning rods, Mr. Murray advances to a theory of general and permanent application. He thinks that by the multiplicity of those instruments, the climate of this country, in seasons which are unfavourable to vegetation, may be very powerfully acted on, and the virulent influence which it exercises so as to occasion the premature destruction of the growing plant, be rendered unavailing. We are developing, not supporting, Mr. Murray's speculation. His reasoning, however, deserves the praise of ingenuity. The hop plant, he says, for instance, has no enemy so formidable as the *aphis*, or fly; but the aphis is attracted to its victim only by a morbid condition of the plant itself, that condition being the result of an untoward state of the atmosphere. Copper wires, attached here and there to the hop-poles, will, in Mr. Murray's judgment, effect a world of good; and for aught we know, a hop grower, who has a due sense of the precariousness of his crop, may, less beneficially for himself, indulge his taste for novelty in other things than taking to copper wires. The great subject which Mr. Murray has in this work propounded for the public consideration, deserves a more large and elaborate discussion than he has given it. We know of no one that could attempt to supply the deficiency of which we complain, with a better chance of success, than Mr. Murray himself.

Art. III.—*A View of the Court of Chancery.* By the Honourable William Long Wellesley. 8vo. pp. 178. London: James Ridgway. 1830.

We have nothing whatever to do with the personal character of Mr. Wellesley, or the course of conduct pursued by him with respect to his immediate family and relations. He, himself, admits that the world has been taught to indulge in strong prejudices against him; whether justly or wrongfully, time, he assures us, will demonstrate.

It is the very existence of these prejudices against him, that warns us to ponder on his case, because there is no occasion on which bad and destructive principles have a better chance of being established, than when they are employed for the purpose of mortifying or ruining an object of popular odium.

We suppose that there are few in this country at present, who require to be told that Mr. Wellesley, the surviving parent of his three infant children, was, by operation of law, deprived of their presence; that they were formally separated from him, placed in the custody of comparative strangers, and that he himself was enjoined to refrain from their society, except upon conditions to which, we think, no parent ought to submit. We care not who Mr. Wellesley is, or who the parties are to whom his paternal character was violently transferred. But we say this, that the broad statement which we have now made, is the description of a more monstrous act of domestic cruelty.

The Chancellor is either right or wrong in displacing Mr. Wellesley from the guardianship of his children. If he be wrong, then there is no sign whereby the thoughts of man can be removed from his breast, which can sufficiently express the guilt of such an act. If he be right, if it be wholesome that a father in any case shall humbly *qualify* in the Court of Chancery for the function of a parent before he is allowed to exercise it, then we say that the great mass of the community is grossly injured, since it is deprived of the benefit of such an ordeal. Wicked and demoralising parents may abound, children of tender years are in jeopardy for their innocence for the present, and for their sense of morality for the rest of their lives, in consequence of the corrupting intercourse of their parents. Does the Chancellor step in to invalidate the rights of the wicked father, and to consign the children to more virtuous guardianship? No such thing. The condition on which the Chancellor sympathises with the offspring is, that they shall be represented by a good substantial pledge in Chancery—they must be wards of the Court. Here, then, is a law which, if it be bad, has the additional hideous feature of being a cruelty: if it be good, it is made useful to the public in the proportion only of about one in ten thousand.

To show how preposterous, how abortive, even to its becoming ridiculous, this law is, we need only take the case before us. Mr. Wellesley is now re-married; it is no stretch of fancy to suppose him blessed with three children more, who shall be called after the maternal name, the Patterson Wellesleys. We have, then, on the one hand, the Long Wellesleys, and on the other the Patterson Wellesleys, all infants of Mr. Wellesley. The little Longs are withdrawn from the care of their father, because he is declared to be unfit for the duties of a parent. What is to be done with the little Pattersons? Are they, in due time, to be abstracted from their father's arms, and heaven and earth to be ransacked for a competent Dominie to teach them virtue? No, indeed; the poor Pattersons are abandoned to their father; he may bring them up if he choses, in the popular arts of breaking windows, prostrating the guardians of the night, instituting weekly series of rows in peaceful neighbourhoods; the perverse father is at liberty to initiate them in the elegant amusements of "Hell and Tommy,"* and, by due course of instruction, to lead them to the foot of the gallows, if he pleases. The Chancellor stirs not; he has no bowels for the Pattersons, for they keep no account in the great Equity Bank of the Nation; their names are not to be found in the alphabet of the Chancery Register. Again, still further to show in what admirable keeping our protecting laws are, we find, from Mr. Wellesley's own statement, that he is in possession "of a great deal of *Church preferment*," in the regulation of which the state has no power to interfere. Thus, then, we have the same individual declared unfit to take care of his own children, at the same time that he is allowed to place his creatures alongside the fountain of religion, to impart its waters in whatever measure, and in what quality they may.

The overwhelming objection, as we think, to this law of the Chancellor's is, that it cannot be carried into effect without involving a series of acts which are perfectly revolting. It is a violation of human nature, and it can only be maintained by constant violations of a similar character. *Qualis ab incepto, processit.* We shall illustrate this from the present case. Mr. Hutchinson, the solicitor opposed to Mr. Wellesley, states, in one of his affidavits, "that, under the peculiar circumstances of this case, the allowing

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* "We have been informed that Mr. Pitman took great pains to counteract the ill effects of Mr. Wellesley and others *urging them* (the boys) *to play Hell and Tommy, &c.*, as soon as their studies were over."—*Miss E. T. Long's Letter to Mr. Hutchinson.*

Mr. Wellesley to make presents to his children, or grant indulgences, was inconsistent with the declaration of Lord Eldon, which was to the effect, that it was better they should not be at all supported by their father, but out of their own fortunes, than that they should be under his influence or control; and that presents to children of their tender age would, in his (deponent's) opinion, *operate on their minds as bribes*, and that they would be taught to look on the person who most indulged them, as their best and kindest friend, and he, the said Mr. Wellesley, would thus acquire *an undue influence over them, which might be used for the worst of purposes, and purposes prejudicial even to the infants themselves.*" To explain this passage, Mr. Wellesley says, "I gave my eldest son a writing portfolio, and writing materials, to make him more orderly in keeping his papers." This is not all. Dr. Bulkeley, a witness opposed to Mr. Wellesley, states, as an unpardonable iniquity, we presume, on the authority of the Master Wellesleys, that their father, during an interview which he had with them at Eton, gave them 5*l.* a piece, and promised to send them horses, guns, &c.! To crown this part of their case, the Solicitor-General undertakes to vindicate the alarms of Mr. Hutchinson:—

> '"And I think," said the learned Gentleman in his argument before the Lord Chancellor in July last, "Mr. Hutchinson has stated fairly enough, and makes a very fair observation, that as Mr. Wellesley has not that power of coercion over them, on his side it was all benefit, and therefore all presents, without any power of coercion by the father, whether there was not a danger to be apprehended—*to lead to a mistaken notion, and to induce them to suppose that every body meant to injure them except their father, by sending them presents when he had not the power of coercing them.*"'—p. 39.

Who will believe that a sentiment like this escaped from the lips of a parent—a sentiment which the cold-hearted philosophy of a Machiavel almost would disown. Exiled from his children for nearly three years, his natural anxiety to rejoin them increased by the manner in which their separation was effected—the father of these devoted infants at length is admitted to their presence. To the little catalogue of their wants and wishes he listens with the indulgence of a parent, and distributes amongst them what money he had in his possession at the time. To this circumstance Mr. Wellesley alludes in his affidavit before the Court of Chancery:—

> "He admits, that before leaving them, (the children), he divided between them what money he had in his pocket, which amounted to five pounds a-piece; but that he did not do this until he had learnt from them that their allowance was only two shillings a-week; that it was customary to give treats to their schoolfellows; and that they had got into debt at different shops to the amount of two or three pounds each."

Meeting his children under the circumstances he did, to have refused almost to coin his heart into drachmas, and lay them at the feet of the interesting suppliants, would have argued an obduracy of feeling in the father, which ought to have drawn down upon him the very sentence of divorce from the society of his children, under which he is actually labouring. But to pervert so obvious an effusion of natural affection as we have described, into a selfish calculation on the part of the father, in order to carry some sinister purpose into effect, shows the sort of materials which this case requires to support it.

And what has been the effect on the children of all this state solicitude, this anxiety to sow in their susceptible minds the principles of rectitude? We contend, that to have suffered the young Wellesleys to take the chances of other children, to have allowed them to remain under the exclusive control of their natural guardian, would have shown, in those who had the discretion of doing one thing or the other, a far more friendly disposition to the children, and an infinite deal more of prudence, than are seen in the course which has been taken. Must not the youths have known that their father was living? Why was it, then, that when any other child of their acquaintance was reared up by his parent, they alone should be deprived of the tender care of a father? Children reason more shrewdly than is commonly supposed. They must be told, they must find out one way or another that this parent has forfeited his natural rights, that he is deemed unworthy of the parental office, and that he is no longer deserving of that affection and respect which nature and religion alike require them to bestow on him.

" Honour thy father," utters the awful voice of Religion. " Despise thy father," proclaims the good Lord Chancellor's Dominie to the perplexed pupils, for can it be otherwise than upon the fullest understanding of the unworthiness of their father to associate with them, that children of any feeling would consent to remain separated from so dear a relation? And when we hear Lord Eldon, who is re-echoed by the Solicitor-General, condescend to the mockery of recommending that " these new guardians, to whom the custody of the children is given, *should cherish in them, to the utmost, a love and affection towards their father!*" we cannot but feel amazed at an insult so cold and gratuitous. " Your father, my little fellows," must the pedagogue repeat, "is an arrant rascal, but your love and affection for your only parent must not abate on that account. He would teach you to be sure to lie, to drink, to become rakes and profligates; he would ruin you, in short, body and soul, if you were left in his power; but mind, you must cherish for him, nevertheless, the affection which is due to the best of fathers." Why, what would any body suppose the result of such hypocrisy to be, but to open the young gentlemens' eyes, and to awake them to a sense of that premature independence which they could thenceforward enjoy? What is the actual fact in this case? We shall briefly offer a reply. For three years nearly after the order of separation had been pronounced, Mr.

Wellesley had not seen his children. Their education was superintended during this time by the Misses Long, of course by means of fitting instructors. We find that at the end of the term just mentioned, Mr. Wellesley is admitted to an interview with the young gentlemen.

'"He was grieved," he deposes in one of his affidavits, "to learn that they had been placed low in the fourth form of the school, and that his eldest son had been placed higher than he otherwise would have been, in order that he might be on a par with his younger brother; and that although they had been nearly five years under Mr. Pitman, as their private tutor, they had received repeated punishment for their inability, and would not be able to maintain even their present low position in the school; that his eldest son had been punished because he was unable to do his lessons, and to construe what he called 'Long Ovid,' meaning, as this deponent believes, the Metamorphoses of that poet; and he also found, upon examination, that his said sons were almost ignorant of the rudiments of the Latin language, and had nearly entirely forgotten the Italian and French languages, in both of which they had attained very considerable proficiency when they left him."'—pp. 63, 64.

Mr. Wellesley continues in a subsequent part of his affidavit—

'"Deponent was much surprised to hear his said sons (more especially the eldest) swear, and interlard his conversation with oaths; and this having been often repeated, he, this deponent, said, 'So, my dear, I find you have not forgotten to swear: how is this? you swear worse than ever you did when I was with you.' To which his said son replied, 'Oh! every body swears here, masters, boys, and all:' upon which this deponent asked what his aunts said to it, and he answered, 'Oh! they jaw us sometimes."'—p. 65.

Can any thing be more shocking—at the same time, can any thing be more natural and consistent than the results which are here disclosed? Is it not evident, even from this scanty view of the conduct of the young men, that they feel themselves released from any moral obedience to any authority whatever: they may be flogged; they may be degraded to a back form at Eton; but their evil propensities flourish, and their aspirations after pleasure acquire strength by their captivity. As a necessary consequence of their peculiar position, they are sought after by the contending parties as sources of evidence for each to support his views: one day they are sifted by Dr. Bulkeley, another they are examined by Mr. Wellesley. To the former, they are represented to state that they were advised by their father to drink, smoke, and do as they pleased, and that he did not care a d—n for the Chancellor; whilst Mr. Wellesley exhibits a document, the contents of which were taken down from the dictation of the children, and parts of which are in the following words:—

'They lost, all of a sudden, not quite all my letters to them. At Brighton, persons dressed in white, like ghosts, used to come and search their drawers when they were in bed. They tied a horse to dry linen across the room to their fingers, as they were in bed: the people fell over it. They believed these people used these means to ascertain if I had any correspondence with them. They got swords and armed themselves to attack these persons; the swords were always taken away every night.'—pp. 41, 42.

Again,—

'Their aunts eat a great deal indeed, and drink too. William says they drink two bottles a day—one of port and one of sherry; and he thinks that pretty well for women!!!

'He says, when they write a common note, every second word is scratched out, and the dictionary constantly used; therefore they cannot be very clever.'—p. 42.

We do not, God knows, put these assertions on record with the view of dishonouring the reputation of the ladies who are thus so freely dealt with. The calm dignity with which they meet these degrading imputations, is one of the surest tests of their innocence. All we ask public attention to, is the degree of proficiency in the art of *representation* to which these candidates for manhood must have arrived, when, out of the very same transactions, they are able to furnish, (if the witnesses are to be believed,) materials that are thought useful on both sides of the question.

Deeply commiserating the lot of these youths, and scrupulously anxious to avoid a single word that may be calculated to prejudice them in the public mind, we yet ask this question: remaining beneath the paternal roof, subject to such disposition as their father, in obedience to the ordinary regulations of society must have made with respect to them, would those boys have been exposed in such a situation to a tithe of the corrupting influence, or to any thing like the unequal ordeal which "their youth suffered" since their removal from a parent's protection? Say what we will, natural affection will vindicate itself at last. Parents were made long before Chancellors, and it is not by the bye-laws of a presumptuous tribunal, that the pulsation of kind towards kind is to be ordered even in these days. Mr. Wellesley may entertain very objectionable notions about education, but our life on the event, if even his cunning would not, at last, convince him, that the best patrimony he could provide for his children, would be a merited good character. The crime of these Chancery proceedings against Mr. Wellesley is, that starting on an inhuman principle, they endeavour to blacken human nature down to the degree that will apparently justify them in the application of this principle: they show no mercy to an erring mortal; all refuge for the penitent sinner is cut off, and that pathetic lamentation, such as a Rachel once sent forth for her children *because they were not*, is denounced as the language of disrespectful importunity, and made the pretext for perpetuating the very grievance which is sought to be removed.

From all that we have now said, the reader will be able to infer our opinion as to where the real strength of Mr. Wellesley's case lies. It is not by long and irrelevant quotations, it is not by personal attacks on professional men who can have no motive but the discharge of their duty in what they do, it is not by a chimerical crusade against the Court of Chancery, and, above all, it is not by implicating the character of the Misses Long, that Mr. Wellesley can hope to attract the sympathy of the public. The natural tie between father and child furnishes a foundation sufficiently solid for him to stand upon, and, from that impregnable position, if he will only consent to combat, he cannot but ultimately prove victorious.

Art. IV.—1. *A Letter to the Earl of Aberdeen, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.* By Henry Gally Knight, Esq. Third Edition. London: 1829.

2. *A Reply to Mr. Gally Knight's Letter.* By Sir James Wedderburn, Bart. London: 1829.

"There are always in England a hundred public papers ready to prove to demonstration that the state is ruined." So wrote Voltaire almost a century ago; nor is this disposition to constant complaint, which he then ridiculed, by any means extinguished amongst us.

A spirit of watchful inquiry into public measures, and a determination to permit no delinquency to pass uncensured, have ever been deemed the surest safeguards of our national liberties, which are obviously least likely to suffer from important inroads, when notice is attracted by trifling innovations. "As long as the public press remains unfettered," we are so often told, "despotism is held in abeyance:" and in this country, some of the hundred eyes of our Argus will always remain awake, even though a God more to be feared than Mercury, were used to lull their watchfulness.

Yet, although we approve of a spirit of incessant and minute observation, we cannot but deplore the existence of that feeling of despondency, and that spirit of dire foreboding, which are its too frequent, although quite inconsequential, accompaniments. Our self-love, not content with enjoying the present, leads us to explore what may await us in the future; we seldom hit the just medium, and, according as the temperament is sanguine or diffident, we are either affected with undue exaltation, or by groundless despair. Men of sedentary and thoughtless habits are most disposed to the latter excess, and as it is the opinion of such men that is most consulted and esteemed, so it happens that the productions of the public press too frequently bear a sombre tinge, and seldom breathe the ardent anticipations of prosperity.

Surely the sum of national happiness would be increased could this disposition be altered. By our dread of misfortunes, we feel evils twice, even if they occur; and by our expectation of unhappiness that really is not in store for us, we uselessly torment ourselves with "brain-born" miseries, and tremble at the apparition of ideal monsters. The true way to dispel such terrors, is to grapple with them, when we instantly discover their inanity.

There were in the world grumblers against the ruling powers, long before Thersites called Ulysses a fool, and there have been ever since imitators of his illustrious example. Freeport, in the *Spectator*, talking of the hardness of trade, finds in the present day his exact counterpart in the idler, who with his ten or twenty thousand a year, lounges at his club, and growls over his newspaper. We have never been without prophets, who have foretold to our nation speedy decay and dissolution, and yet here we are living when we ought to be dead, merry when we ought to be sad, in the midst of our poverty managing to pay thousands for a song at the opera, driving the price of all the luxuries of life to unheard of extravagance, and apparently so cloyed with all sorts of enjoyment, that we pay forty pounds a day to the Siamese boys, for the purpose of enjoying a rarity!

Do we then deny the existence of distress? Far be it from us to support so direct a contradiction to established facts; but we will ask any man, not only to seek in his own recollection, but to discover in the records of history, any period when distress did not exist. The poets tell us of a golden age, when all men were honest, and all women virtuous, when people were happy, and dined on acorns; but since that favoured time, a mixed state of combined good and evil has always been the portion, not only of men, but of nations, and it is equally vain to expect unalloyed happiness for the former, and unexceptionable prosperity for the latter. What we assert is this, that though partial distress is undoubtedly experienced, yet there is far from being any foundation for gloomy foreboding, and that there is not the least reason for distrust as to the general prospects of the nation. In attempting to support these positions, we are well aware of the terrible odds that encounter any one who tries to persuade an Englishman that he has a right to be happy.

With Mr. Gally Knight's 'Letter,' we confess ourselves disappointed. A rapid sale, and a "third edition," had led us to expect considerable pleasure in the perusal of pages, the author of which has already gained, and deserved, some portion of public applause. He is much too loose and general in his assertions; he has recourse to declamation where the evidence of facts could alone convince; his mode of reasoning is unsound and illusive, and his deductions do not follow from his premises. He begins by telling us that our credit on the continent has dwindled—a humiliating thought; he admits, however, that our ministers are receiving assurances to the contrary, but nevertheless, though all his subsequent reasonings depend on this position, he adduces no facts in support of his paradoxical opinion, and leaves us to determine whether he thought it unnecessary, or found it impossible, to advance such arguments.

Now, we certainly do think that our accredited agents at the various courts of Europe,—men selected for their talents and penetration, whose sole business it is to make themselves acquainted each with his separate principality,—may have better opportunities of ascertaining the true state of feeling, and transmitting to our foreign secretary a just view of the Continent, than can be possessed by any private gentleman who takes a rapid glance at affairs as he travels. Besides, Mr. Gally Knight is decidedly what is called a "low party man," and should he become, as is we hear expected, a member of the next Parliament, he will, we imagine, grace the benches on the left of the Speaker's chair. Now, the society into which such a man's tastes would naturally lead him, and the associates to whom his letters of introduction would make him known, would be almost exclusively of the party who call themselves "liberal," but who are called by others "democratic,"—the party to whom the existing order of things, from whatever causes, is irksome,—the parties who are now on the other side of the Channel amusing themselves in a manner that gives rise here to such dashing speculations, and such heavy bets. The opinions of this party, however, we can by no means admit to be the index of our national estimation: to them we can readily imagine that our ministry do not extend promises to excite their factious hopes, and from them we delight in receiving tokens that we are not in their favour. But till Mr. Gally Knight, or somebody else, can give us clear proofs, that among the steady, and settled, and respectable, and independent, part of the Continental gentry—among those whose opinion should alone interest us—our nation is thought to have retrograded, and our national character to be debased, we will not give ourselves or our readers the needless task of combating what does not exist, or of supporting by proof what is obvious to plain reason. As the two opinions contradict each other, and cannot both be correct, we will venture to disbelieve the single spectator, who, with unequal advantages, asserts that our nation is in disrepute abroad, and we will give our credit to the many witnesses, who, with means of knowing the truth, confessedly assert the reverse.

In the next place, to our surprise, Mr. Gally Knight takes for granted the astounding inference that our ministers purpose to abandon the high station which Great Britain has so long maintained in Continental politics. In support of so sweeping a position, we of course looked for facts, but, for an obvious reason, none are given. That we no longer listen to those brilliant effusions, with which Mr. Canning dazzled the understanding and held enchanted the faculties of his audience, we admit; but though our hearts grant him the powers of a splendid orator, our judgment cannot detect in his successor any proofs of inferiority as a statesman. Let this inferiority be pointed out and the case will be altered; at present we can neither accuse of fault, nor do we hear any fault alleged against our foreign secretary.

After a few remarks on the spirit of the age, which are written in a very neat style, but which have really no novelty to recommend them, our author proceeds to thank God that England was no party to the Holy Alliance. In this thanksgiving we most heartily join, and agree with Mr. Knight, that, looking to the practical objects which it had in view, it was an "unrighteous compact." But we are far from agreeing with Mr. Knight, when he accuses our government of being actuated by a kindred spirit in our conduct regarding Portugal. To this part of Mr. Knight's letter we will oppose the 'reply' of Sir James Wedderburn,—premising, now we are on the subject, that the latter has given us a very clever and lucid exposition, and that though we do not agree with him in all his opinions, we yet think it impossible for any one to lay down his pamphlet without being gratified by the perusal:—

'Portugal,' says Mr. Gally Knight, 'had accepted a Constitution which was the voluntary gift of her lawful sovereign, and a British force was conceded to the request of our most ancient ally, to forbid interference from the side of Spain. The interference which the British force was sent to resist menaced the new institutions. Did not England, then, appear to take these institutions under her especial care? It is idle to say that those who supported the new Constitution of Portugal, did not consider themselves as acting under the protection of England. The British force was sent to protect them.'—p. 24.

In reply, Sir James Wedderburn asks—

'By what tortuous interpretation of this measure could the Constitutional friends of Portugal possibly consider themselves, as Mr Knight asserts, "under the special protection of England?"

'Our interference or share in the démêlé was *strictly contingent*,—to be determined and controled by events which *did not arise*, but which would have amply justified it if we had; and was in no degree inconsistent with the dignified principle of neutrality which is equally due to ourselves and to others, as the first members of the European family.

'But, for the sake of argument, and to meet Mr. Gally Knight upon his own ground, if by our conduct towards Portugal we did throw a false light, that we did appear to countenance principles, and to uphold a party, which it was alike our duty as our interest to discourage; if, indeed, we did evince a "gratuitous and unnecessary display of liberalism" upon a question with which we had no immediate right to interfere;—*whose* was the reproach? Not the Minister for Foreign Affairs, whose policy is so obnoxious to Mr. Knight, but the same Mr. Canning, the illustrious prototype of his own school, whose principles our present Cabinet are accused of retrograding."

But we think that Mr. Canning's policy has been misunderstood; we do not at all believe that he ever held many of the intentions which have been attributed to him, as faulty by his opponents, and as admirable by some of his volunteer partisans; we do not imagine that, in respect to the usurpation of Miguel, he would or could have pursued a course much different from that followed by Lord Aberdeen. That he would have pursued his favourite views to the extent, and in the manner, which the opponents of the present Ministry assert, we cannot imagine. Such interference would have been in contradiction to the laws of nations; it was uncalled for by the circumstances of the case, and would have justly caused the jealousy of all Europe. It would have been pursuing, for the maintenance of one set of principles, the very method which the Holy Alliance has pursued for the establishment of another. Even in accordance with the views of the party who have raised the outcry against Don Miguel, what more could be done than has been effected? Is it not a little inconsistent in the advocates of democratic rights, to desire to see one government force on another a particular sovereign, and to effect this by deposing a monarch who has been raised to the throne by his people, in contradiction to the usual order of succession? For such is actually the case of Portugal. However abandoned the character of Don Miguel, and however degraded the nation or mob who shouted his elevation, (and on their moral qualifications there seems to exist an ominous coincidence of opinion,) still Don Miguel's usurpation has been sanctioned by the voice of the populace, as far as public opinion is generally consulted on questions of revolution. We will not condescend to compare the disgraceful proceedings in Portugal, with the august and dignified conduct of the famous "Convention" that settled the British Revolution, in 1688, but we will assert that Don Miguel has had as large a proportion of his country's applause as satisfied the Whigs during the French Revolution, and was as much chosen by his people as is usual when popular tumult, the general form of popular election, has established a dynasty. With the base perfidy of Don Miguel, both as a man and as a monarch, and with the utter blindness and brutal degradation of many of his adherents, we have no concern. Such considerations cannot but excite our disgust, but we have no right to spurn the object whom we loathe. We have no more business to interfere in the political purification of Portugal, than we have to send an armament to force upon them Trial by Jury or the Poor Laws. Have our Ministers acquiesced in the proceedings of the Miguelites? Have they not, on the contrary, by the recal of our Ambassador, refused to acknowledge his usurped authority, and have they not branded with obloquy his wicked breaches of faith? If there has been any departure from exact neutrality, has it not been on the side of what is called *liberalism?* What further were they to do? None of those who stun us with their complaints have yet pointed out any remedy. What they mean, if indeed they have any definite meaning, must be this: they would have had us support opinions held by men in this country, by an armament sent unsolicited to establish them in another, where the majority deem them noxious. We allow it to be impossible for any thinking man, educated in this kingdom, not to feel some enthusiasm in the cause of liberty, a kind of lover's ardour for his mistress; but are we, on that account, to turn political Quixotes, and force from those ignorant of her charms, acknowledgments of our Dulcinea's transcendent beauties?

The bulk of the Portuguese nation are undeniably opposed to the Charter, and they have, unquestionably, as much right to choose despotism for their country as we have to choose liberty for ours; nor have we more right to force the latter upon them, than they have to force the former upon us. But this question will soon, we expect, be set at rest. However despicable the agents, a Revolution has obviously been effected in Portugal, and the King *de facto*, after decent delays, will, we imagine, be generally acknowledged.

Whatever may be the case, far from our towering credit on the continent being diminished by our conduct regarding Portugal, Europe will behold with applause the moderation which we have substituted where tyranny was even demanded from us. Our noble character as a nation, equally immoveable from our firm course either by the temptations of advantage or by the aspect of peril, will be confirmed. The people who have so long been our allies, we pity, because we believe that they have chosen a line that is likely to prove baneful, when they might have selected that which would have proved beneficial. But, for ourselves, we have nothing to regret: we have done our duty, and may look back with calm satisfaction on our pursuit of perfect rectitude towards that country.

From the affairs of Portugal, Mr. Gally Knight proceeds to the affairs of Greece, and this latter part of his pamphlet is quite contradictory to that which has preceded. Finding his previous machinery of 'polluted justice,' 'real patriots,' 'breaking chains,' and so forth, cumbersome and obstructive, he takes leave of such allies, and, to our astonishment, assumes at once the impregnable position that the *laws of nations must not be violated even in the name of liberty!* p. 30. Why, if this fact had struck Mr. Knight at page 1 instead of page 30, he might have been saved the trouble of his remarks on the Portuguese question, the whole mystery of which is unravelled by this simple admission. Mr. Knight, however, is not to be stopped by any such trifle; but, getting bolder as he advances, he, in the next place, finds fault with us for not ordering the combined fleet from Navarino up to Constantinople? A thing very easily said, but not very easily done, to say nothing of the impolicy of the measure, and keeping quite out of view its tyranny and injustice; which latter argument is, by the bye, throughout set at nought, when it opposes the views of this champion of *liberalism*. But let us advance with Mr. Knight, who, in page 32, tells us, that 'from the moment of the change of administration in England, the Greek question seemed to be odious!' Now, Mr. Knight's dislike of our administration, has here carried him a little too far; a very little prudence would have taught him to touch lightly on the tender ground of the Greek question; a very little reflection would have taught him *to whom* is due the odium of the stock-jobbing transaction, which goes by that venerable name. The conduct of our ministers has been much more *liberal* with regard to Greece, than she had any right to expect: would that "the friends of Greece" had been as attentive to her interests.

Mr. Gally Knight's complaints consist of reproaching our ministers for raising the blockade of Candia, and of telling us 'that we have humbled ourselves before the footstool of the proud barbarian.' The latter expression somewhat puzzled us, but the next line explains that this is merely a metaphorical method of expressing 'the embassy,' which, in conjunction with France, we sent to the Ottoman Porte. Is Mr. Gally Knight wise in thus showing that his antipathy to our ministers is so bitter, that he cannot even mention a simple fact, without so couching it as to give it an air of crimination? With regard to Candia, we were the mediators between Turkey and Greece, and the same policy which led us to blockade at Navarino the Turks who attempted to molest the Greeks, led us at Candia to restrain the Greeks who attempted to molest the Turks. Can any thing be more simple? Were not the two cases exactly parallel? Yet Mr. Knight approves of the affair at Navarino, and condemns our interference with Candia. No one will be at a loss to discover his reasons; but it would have been well for Mr. Knight, had he thought of the passage from Quintilian, which Sir James Wedderburn has so happily prefixed as a motto to his reply—"Modeste tamen et circumspecto de tantis viris pronunciandum est, ne quid plerisque accedit, damnent quod non intelligunt."

But the climax of Mr. Knight's policy yet remains to be considered. Will it be believed that, as a remedy for the diseases of the East, he calmly proposes to permit Russia to occupy European Turkey, and expel the Ottoman dynasty? Yet such is the purport of the last part of his letter: and the principal advantage held out is the superior enlightenment which would shine on the inhabitants when under the sway of Russia! Here is *liberalism* with a vengeance. This part of Mr. Knight's letter we hardly know how to take hold of; it is like a soap-bubble, and bursts wherever it is handled. His position is, that Russia is at present unwieldy from her size, and he assumes that *therefore* the larger she is, the weaker she will become. Now in the first clause we coincide, but the latter we think a clear *non sequitur*. Let Russia, instead of her miserable ports on the Euxine, frozen up during several months, and situated on a sea less fitted than any other for the purposes of navigation—instead of these, let her but possess the ports of Turkey, and her bulk, instead of being cumbersome, becomes invaluable: her possession of Turkey would not only add to her already over-grown territory, a state full of resources which can furnish immense armies, but it would call into action the inert mass of extensive provinces that are at present without weight in the political balance. Such an accession would render the power of Russia really tremendous. Mr. Knight, in pursuit of his plan of enlightening Turkey, and encumbering Russia with additional territory, elegantly writes of 'Odessa advanced to Constantinople;' and upon the same principle would, we suppose, like to see her still further crippled by the possession of British India, or, perhaps, by having St. Petersburgh 'advanced' to Calais. Our statesmen, however, are so bold as to differ from Mr. Knight in this opinion. Mr. Canning thought, and acted too, on a contrary principle. This minister, whose sagacity is undeniable, we believe frequently made use of reasons, by which he was not himself actuated, to persuade to a particular line of conduct, men who could not be influenced by what to himself carried conviction; and we think, that the treaty of July, 1827, is a proof that the affairs of Greece formed such an instance, where by arguments of liberalism,—*i.e.* of interference to free one set of barbarians from the sway of another set of barbarians, for the sake of "classical associations," &c.,—he obtained acquiescence from those who would have thought of their purses, had he proposed at once to promise for the future security of their country, by resisting the advance of Russia. It must be obvious to all men, that a triple alliance had as much right to interfere in the government of Ireland as in the government of Greece; and by such a sense have the present ministry been actuated. Russia has receded, as her monarch asserted that she should, her end being attained; a contrary conduct would have united all Europe in opposition to her. And shall we ourselves attempt the interference which we will not permit to others? Let us be the arbitrators, but not the bullies of Europe. If Greece be ultimately erected into a monarchy, with the Prince Leopold for its first sovereign, that will be the work of Russia, France, and England, not of England alone. The motives of such a measure will be found in the many advantages which it would afford to the whole community of Europe, and not to any nation in particular.

We now take leave of Mr. Gally Knight, whom we should not have noticed at such length had we not understood that he was regarded as an oracle by many of his party, and declared unanswerable by some of the public prints. The declamatory style in which his letter is written, is, we are convinced, the only reason why it has been able to attain any degree of popularity; nor do we wish to detract from whatever credit may be due to this portion of his performance. But as far as his facts, or reasonings are concerned, we must withhold from Mr. Gally Knight our approbation.

Art. V.—*Lectures on Sculpture.* By John Flaxman, Esq. R.A. 1 vol. royal 8vo. pp. 339. Numerous Plates. London: John Murray. 1829.

A COUNTRY squire, who had been appointed a magistrate during the sway of Oliver Cromwell, applied to Sir Matthew Hale to instruct him in what manner he ought to perform the duties of his office. "Always decide," said the shrewd Chief Justice, "without assigning any reason for your decision; for if you hunt after reasons, you may be almost certain of going wrong, while you have some chance of being right if you avoid arguing." This we take to be not only a sound, but a very profound advice, applicable to by far the greater number of professional men, who take upon themselves the duties of instructors; and a more marked instance of the neglect of such advice, could not easily be pointed out than the Lectures of Mr. Flaxman on Sculpture. That the author could conceive and execute statues of great classical beauty, is universally acknowledged; that he could embody in stone the finer affections of human nature, is proved in his "Good Samaritan;" that he could even rise to the sublime, appears in his monument to the family of Sir Francis Baring, in Micheldever Church, Hants —but for none of these performances could he render a reason, nor give a single glimpse to the young aspirants of the Royal Academy of his method of proceeding, that they might profit thereby in their own studies. These "Lectures," indeed, in which the editor tells us 'he has been particularly cautious of making any alterations, lest, in the endeavour to give a smoother turn to a sentence, the sense and spirit of it should be injured,' demonstrate in a very striking manner the absurdity of attempting instruction upon such a system. We are quite certain, indeed, that none of his hearers, and none of his readers, can possibly make the slightest improvement in the art of sculpture by what is here told them, though it is highly probable, if, like the editor, they have "a sacred value for every idea and every word of the author," that they may be led woefully astray. This may by many be looked upon as too sweeping a condemnation; but we cannot consent to modify what we shall abundantly prove before we have done.

We can scarcely bring ourselves to believe that so many absurdities should find their way into elementary precepts, and even into philosophic criticism, as are so frequently met with, and we have seen these no where so obtrusively glaring as in Mr. Flaxman's Lectures. Should a painting, for instance, or a statue, obtain the credit of being a masterpiece, it is forthwith made the standard of beauty, and they even set about measuring its proportions, that the young artist may learn his profession by rule and compass, on a principle as preposterous as that on which he would proceed who attempts to compose an epic poem by a steam-engine. Such and the same we esteem the folly of striving to teach young artists grace, symmetry, and beauty, by ascertaining the proportions of the antique statues. The pupils are, when this is practised, deceived into a wrong course at the outset, and they can seldom afterwards recover the legitimate path by retracing their steps. This absurdity, however, has been carried so far, that tables have actually been drawn up of the feet, inches, and parts of an inch, necessary to be observed by every painter and every statuary, in embodying his conceptions of human beauty—the Venus de Medicis being usually taken as the standard of female, and the Apollo Belvidere of male, elegance of form. Mr. Flaxman has thought proper to introduce such a proportional table, employing (after Vitruvius) the head as the standard of measurement.

'From the os pubis to the top of the head one half, from the same point to the sole of the foot the other half.

There are three equal divisions from the acromion of the scapula to the bottom of the inner ankle:—

'First from the acromion to the point in the spine of the ilium, from which the rectus and sartorius muscles begin.

'Second, from thence to the top of the patella.

'Third, from the top of the patella to the bottom of the inner ankle.

'From the bottom of the pubis to the bottom of the patella is the same length as from the bottom of the patella to the sole of the foot, two heads each; but, we must observe, the ancients generally allowed half a nose or more to the length of the lower limbs, exceeding the length of the body and head.

Breadth.

Shoulders	2 heads.
Loins	1 head and 1 nose, or 5 noses.
Across the hips or trochanters	1 head, 2 noses, or head and a ½

Depth.

Chest	1 head, 4 minutes.
Loins	3 noses and ⅓.
Glutæi	1 head.

Breadth of the Thigh.

Thigh	3 noses.
Calf of the leg	2 noses.
Foot	1 head and ⅓ of a nose long.

Length of the Arm.

From the top of the humerus to the bend of the arm	1 head and ½.
From the bend of the arm to the first knuckles	1 head and ½.

Breadth.

Upper arm, front view	1 nose and ½.
Side view of do.	2 noses.
Lower arm, thickest part	1 nose and ½.
Wrist	1 nose.

'The female figure should not be so tall as the male; the shoulders and loins should be narrower, and the hips broader.'—pp. 130—132.

Now, though we admit that these are excellent proportions, and also that the Venus exhibits the most exquisite symmetry of the female form which was ever embodied or conceived; yet it does not follow that there could be no other female form beautiful, or that no other would be beautiful, that had not all the characteristics of this. On the contrary, we conceive that there may be a thousand other female forms, all differing in proportion from the Venus, or any one first-rate statue, and all no less supremely beautiful. The Venus is represented as a mere girl, of about fourteen or sixteen, and such, as every one knows, may have a style of beauty very different, though certainly not superior, to one of eighteen, twenty, or twenty-five. One may be a timid beauty, like the Venus, who seems to shrink back from the world, and even from herself; another, a modest beauty; another a sprightly beauty; and another a majestic beauty. But it is clearly impossible to combine all these characters in any one form, because they are altogether incompatible; and if any attempt should be made to unite them, the infallible result would be a figure of deformity. Tables of feet and inches, or heads or half heads, drawn up from the Venus and the Apollo, as the only standards of human beauty which the young artist is taught to look up to as perfection personified, are, therefore, we decidedly think, worse than useless; and the practical study of such absurdities must infallibly injure the finest genius for the arts. This strange mistake, this injurious fallacy, will be most strikingly exposed by bringing it to the test of experiment. It is known to every body that some beauties have blue, and others black eyes. If, then, the theorists can show, that a mixture of blue and black would be more beautiful than either blue or black taken separately, then will we allow that we are wrong. But a blueish-black or a blackish-blue eye, though no such eyes are found in nature, would, we are persuaded, look the very reverse of beautiful, in the same way that a compound of the timid Venus at fourteen, and the majestic Minerva at thirty, would appear incongruous and deformed.

"No man," says Barry, in his Lectures, "can judge whether any animal be beautiful in its kind, or deformed, who has only seen one of the species; this is as conclusive in regard to the human figure: so that if a man born blind were to recover his sight, and the most beautiful woman were brought before him, he could not determine whether she was handsome or not; nor if the most beautiful and most deformed were produced, could he any better determine to which he should give the preference, having seen only those two. To distinguish beauty, then, we must have seen many individuals of that species. If it is asked, how is more skill acquired by the observation of greater numbers?—it may be answered, that in consequence of having seen many, the power is acquired, even without seeking after it, of distinguishing between accidental blemishes and excrescences which are continually varying the surface of nature's works, and the invariable general form which nature most frequently produces, and always seems to intend, by her productions.'

So far Barry, and in this he agrees with Sir Joshua Reynolds; but though we might grant their premises, we should hesitate to agree to their inference. It amounts, indeed, to an attempt to support, from the practice of great masters, that after having made multifarious comparisons of the individuals of a species, and selected what was most beautiful in each, and composed them into a whole, that this new production, which comprehends all the selected beauties, is the only possible beauty of that species, and in so far as it is receded from, deformity must ensue. An example will make this obvious, and it is important that the principle should be well understood, since it is so strenuously insisted upon as a standing rule in the fine arts.

Let us, then, take the rose, the queen of flowers, as a *point d'appui* for our deductions, and it will be readily granted us, that there are many thousand individual roses, each possessing some little variety in point of beauty; no two individuals, indeed, are completely alike in every particular, though all are confessedly beautiful. Now, in order to make a rose supremely beautiful, or the perfect model and standard of beauty, the artist is directed to select from each what is most beautiful, and make a combination of the several selections. When he has done so, if he has sufficient taste to select, and sufficient genius to combine, then his rose is pronounced to be the most beautiful, though it be like no real rose that ever bloomed. Amateurs and critics will even go farther, and aver that this rose of the artist is the only possible rose which can be the summit of beauty; and if any other painter were to represent a rose, he must either paint this identical one of selected combination, or every departure therefrom will be a failure. That is, in other words, there can only be one form and one colour of a rose supremely beautiful, and all other forms and colours must be inferior to it.

The origin of all this grossly erroneous doctrine, technically called the *beau ideal,* may be traced to the well known anecdote told of the Grecian artist, who, when he was about to give all possible beauty to a Venus which he had undertaken to model, took a journey all over Greece, examined every female celebrated for her charms, adopted what pleased him, and combined all his selections into a figure of the Goddess. The anecdote, we confess, is pleasing and pretty, though we very much question its truth. Indeed, we should scarcely credit the artist himself, had we heard it from his own lips; for if he ever said so, he must have acted under self-deception. We may, indeed, credit Sir Walter Scott, when he tells us, that no original character was ever conceived by an artist, a poet, or a novelist, which had not, in some of its varieties, been noted as remarkable in an individual; but this is very different from the attempt to amalgamate an assemblage of incongruous traits into a whole. There can be no doubt, we think, that artists who fancy that such was the process of their conceptions, go as far astray as the country 'Squire would have done in arguing points of law contrary to the sensible advice of Sir Matthew Hale. A remarkable anecdote, in point, is told of Haydn, the celebrated musical composer, who could never assign a reason why he wrote any one passage in music in the way he did. When questioned on the subject, his invariable answer was, " I wrote it thus, because I liked it best so." Even when he had altered a few bars in a rough score, and was asked by a friend to assign the reason for the change, he could only reply, " I substituted the passage, because the first, somehow or other, did not please me." We are very certain that it would have been more according to truth, had the Grecian artist made a similar reply, than to have told the story of his tour in search of beauties; as it would have been better for Flaxman to have avoided his recommendations of the study of geometry and arithmetic, as the best, if not the only, foundations of excellence in sculpture. Our readers will scarcely credit the length to which our deservedly eminent artist has carried these most delusive and erroneous principles, when he traces the " lines of Grecian composition," as well as the superiority of Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and Rubens, to " mechanical and geometrical studies."

'The lines of Grecian composition enchant the beholder by their harmony and perfection, and this portion of study seems to have been highly improved by Pamphilus, the learned Macedonian painter, who denied that any one could succeed in the study of painting, without arithmetic and geometry. The application of these two sciences is very evident in the arts of design; by arithmetic, the proportions of the human figure and other animals are reckoned, and the quantities of bodies, superficies, or light and shade ascertained; geometry gives lines and diagrams for the motion, outline, and drapery of the figure, regulated by the harmony of agreeable proportions, or the opposition of contrast. The effect is evident in the groups of Laocoon and the Boxers, the bas-relief of the Niobe family, and that of the Rape of Proserpine: but this magic bond of arrangement was utterly lost when the other perfections of Grecian genius were overwhelmed in barbarism, nor in any degree recovered until late in the resurrection of the arts, and then they were reproduced by the same means which had discovered them.

'The study of geometry became more general, and had been applied with more success to the improvement of science and art, after the learned Greeks, who fled from Constantinople, settled in Italy.

'Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo were greedy partakers in this abundant harvest of knowledge. Michael Angelo showed his sensibility to the play of lines in his picture of the Holy Family, in which the Virgin, sitting on the ground, receives the infant Jesus, whom Joseph, stooping behind, presents over her right shoulder.

'Leonardo da Vinci, who had devoted much time to mechanical and geometrical studies, composed the Contest for the Standard, intended to be painted in the great hall of the old palace of Florence. This was indeed a prodigy in modern advancement, and the first great example of complicated grouping since the arts flourished in ancient Greece.

Michael Angelo's mind seems at this time to have been employed on the powers, forms, and views of the human figure singly, and perhaps the admirable groups in the ceiling and Last Judgment of the Sistine Chapel were the consequence of Leonardo da Vinci's example. We are sure, the several hunts of the lions, hippopotamus, and crocodile, were painted by Rubens, in emulation, if not imitation, of Leonardo's Battle of the Standard; and such is their merit, that in them you see the men strike, the horses kick, the wild animals roaring, turn and rend their hunters, with a grandeur of lines equal to the vivacity of action and passion. In comparing these with similar subjects in ancient basso-relievos, particularly with those on the arch of Constantine, in which Trajan hunts the lion and boar, modern genius shines with uncommon brilliancy, and Trajan with his followers, and the animals they attack, are tame, insipid, and unnatural.'—pp. 185—187.

In another remarkable passage, he ascribes the imperfection of the ancient Egyptian statues to a deficient knowledge of geometry, as well as whatever excellencies they exhibited to an initiatory acquaintance with this science. It is really lamentable to see such unfounded opinions as these proceed from such an artist as Mr. Flaxman.

' Pythagoras, after he had studied several years in Egypt, sacrificed a hundred oxen in consequence of having discovered, that a square of the longest side of a right-angled triangle is equal to the two squares of the lesser sides of the same triangle; and thence it follows, that the knowledge of the Egyptians could not have been very great at that time in geometry. This will naturally account for that want of motion in their statues and relievos, which can only be obtained by a careful observation of nature, assisted by geometry.

' The state of Egyptian science in the time of Pythagoras being noticed, leads to another consideration respecting the date of their architecture and sculpture. Most of their great works are mentioned by the ancient writers as being done in the reign of Sesostris, and afterwards. Sesostris lived in the reign of Rehoboam, King of Israel, about the time of the Trojan war, or 1000 years before the Christian era, which shows that the arts of Egypt and of Greece were in a progressive state of improvement at the same time, and from the Greeks residing with them to study theology, philosophy and science,—from the great intercourse, political and commercial, between the two countries from the heroic times,—from the Greeks being long settled in the city of Naucratis and other parts of Egypt, we may fairly conclude their communication in arts was just as free as in other concerns, which seems the more likely, as there is a considerable resemblance in the features and contour of the early Greek and Egyptian statues,'—pp. 39—41.

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' In the Egyptian sculpture, we shall find some excellent first principles of the art.

'Their best statues are divided into seven heads and a half, the whole height of the figure is divided into two equal parts at the os pubis; the rest of the proportions are natural and not disagreeable. The principal forms of the body and limbs, as the breasts, belly, shoulders, biceps of the arm, knees, shin-bones, and feet, are expressed with a fleshy roundness, although without anatomical knowledge of detail; and in the female figures these parts often possess considerable elegance and beauty. The forms of the female face have much the same outline and progression towards beauty in the features, as we see in some of the early Greek statues, and, like them, without variety of character; for little difference can be traced in the faces of Isis, in her representations of Diana, Venus, or Terra, or indeed in Osiris, although sometimes understood to be Jupiter himself, excepting that in some instances he has a very small beard, in form resembling a peg. The hands and feet, like the rest of the figure, have general forms only, without particular detail; the fingers and toes are flat, of equal thickness, little separated, and without distinction of the knuckles; yet, altogether, their simplicity of idea, breadth of parts, and occasional beauty of form, strike the skilful beholder, and have been highly praised by the best judges, ancient and modern.

'In their basso-relievos and paintings which require variety of action and situation, are demonstrated their want of anatomical, mechanical, and geometrical science relating to the arts of painting and sculpture.'—pp. 46, 47.

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'We must pause a moment to regret the loss of invaluable treatises by the greatest painters, sculptors, and architects of antiquity enumerated by Vitruvius and the elder Pliny, yet some short paragraphs those authors have preserved, with the assistance of other ancient writers, and a comparison of these with the numerous and precious remains of ancient works, will compensate for the loss, and give the requisite information.

'We find upon these authorities that geometry and numbers were employed to ascertain the powers of motion and proportions, optics and perspective, (as known to the ancients,)—to regulate projections, hollows, keeping, diminution, curvatures, and general effects, in figures, groups, insulated or in relief, with their accompaniments; and anatomy, to represent the bones, muscles, tendons, and veins, as they appear on the surface of the human body, and inferior animals.

'In this enlightened age, when the circle of science is so generally and well understood,—when the connection and relation of one branch with another is demonstrated, and their principles applied from necessity and conviction, wherever possibility allows, in the liberal and mechanical arts, as well as all the other concerns of life,—no one can be weak or absurd enough to suppose it is within the ability and province of human genius, without the principles of science previously acquired,—by slight observation only,—to become possessed of the forms, characters, and essences of objects in such a manner as to represent them without truth, force, and pathos at once! No: we are convinced by reason and experience, that "Life is short, and Art is long," and the perfection of all human productions depends on the indefatigable accumulation of knowledge and labour through a succession of ages.

'The Egyptian arts were in progressive states of improvement, from before the time of Moses to the invasion and subjugation of the country by Cambyses the Persian, a period of about 1000 years; and the arts of Greece, from their rudest beginnings before the time of Dædalus, rose to high perfection in about 900 years, or the reign of Alexander the Great. In the early times of Greece, Pausanias informs us the twelve gods were worshipped in Arcadia, under the forms of rude stones, and before Dædalus the statues had eyes nearly shut, the arms attached to their sides, and their legs close together; but as geometry, mechanics, arithmetic and anatomy improved, painting and sculpture acquired action, proportion, and detailed parts.'–pp. 53—55.

Were such principles as these virtually acted upon by our sculptors, instead of attending to expression, to action, or repose, even the finest proportioned figures would fail to please us, and would only excite us to examine nicety of execution, and other points of inferior consideration, which would never come into our thoughts in looking at any master-piece of art. The Antinous, for example, or the young Apollo, may be admired for their beauty, their symmetry, and their execution; but what is this when compared with the expression in the Laocoon, or even in the Venus de Medicis? In the former there is a want of action, like that we find in the old style of portraits, which considered nothing but a dead and lifeless mass of uninformed features, that resembled the original only in outline and in proportion—as geometrically exact as Mr. Flaxman or Pamphilus could have wished, but wanting the impress of that peculiarity of thought and feeling, which even the least intellectual countenance, more or less, displays. The effect is exceedingly different in the case of statues, expressive of some action supposed to be begun, or just finished—some attitude declaratory of feeling or contemplation, which cannot be mistaken. Taking this principle for our guide, we are clearly entitled to pronounce the statue of the youth extracting a thorn from his foot, or that of the fawn playing on the flute, to be infinitely superior to the young Apollo, or the Antinous, neither of whom seems to be engaged either practically or mentally; they appear to be no more than alphabet exercises in modelling by some great statuary, like the school nonsense verses of some great poet.

Mr. Flaxman, however, will be found to have had two views of the principles of his art, diametrically opposed to each other; and appearing no less incongruous in the pages before us, than any attempted union might be of the peculiar characteristics of Venus and Minerva—of Mercury and Jupiter—or of Michael Angelo's Moses, and Westmacott's Cupid. Seemingly in utter forgetfulness of the miraculous influence which geometry and arithmetic had produced upon sculpture, he ascribes the superior conception of Phidias to the philosophic doctrines of Plato respecting beauty, though there can be little doubt that the abstract, and nearly unintelligible views of the philosopher on this subject, could not exert any practical influence whatever on those to whom he had access.

Let us hear what our author lays down upon this subject.

'Of all the advantages which the sister arts derived from the restoration of Greek literature, nothing seems more extraordinary than the following coincidence, and few circumstances relating to the subject deserve a more serious attention.

'Previous to the time of Phidias, the Grecian sculpture, both gods and men had the same ordinary outline of body, limbs, and countenance, usually found in common nature ; and it has been remarked, the ancient statue of Minerva in the Villa Albani was characterised as the Goddess of Wisdom, by an aged countenance.

'Phidias, however, began the reformation. He gave dignity to Jupiter from Homer's description. Succeeding artists continued to refine and elevate the different orders of divinity, until each personage of the mythology received the appointed portion of ideal beauty from selected nature and abstracted reasoning.

'We must remember that Phidias and Plato were nearly contemporaries; and considering the astonishing influence of this philosopher's discourses and writings, particularly concerning the power of the soul's energies in the configuration of the countenance and person, according to established habits of virtue or vice—his distinction of the spiritual orders—his accurate investigation of the good, the perfect, and the beautiful itself—when we consider the high and extensive veneration in which these discourses were held, little doubt can be entertained of their influence in directing the artist's mind in his choice of subjects, and the expression of qualities for the perfection of beauty.

'The coincidence, then, alluded to above, was, that in the very zenith of the restoration of the art, in the time of Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Raphael, the magnificent Lorenzo di Medici formed a society of Platonic philosophers, consisting of the most celebrated scholars of his time and country, and caused the Philosopher's dialogues to be translated and commented on by Marsilus Ficinus ; and as this work was highly esteemed by the Medici family, the pontiffs Leo the Tenth, Clement the Seventh, and Julius the Third, as well as by the learned and ingenious generally, there can be as little doubt that Plato's reasoning on the beautiful and its characteristics, supplied as happy assistance in the determination of sublime and spiritual characters to the restorers of art in Italy, as it had done to the ancient Greek artists.'—pp. 324—326.

The coincidence which he names seems to us to have had no more influence upon the statues of Phidias, than Mr. Flaxman's Lectures upon the contemporary works of Chantrey and Westmacott; and to be as much out of place in a professed course of instructions, as what follows about 'the general history of the times,' which he says 'is so much interwoven with the nature of our subject,' as to require a sketch of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire—of the Arabic and Saracen dynasties, &c. &c., to preserve the connection of argument.

But what are we to think of Mr. Flaxman's extraordinary heresy in advocating the painting of statues, a fancy which could only come into his head through the medium of one of his absurd theories. It appears, indeed, that he would have esteemed the grapes painted by Zeuxis (reported as having deceived the birds), a perfect master-piece. The truth however, is, that were deception the summit of perfection, as is often fallaciously maintained, it would afford much greater pleasure to look at the realities, than at these imitations, however perfect:—it would be more delightful to witness such a scene as the Fall of Nineveh, the death of Laocoon, or the murder of the Innocents at Bethlehem, than any representation of these, however faithful; to be present when such a ruffian as Macbeth plunged the midnight dagger into the breast of his prince, than at the imitation of it on the stage. We are quite certain that any attempt to produce such deceptions would be, and has been, the bane of the fine arts; and the pursuit of such a phantom, has been the ruin of many a man of genius.

We are inclined to look upon the art of the statuary as being still less capable than painting of admitting close imitation, or any approach to deception; for should such an attempt be made, the infallible result must be disgust. Upon these principles, we conclude, that to put natural colours on a statue would only produce a stone monster, lifeless and voiceless, and the beholder would be filled with nearly the same feelings of horror as at a sight of Lot's wife, actually transformed into a pillar of salt. It would make the very blood run cold; for it would be more an image of such a transformation than any other thing, as it would not exactly look like death, and it would look still less like life. It would, in fact, be a representation, or rather an attempt at representing what cannot be represented. In statuary, then, attempts at any deceptive imitation can be nothing but egregious folly. What, then, are we to think of Mr. Flaxman's advocacy of the justly exploded practice of colouring statues in imitation of nature? One easy experiment would have cured him, we think, of this theoretical aberration of intellect; he had nothing more to do than colour one of his own fine pieces, or still better, some good copy of any of the admired statues left by the ancients. The result would have shown how far his principles were capable of standing the ordeal of correct taste.

Some singular heresies are maintained by Alison, in his Essays on Taste, about imitations being so perfect as to deceive us into a belief of reality; but that whenever we are told that an object which we admire is an imitation in iron or any other metal, the beauty instantly vanishes: and why? because, says he, the conviction of the force and labour employed in the imitation destroys the feeling of beauty. It clearly follows from this explanation, that imitations, in proportion to the stubbornness of the material employed, must approach to beauty or recede from it, which is contrary to fact. It would also follow, that the beauty of a painting, or statue, or a poem, would disappear as soon as we should be convinced that they had required long, and patient, and hard labour to perfect them. Statues, in particular, could never be beautiful when executed in bronze or marble, though they might be so in wax or plaster of Paris, so that they did not indicate long labour by the artist. The apology, upon these principles, for admiring a statue, is, that it expresses excellence in the workmanship; but if an imitation in iron, or any other rigid material, destroys our notions of beauty, because it explodes our conceptions of reality, then we can never admire a statue at all, for we are never deceived—no, not for a moment, are we deluded into the notion, that a statue is a living object—no, though it be as exquisitely coloured as Mr. Flaxman, in the height of his theoretical zeal, could have desired. He surely must have been either dreaming, or in a high state of reverie, when he penned the following passage:—

> 'We possess in England the most precious examples of Grecian power in the sculpture of animals. The horses of the frieze in the Elgin collection appear to live and move, to roll their eyes, to gallop, prance, and curvet; the veins of their faces and legs seemed distended with circulation; in them are distinguished the hardness and decision of bony forms, from the elasticity of tendon, and the softness of flesh. The beholder is charmed with the deer-like lightness and elegance of their make, and although the relief is not above an inch from the back ground, and they are so much smaller than nature, we can scarcely suffer reason to persuade us they are not alive.'—p. 104.

We are much more disposed to agree with our author in what he says of the effects of Christianity on art, a subject which we have never seen brought so prominently into view, as its importance unquestionably demands. It is here, indeed, where some critics have made their stand, to show that the superstitious systems of the heathen world were alone fitted for all the grand and magnificent displays of human superiority, in the regions of imagination and taste; and that Christianity has frozen up, and blasted all the fair promise of modern genius; has left the ancients the undisputed masters of every talent and every excellence; has made it impossible for a modern painter, or a modern sculptor, to do more than an infant could have done, when Paganism reigned in all the splendid magnificence of its mythology, with its wild and lofty conceptions. Now they aver all this has been swept away by the plain realities of Christianity. The vision of Olympus and its multitudinous population of Gods and Demi-Gods is no more; the rays of their divinity have faded before the dazzling light of the Christian Religion, while, in the blaze, all the fire of genius has been out-shone, and poetry has ceased to come upon us with the power of its former inspiration, painting has been tamed down to sober reality, and it charms us no more with the heavenly freshness which breathed from the canvas of Zeuxis and Apelles. Architecture is now heavy, deformed and tasteless—a ludicrous and jarring mixture of barbarism and beauty—the result of an abortive effort to conjoin the light, and tasteful, and harmonious style of antiquity with the ungraceful and the rude taste which Christianity, as they allege, has entailed on genius in every department of the fine arts.

A vast corruption of taste is plainly, they say, chargeable on Christianity—averred upon the same critical authority to be the very bane of genius—the deadening draught which makes the heart beat languidly, which checks the dance of the spirits, and cramps the wings of fancy the instant she tries to soar. A man of genius, therefore, they infer, who now arises, is lost—must be lost—from the baneful effects of the Christian Religion.

Such are the charges which the admirers of the ancients, in the depth of their judgment, have discovered and preferred against Christianity. This is an instance among many, in which critics have boasted of discoveries where none were to be made, have fancied that they found out something which really has no existence, merely because they suppose the public expect something from them,—expect them to come forward fraught with new wonders and new miracles. The worst of it is, that it is difficult either to affirm or reject a conclusion, so vaguely and uncircumstantially made out; the whole is set down, in sweeping terms of general import which cannot easily be analysed or understood. The sensible remarks of our author are well worth quoting, as a contrast to these most partial views.

'In comparing ancient and modern compositions, we shall find the excellence of each was derived from the systems and moral habits of the times and countries. The Greeks admired, encouraged and cultivated personal beauty by gymnastic exercises and public rewards in the Olympian meeting of the states; consequently, what they admired, they represented. The most choice selections of countenance and form, the most elegant display in the folds of drapery, was seen in their councils of divinities: in combats and heroic adventures, grace, elasticity of action and personal courage were conspicuous.

'The modern arts have been more zealously employed to commemorate the acts and events of that dispensation which governs their conduct, and determines their future condition; and even in their celebrations and memorials of political occurrences, or private characters, they are always combinations of the moral virtues, or the influences of providential directions. What has been done, and what may be done from such subjects, is proved by Michael Angelo's Old Testament and Judgment, in the Sistine Chapel,—the Calling of Paul, and the Martyrdom of Peter, in the Pauline Chapel—the Plagues in the last days of the Church, by Signorelli, in the Cathedral of Orvieto—the Cartoons of Raphael—the scriptural basso-relievos by John and Nicholas Pisani, Donatello, and Lorenzo Ghiberti. These subjects are more than sufficient to employ the greatest human powers, comprehending whatever is most sublime or beautiful in energy or repose—most tender, most affectionate, most forcible, or most terrific.

'An additional distinction between the subjects of ancient and modern composition is occasioned by parental affection and domestic charities being cherished in the Christian dispensation much more powerfully than in the Grecian codes: to these graces of benevolence we owe those lovely groups—the Holy Families of Raphael and Correggio, and the Charity of

Michael Angelo, unequalled by any ancient composition, of a mother and children, and one of the finest groups in existence.'—pp. 188—190.

The facts on record, indeed, which will always outweigh unproved assertion, are amply sufficient to refute these blind admirers of antiquity. Let us look, then, to the history of genius and of taste, and ask,—have there been no Christian poets, no Christian painters, no Christian statuaries and architects to disprove the above allegations and throw them back on their accusers? That our artists fail in excelling the ancients in representations of the Olympic Gods and Goddesses, is not the fault of Christianity, when they make choice of such subjects. A well-known illustration will, we think, set this mistake in its true light.

According to the ancient mythology, every country, every kingdom, and every province, had a goddess to direct their affairs, nay, every river and every forest had some divinity which either presided there, or made it an occasional residence. Now, this fable, the ancients received as firmly as we believe that there is no proof of it whatever, though we cannot positively affirm that it was not so. But, though nobody now believes this in the enlightened nations of Europe, yet there are still allusions made to it by our poets and orators, and representations made of it by our painters and statuaries. Nobody credits the existence of such a Goddess as Britannia, whose business it is to watch over the interests and the prosperity of Britain; nor that of another divinity, called Hibernia, whose peculiar attention is directed to Ireland, and who amuses herself when not oppressed with employment, in playing on a golden harp. All this is a pretty enough fancy; an elegant, a beautiful fable; but it is all most obviously a fancy, and a fable which Christianity disclaims, and reason revolts from. Yet, in defiance of both, painters will paint their Britannias and their Hibernias; poets and orators will talk of them as real and embodied divinities; and statuaries will introduce them into their allegorical groups.

Is it at all wonderful then, we may ask, if artists will persist in all this foolery and nonsense, elegant though it be, and classical though it be, that they should be unable to touch the feelings? that they should fail to awaken interest? If there have been a falling off in the works of our artists, it is here we are to look for the cause, and not in Christianity; it is to their hackneyed mimicry of what pleased in the antique, because it was in unison with public feeling and popular belief, and which can never please now, both for the reason just assigned, that all mimicry of this kind is so foreign from genius, that it is more likely to produce disgust; but more particularly for the reason, that the artist himself, not being in earnest in his belief, can never by any hypocrisy persuade others that he is in earnest; for earnestness, and zeal, and enthusiasm, cannot be put on so as to deceive.

The ancient poets, painters, and statuaries, on the other hand, all believed in the existence of their Gods and Goddesses, and muses and nymphs of the fields, rivers, and seas; and being in earnest in the belief, they could easily operate on the credulity of others, from a common and well known principle of human nature. Not so the modern imitator; he neither believes himself in what he pretends to fancy, nor does he seem to care whether any body believes it or not. If this then be so, how can he ever expect to interest the feelings of those to whom he addresses himself, either by the canvas or in verse. And is it proper—is it just, to charge home all these failures on Christianity? Is it right to say, because, as Christians, we believe not in the existence nor the goddess-ship of Britannia and Hibernia, and look unfeelingly and coldly on the finest representations of them, that therefore Christianity has been the cause of this? And because we do not give credit to the existence of a divinity, or of a modern poet's muse, since he himself does not give credit to it, nor ever demands it of us, but puts on an awkward and a sheepish air in his warmest addresses to this imaginary and uninteresting thing called a muse, that therefore Christianity is to blame for dissolving the charm, which in the classical ages the poet's invocation to his muse possessed, when he was really in earnest about this invocation?

All deficiencies of this kind then, so far from being chargeable on Christianity, are clearly assignable to the indolence and the blundering system of imitation followed by the moderns on their first emerging from the darkness of the middle ages. We would even go farther, and say that had the system of heathen mythology continued to be the popular belief, the arts would have inevitably declined, if the artists persevered in following the plan of imitation, which we have seen to be so baneful. Whenever, indeed, one man of genius, if he be at all very superior, has distinguished himself in any particular line, and established what is called a school, from that moment the school must decline; must sink into mediocrity and into contempt; and all succeeding men of genius must either be content to rank in this school, *under* the master, or must boldly set his principle and his manner at defiance, and establish for themselves a new and unheard-of school, on other principles. If we take a review of all the departments of art and genius, this will be found to hold true. Apelles and Zeuxis had each his particular style, and after them we hear of no eminent painter in their styles: a more striking example is that of Demosthenes, who had his own peculiar style of oratory, unadopted, unborrowed from any former orator, and he was the first and the last of the school who was ever celebrated. No poet, after the lapse of several thousand years, has been able to cope with Homer in his own field. Virgil's attempt is no more than respectable, and Milton's, in so far as he keeps by Homer, is a complete failure; it is only great where it is original—where the poet forgets the Iliad and the Odyssey, and trusts to his own powers. There is never a lack of subjects, when genius arises to take advantage of them, and Christianity is even more rich in these, than our cavillers in their narrow views will willingly admit. Our author has made some very apposite remarks upon this subject, of which we quote a small portion :—

> 'But the arts of design may exert their utmost efforts, could they even call the genius of Phidias and the grace of Praxiteles to employ their most exalted conceptions in the most lively execution, without the reasonable expectation of being perfectly satisfied with their own productions, if employed on the personages and events of divine revelation.
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> 'The gradation of celestial power and beauty in the orders of angels and archangels, the grandeur and inspiration of prophets, according to the difference of mission, and the sanctity of apostles, have produced examples of grace, beauty, and grandeur of character, original in themselves, and not to be found in such variety among the remains of antiquity, as in the works by the restorers of art in the fifteenth century.
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> 'If we compare the moral systems of Paganism and Christianity, we cannot fail to wonder that society was not exterminated in an empire which sacrificed 20,000 gladiators every year, on the amphitheatres for public diversion. This is but one instance of the public character of the Romans. Even the Athenians, so justly admired for arts and letters, in their moral habits tolerated the most frightful offences. Besides that contradiction to the love of liberty in which they defended their country against foreign invaders, that at the time Athens contained 12,000 free citizens, it contained also 120,000 slaves, or ten slaves to each free citizen.
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> 'But enough of this. We will console ourselves with the cheering reflection, that some sense of piety and mutual duty was kept alive by the spirit of philosophy, under Pagan systems, and felicitate ourselves upon the enjoyment of that Perfect Dispensation which enjoins a moral practice to secure the happiness of all—allowing an extent of political freedom beneficial to all, at the same time that it guards the just rights of every one—which protects knowledge and science, and bestows on the arts a moral purity and a perfection of sentiment, arising from the various duties and charities of Christianity, not to be found under any other code. These advantages were well understood by Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, and Michael Angelo. The Holy Families only, by these great masters, would form a gallery of the greatest beauty—the most tender and interesting sentiment, totally unlike any ancient work, and entirely novel in subject, composition and character. The same may be said of those noble compositions by Raphael, the Cartoons, which for expression of divine and exalted character, grand and extraordinary grouping, may be compared with the noblest remains of ancient art.'—pp. 332—334.

The volume is beautifully got up, and is highly creditable to the taste of the publisher. The lithographed prints, fifty-two in number, are executed in the best style, and the subjects are well adapted to illustrate the text.

ART. VI. *Four Years in Southern Africa.* By Cowper Rose, Royal Engineers. 8vo. pp. 308. London: Colburn and Bentley. 1829.

THE name of Africa is fraught with many topics of powerful interest. Its rivers have their birth in impenetrable solitudes, the principal part of its inhabited regions lies beyond deserts which daunt the spirit of adventure, or enterprise; and its vast forests, that are populous with the wildest creations of nature; its mountains, that are clothed with the gloom and mystery of ancient fable; and the whole mighty extent of the continent, embracing the remains of empires, glorious in the history of the earth,—render the name of Africa a sort of spell-word for conjuring up strange images, and those grand, but obscure shadows, which hang about the objects or countries that repel us by their magnitude or distance. Africa is neither so ancient as Asia, nor so venerable for its history, but it is wrapped far closer in obscurity; there are darker spots in its vast surface for the imagination to dwell on, and the legends and traditions accordingly which belong to this quarter of the world, are of a wilder and gloomier character than those of Asia or either of the modern continents.

From causes like these, no part of the world is more attractive to enterprising travellers, and the few who have ventured to explore its deserts have given details to their countrymen which are valuable, not merely for their scientific importance, but for the light they throw on a portion of the globe where man presents himself under a new and strange aspect, or where savage life is to be studied amid the ruins, and on the site of a once rich and far extending civilization. The work, however, before us, is not intended to lead the reader far into these dark regions of adventure. Mr. Rose comes before us neither as a Mungo Park nor a Clapperton; and he has contented himself with describing the scenes which he had an opportunity of witnessing, in short excursions into Kaffer land, taking a rapid glance at the wide stretching plains and mountains, holding a momentary intercourse with their rude inhabitants, and then returning to Cape town, and its mixed and busy population. But the information which the writer has given respecting the portion of the continent which he visited is highly interesting. Southern Africa has many claims to our regard; it has been pointed out as an advantageous situation for large colonies of our countrymen; several missionary stations have been established there; and an intercourse has been thus commenced systematically with the natives, which may be expected to produce important consequences. The character also of the people gives them a right to attention; though savages, they exhibit in their conduct and disposition towards strangers, many parts of a hospitable nature, and a capacity capable of considerable improvement. We have heard anecdotes also of their kindliness of temper, and of their affection and fidelity, which afford the strongest evidence of their openness to all those humanising impressions, among which the germ of civilisation is most easily and securely cultivated. These circumstances, and many others of a similar kind with which most of our readers are probably acquainted, make an eloquent appeal to our feelings in favour of South Africa and its native inhabitants, which Mr. Rose's book,—lively, picturesque, and sensible,—is very well calculated to strengthen.

Before, however, passing to the scenes which he has drawn from the interior of the country, it may be as well to pause a moment on the character he has given of Cape Town. According to this account, the old Africanders, or Cape-born Dutch, still retain their dislike of the new possessors of their ancient domain, while their descendants studiously endeavour to copy the manners and appearance of the English. Mr. Rose, however, disclaims the task of making any estimate as to the vice or virtue of the inhabitants of Cape Town. This he leaves, he says, to graver writers, who, he appears to think, must necessarily make 'bold assertions,' as well as 'strange discoveries;' but we would hint to this smart and amusing writer, that such a resolution savours a little of the spirit in which the journal of a six weeks' residence in France or Italy is written, and that a traveller who is not willing to be at the pains of enquiring into the real moral condition of a people, must be a very superficial and capricious delineator of even their common habits and customs. But to give Mr. Rose more credit for penetration and veracity than we should a less ingenious writer, setting out with such an assertion, we shall name the few particulars which compose his description of the South African capital. On a Sunday, then, both English and Dutch, the Indians, the graceful, half-caste female slave, the lounging European officer, and the Malay, with his high conical hat, a turbaned handkerchief of blue or crimson, and red sash, his bare sinewy arms, straight handsome outline of countenance, and tiger eye—this motley multitude on a Sunday is gathered together in the government gardens, when they stroll along the walks, shaded by the long branches of the African oak, through which gleams of sunny light find their way, and touch with a momentary brightness the gaily coloured dresses of the passers by. Then there are the ladies, who form so conspicuous a portion of Cape society, and who having stopped for a few weeks on their way to India, attack with all their pretty arts and devices, the invalids who come from the East to pass their year of absence; while the arrival of vessels from England, the horse races in which the steeds are ridden by Hottentot jockeys, and which collect all the rank and fashion of the colony together, and balls, and an occasional masquerade, compose the list of Cape Town amusements. But following the turn of Mr. Rose's horse from Cape Town to the Cape Flats, we enter upon scenes which, sparkling as are his sketches of society and manners, are more calculated to amuse the reader. For many miles the country was a barren waste, and the heat was such, that every thing, even the stones seemed parched. A range of mountains, the vallies of which are inhabited by several Dutch farmers, bounds this sandy plain, and about fifty miles from Cape Town, near Fransche-Hoek, a settlement of French Hugonots, is the ravine of Fransche-Hoek-Kloof, thus described by our author.

'Near the valley is a ravine called the Fransche Hoek Kloof,* one of the passes through the mountain barrier, that must be crossed at some point in order to penetrate into the interior of the colony. The road through it is nearly seven miles in length, ascending from the near gorge, that opens into the valley, gradually to the summit, and descending on the other side in the same manner; and in both cases running along the face of one of the steep mountains which form the boundaries of the ravine. This road is itself well worth examining, on account of the difficulty of its execution, and the immense labour bestowed upon it: many parts are cut out of the solid rock, whose high grey crags tower above it; while a parapet wall only separates the travellers from a precipice in whose shadowy depth a stream winds its way far below, through the rocky defile,—so low, that even its roar, when the torrents pour down the steep sides of the ravine, swelling the brown rush of its turbid waters, cannot be heard.

'I have been among higher mountains than those of this wild pass; but under some effects of light and shade, I know not that I ever saw a scene more gloomily impressive.

'I have ridden through it when the sun stood high in the heavens, and I looked around in vain for shelter from its tremendous power, when objects seemed to waver before the eyes in the bright and sultry stillness; and my horse, with drooping ears, and feeble step and frequent halt, slowly and painfully toiled up the steep ascent: while all nature, animate and inanimate, seemed to yield to the scorching influence: when the stunted shrubs and geraniums that clothe the face of the mountain were parched, and the various proteas that shoot out from the fissures of the rocks, were twisted and wreathed into strange fantastic forms, and black as from the effects of fire.

'I have ridden through it when the sun was declining, and one side of the ravine was in gloom, and threw its broad deep shadow over the hollow; and where it contracted, and the high barriers approached each other, it was strange to mark the mimic resemblance of cliff and pinnacled crags traced in cold grey shade upon the side, whose summits yet shone in the golden light of evening. It was like the dim chillness of age contrasted with the fairy colouring of youth. The only living thing I saw was of a nature to add to the stern, solitary character of the scene—a vulture, which, in turning a projection of rock, I startled from its feast; it rose slowly from the carcase, spreading its broad grey wings, and swept over me with a rushing sound, sailing up the ravine, and disappearing in the deep misty blue of the perspective.

'The valley of the Fransche Hoek is a beautiful and cultivated amphi-

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'* Kloof, in the country round the Cape, generally means a pass among the hills and mountains: in Albany, a deep wooded hollow, frequently the retreat of savage animals.'

theatre, surrounded by mountains—not of one prevailing form, which is so common, but as various as the clouds that rest upon them: many are clothed at their bases, and half-way up their sides, with richest verdure, which suddenly ceasing, gives place to high grey naked cliffs; others are wholly bare, except in their shadowy recesses, where the forest trees find shelter and nourishment.

'The valley has many windings, which, during a week's stay that I made with some friends, it was my amusement to penetrate,—into deep wooded hollows, or low grounds, in winter flooded, but in summer covered with the most luxuriant vegetation, rich bulbous plants, rare heaths, and bright geraniums, through which my horse with difficulty made his way, startling as we went the fairy sugar birds, that appear to derive their brilliant colours from the blossoms they feed on.

'Then I would trace some mountain river to its source, having in the attempt, frequently to cross the calm, cool, transparent water, and to break my way through its banks, fringed with high reeds, and shaded with bending willows. In following the course of the stream, I have been much struck with the contrasts exhibited within a distance of a few hundred yards. In one part, the banks are rich with various greens, in glowing orange and yellow tints, in light creepers, which the waters touch as they ripple by, through their leafy and blossomy covert. Go but a short mile, and the scene is changed, and all around bears the stamp of cold decay and death. The barkless trunks of the trees are of a pale grey hue, withered, sun-scorched, and lifeless—the skeletons of what they were; and the river, that every where else brings gladness and nourishment, here gloomily wanders through a scene that is beyond its power—a scene over which the fiery breath of desolation seems to have passed, and leaf, and tree, and blossom, to have fallen beneath its blasting influence.'—pp. 17—21.

The account which Mr. Rose gives of the traffic carried on by the boors and native Africans, is interesting. The waggons that come from distant inland parts of the country, are laden with provisions, lion skins, and those of the tiger, the leopard, the wolf, red lynx, and other animals; with buffalo horns, ostrich feathers, and carpets made of the skins of the springbok. The waggons of the border traffickers contain elephants' and hippopotamus' tusks, rich fur mantles of the bechuanas and coriguas; necklaces, from which hang the teeth of the wolf and the claws of the tiger; pieces of charmed wood or clay, copper bracelets, ivory armlets, and female caps made of blue buck-skin, and beads. A part of the merchandize is, however, of a different description; javelins with iron barbs, fashioned in an ingenious manner for giving the most deadly wounds; war hatchets, with handles formed of the rhinoceros's horn; the bows and arrows of the Bushmen, than which, it is said, nothing can be more insignificant in appearance, or more deadly in the effect. The bow is about two feet six inches long, and the arrow about eighteen. The latter is a thin reed, into which is stuck a small sharp bone, but so slightly, that it may be easily forced out. This is barbed by an iron hook placed on one side, and supposed to be poisoned, which renders it a certain minister of death. The following will give some idea of the character of the natives, who leave their wilds for the European settlements :

‘"The missionary waggon from Kafferland, followed by its dark train of natives, who have left their own land to look upon that which the white men have taken from them ; tall stately forms that gaze upon every thing with wonder in their wandering eyes, and who are brought, that an impression may be made upon their simple minds of the power of the stranger, form no uninteresting object. Shortly after my arrival, two chiefs of high rank, Duchany and his brother, reached Graham's Town with a missionary; and in coming within sight of the town, Duchany's courage failed, and he told his conductor that it was known he had some years before led an attack against it; that his name had been proclaimed by the English, and a reward offered for his apprehension ; and there was some difficulty in calming his fears and making him believe that all was now forgotten. He looked down upon its straggling streets from the hill that commands it, for some time, in silence ; and then observed, " that the *kraal* was now too large to be attempted."

‘ The Chiefs, on entering the town, had rough European clothing given to them, and went about with an interpreter begging presents. Beggary is divested of its meanness when the petitioner can by no exertion of his own obtain that which he asks for; and therefore the importunity of the Kaffer amuses rather than disgusts, though it must be allowed that to satisfy him is impossible.

‘ I was much entertained by observing a group of them in a shop which contained, among other things, hatchets, tinder boxes, and tin and iron pots, which a friend of mine was liberally supplying them with. During a pause in their requests, the shopman said to the purchaser, " Now, Sir, notwithstanding all they have received, were you to ask for the most trifling ornament which they wear, you would not get it—a Kaffer never gives;" and to prove his assertion, he said to Duchany, " The Landdrost has given you all these things, will you not give him that ear-bead in return?" but the Chief did not appear to hear him : the question was repeated, and he then calmly replied, " If the Landdrost were to ask me for it himself, I should believe he wanted it; but I have left my own country not to give, but to receive presents."

‘ One of their followers, a tall young man, followed me to my house, and made it perfectly intelligible by signs, that he stood much in need of a pair of trowsers; they were given to him, and were on in a moment, the Russia duck contrasting strangely with his black skin ; a pair of braces was the next want, and one not so easily supplied, but he quickly found a substitute for them in a strip that he cut from his carosse, (mantle,) which had been thrown on the floor. The young savage now surveyed himself with evident signs of satisfaction, and then looked at his former garment with contempt: he then raised it from the ground, and, as if shrinking from the touch with disgust, dropt it again, from all which it was quite clear that the carosse was a very unfit habiliment to be worn with white trowsers. There was no choice; he received an old jacket and foraging cap, and never did I make a creature so happy ; he bent again and again to kiss my hand, while his wild eyes were drunk with joy.

‘ Many months after I met him in Kafferland, and he came bounding up to me, holding out his hand, then ran off, and returned quickly with the cap, the only part of the present that remained; and made his keeping it so well a plea for another gift. It would have been difficult to prove to him that his large black mantle, varied necklace, girdle of brass wire, blue beaded anklet, and brass bracelet, formed a far more graceful costume than that which he admired.

'Sometimes, too, animals are brought down from distant parts of the interior, and pass through on their way to Cape Town; the giraffe, with its small beautifully formed head, and mild eye; the gnu, uniting the antelope, the horse, and the ox; the zebra, in whose regularly striped skin art rather than nature appears to have been at work; for all around is the region of savage animals, and many are the strange stories connected with them that would raise the incredulous brow in England: but here,

"Men talk as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs,"

and parties are formed to hunt them, among the distant settlers and boors, as you make up a pic-nic.'—pp. 54—59.

In one of the excursions which Mr. Rose made into Kafferland, he passed the Great Fish River, the Keiskamma, the Chilumni, the Buffalo, the Wamagua, the Acoon, the Goonovi, the Gualaka, and the Kei, which all flow into the sea. Excepting the Kei, the banks of these streams are all steep, but not high, and are shaded by the thick dark foliage of the wild fig tree and the plum tree, which are intermixed with willows, the assegai and iron-wood, the Kaffer Coffee, and abundance of tall, light, and feathery-blossomed reeds. Flowering shrubs cover the high lands, which rise in the neighbourhood of these rivers, and vast grassy plains succeed. Kafferland, it is observed, is strikingly deficient in animals for the chase, which, it appears from Mr. Rose's account, have been nearly destroyed or driven away by the constant pursuit of the natives. The only quadrupeds which he saw were herds of cattle, but the absence of the objects which the hunters would have been glad to discover on their route, was made amends for by the variety of other interesting sights, among which their path led them. The party consisted of a Landdrost, who led the expedition, three young men, the sons of settlers, and distinguished for their activity and skill as marksmen, two Hottentot soldiers, drivers, servants, Kaffer attendants, and interpreters; sixteen riding horses, a waggon containing a tent, and whatever could minister either to the comfort or pleasure of the travellers; sixteen oxen for drawing this store carriage, and a flock of sheep. In proceeding on their journey, the horsemen generally rode some miles in advance, following their own inclinations; the Kaffer guide remained with the heavy labouring waggon, before which he strode with a free, bold pace; and after all, came the sheep, the soldiers, and servants. In the heat of the day, the party usually halted for about an hour; and at sunset, if they were so fortunate as to have reached a river, they pitched their tent, lighted their fires, and settled themselves for the night. Mr. Rose has described the situations in which they made their bivouacs, as singularly beautiful. One of them was in a green valley, by the side of a river, and which was so closely environed by the thick jungle, that it seemed to have been formed by art; shrubs of delicious smell, jasmine, mimosa, and others of the same kind, partly composed the thicket, above which the smoke of the travellers' night-fires rose with strange and picturesque effect. The tent having been pitched, the oxen were unyoked, fuel collected, the sheep put into a sort of fold, and a party having been sent out in search of water-fowl, others, in the mean time, prepared the dinner.

Nothing can be more pleasant than the descriptions which Mr. Rose has given of scenes such as this. While the travellers were busy in making preparations for their meal, a missionary waggon passed through the solitude, and they were told that the station which they had chosen was liable to be infested by hippopotami. But they passed the night without disturbance, and early in the morning crossed the river to proceed to Wesleyville, the first missionary establishment in Kafferland.

'The station is situated on a gentle hill that rises above a branch of the Chilumni, and the small white-washed cottages, perched on the green slope, have a pleasing air of quiet neatness. The scene we witnessed on our arrival was highly animated; for a number of the neighbouring tribe, hearing of our approach, had assembled; while the chief (Pato) and two of his brothers, Conguar and Kaama, were in full dress to receive us; and, in truth, it was not a little strange to see the three figures, one habited as a quarter-master-general, another as a field officer of artillery, and the third as a lancer, standing amidst the dark and stately forms of their followers, while the comparison proved by no means favourable to military foppery.

'The situation was to me so new and amusing, that I remained among them the greater part of the day, watching the new comers, that were collecting from the kraals for miles around, as their dusky forms appeared and disappeared among the bright mimosas.

'It was strange to have got beyond the empire of gold and silver, and to find their power usurped by beads and buttons! and, still more strange, to find myself surrounded by men and women as simple and as easily pleased as laughing, happy children. Great was the curiosity of the men, with regard to our guns, and their delight at seeing the practice, when an object was placed on a distant ant-hill, and the balls threw up the dust around it; while the women were not behindhand in their vocation,—coquetry and admiration of finery. I should greatly like to know whether any people have yet been discovered so rude, that the females cannot coquet; if so, they must be many grades below the Kaffer, among whom the art,—if it is not nature,—is by no means in a low state. There are parts of their system which, wishing to leave a favourable impression of my sable friends, I will not mention; but in the use of their black eyes, the most dangerous of weapons, they have little to learn: they are proud too of the tattooing on the breast and shoulders, and exhibit this disfigurement very liberally.

'The manner in which the girls distinguished the incos (chiefs) of our party was singular; they examined the wristbands of the shirt, and if they were fine and white (which last they quickly ceased to be under their handling,) the point was settled.

'Kaama, the youngest of the brother chiefs, I had seen in the Colony, where he was a general favourite, and where, from his almost polished manners, he was sometimes to be met with at civilized tables; and it was with no slight surprise that I have, on such occasions, observed him conform himself to the small proprieties of society, which he appeared to catch up instinctively. I visited his kraal, entered his hut, and was introduced to Nomguiny, his only wife; and not a little proud are the missionaries of his example, though I fear he is a wavering proselyte to the system which they wish to introduce, as he frequently talks of taking another. Nomguiny was a very good specimen of a Kaffer woman; and Kaama owned that he had no excuse for increasing his number, as he believed she was perfectly correct. His mother made her appearance, and I thought that I had never seen so hag-like a picture of misery—blear-eyed, wrinkled, with shrivelled lips, and a skin that hung loose on her long form. This wretched decrepitude was in part owing to age, but more to suffering and to torture that she had undergone when young, on being accused by the rain-makers of witchcraft.

'When I looked upon the tall and graceful young chief, wrapped in a tiger-skin mantle,—for he had quickly thrown off his lancer uniform, and was greatly improved by the exchange,—and at his wife, with her three sparkling-eyed children playing around her; and when I heard him say, in speaking of his hut, "Kaama's house poor," I could trace that his thoughts were far away, in the house where we had last met; that he felt humbled that a stranger should compare them; and I doubted the reality of that kindness which could give to the savage a glimpse at refinement and luxuries, and then return him to his beehive hut and simple pleasures."—pp. 129—134.

Mr. Rose visited the school attached to the missionary station, in which several native children were learning to spell and read in Dutch and their own language. He also dined with the missionary, where he met three others, and found every thing conducted with great propriety. The next morning he attended divine service, and was highly interested in hearing the natives sing hymns, set to the wild airs of the country. One of the hymns was composed by a Kaffer, of which the four first words of each verse were repeated by one bass voice, the whole congregation, both men and women, joining in the rest. There is a good deal of poetry in this specimen of Kaffer composition, and the simple but elevated language of devotion, is evidently known even in those wild regions. Translated, the hymn runs thus:

'"He who is our mantle of comfort,
The giver of life, ancient on high,
He is the Creator of the heavens
And the ever-burning stars.
God is mighty in the heavens,
And whirls the stars around the sky.
We call on Him in His dwelling-place,

That He may be our mighty leader;
For He maketh the blind to see;
We adore Him as the only good;
For He alone is a sure defence;
He alone is a trusty shield;
He alone is our bush of refuge;
Even He, the giver of life on high,
Who is the Creator of the heavens."'—pp. 136, 137.

The prayers were repeated partly in Dutch and partly in Kaffer, into which those in the former language were translated by a native, who acted as clerk. Mr. Rose speaks in a manner highly favourable to the missionaries, and considers that, though they have made little progress in diffusing a very enlarged idea of Christianity, they have done much towards softening or removing the most barbarous of the superstitions to which the Kaffers are addicted. One of the worst of these is the practice employed to discover and punish witches. The principal man among the natives is the rain-maker, a sort of priest, who unites to this character that of a prophet and doctor. When rain is wanted, which it often is in these sun-burnt districts, this important personage is applied to that he may petition for rain, and give tidings of its approach. Should he, however, fail in his predictions, after having received large presents from both the chief and the people, he declares that some man or woman has been at work to destroy his charms, and the unfortunate creature whom he names, immediately falls a sacrifice to the vengeance of the people. Whenever any one is accused of witchcraft, the rain-maker is applied to, whatever may be the subject of complaint. After certain ceremonies have been performed,—which Mr. Rose was prevented seeing, from their jealousy of strangers on these occasions,—the individual accused, who is usually some one possessing a large quantity of cattle, is fixed to the earth by a thong, which being carried round the ankles and wrists, is fastened to stakes driven into the ground for the purpose. But these savages have invented the most refined species of torture to extort confession. The man being secured as abovementioned, burning stones are placed on different parts of his body, and when these are removed, nests of the large black venomous ants are broken on the burning wounds. Confession generally follows this frightful torture, and the poor wretch is then either put to death or driven from the tribe. It is a great praise to the missionaries, that wherever they are settled these terrible practices are daily becoming less frequent.

Elephant hunting is a favourite theme with every African traveller. 'Almost every country,' says our author, writing to his brother, 'has some source of amusement and information peculiar to itself, and this remote frontier in Africa, is by no means without them; and they are much to my taste, for I seek excitement from situations that most would shun, which you, who know me to be no sportsman, will allow, when I tell you, that I have just returned from a week's elephant shooting.' Mr. Rose, and another friend, it appears, had agreed to accompany an elephant hunter, who assured them they would find sport in the dusky hills through which the Great Fish River flows—a country thickly covered with bush, and given up to the wild animals that infest it. The appearance of the hunter is well described.

> ' After wandering half the day amidst its lonely scenery, we heard a distant shot and saw the smoke rise, and shortly afterwards the hunter joined us, a thin, spare, bony man, formed for activity, whose sun-scorched countenance and eye of habitual watchfulness bore that expression so frequently to be traced among poachers. His manner was bold and open, as one who felt that in such situations the petty distinctions of society ceased. His quick grey eye glanced from beneath the broad rim of the boor's hat; his powder-horn hung from a black leathern buckled shoulder-belt, to which his pouch was attached: he was mounted on an active, well-formed, small horse, and followed by nine dogs of every variety of the cur and lurcher, that came limping after him, for they had suffered severely from an attack on a wild hog, a side of which hung at the hunter's saddle. From him we heard that he had neither seen elephants nor any trace of them; and after searching for some hours, and consulting with his two attendant Hottentots, we took up our bivouac on the banks of the Fish River, gave our horses to the servants, unpacked our provisions, spread our beds of sheepskin, and lighted our fires. We did full justice to a dinner of which the flesh of the wild hog formed a principal portion, and my hungry judgment pronounced it superior to any pork I had ever tasted. There were two fires:—round one sat the hunter, a little boy whom he was training to his dangerous trade, my companion, and myself; round the other, the two Hottentot shooters, and our two attendants. Dinner was at last over, and we reclined on our sheepskins, and listened to the adventures of the hunter, to which I must despair of imparting the interest which he gave to them—for you cannot hear them as I heard them, in a wild solitude, and in the calm beauty of an African night.'—pp. 209—211.

The life of the hunter had been an adventurous one. He was originally an English settler and a smuggler among the Kaffers. When the trade was permitted, he carried it on at Fort William, but lost the property which he had gained while a smuggler, and became deeply involved. He then turned elephant hunter. The first day of the excursion passed away without the appearance of any elephant, and Mr. Rose has described the manner of their spending the night with his accustomed felicity of expression. The next morning they started with their guns, and traversed a country wild and lonely in the extreme, and the only roads of which, passing through the mighty wilderness, are said to be the work of the elephant. No sound was to be heard but the solemn note of the bell bird, which tolled at intervals "like an omen of evil," and they traversed the elephant paths swiftly and silently, their conductor occasionally encouraging them, with observing, " we shall soon be among the elephants, and then we can sit down and watch them." As they moved onward, the experience of this man was frequently manifested by his observations on the tracks which they were following. " This is three days old," said he at one time. "This is last night," at another, and so on, till their labour at length appeared to be crowned with success.

'The search was becoming hopeless, when the leader pointed to a distant hill; there was a consultation, in which it was decided that a troop of elephants was passing over it. I looked, and could see nothing. But now we went on with fresh vigour, and gained the hill opposite to that on which they were; we halted and watched; a few words passed between the hunter and Skipper, and we descended silently the ravine that divided us. Again they whispered,—marked from what point the light breeze came; and we commenced the steep ascent in a direction that the wind might come from the animals to us; for we were now so near them, that their quick scent would have discovered us. Skipper led, while we followed in Indian file, threading a narrow rocky path, which skirted one bank of a small hollow, while the huge beasts were feeding on the opposite one. The leader halted, the hunter gave my companion and myself lighted sticks, and whispered directions to fire the bush and grass, and to retreat, in the event of the animals charging. It was a strange feeling to find myself within twenty yards of creatures whose forward movement would have been destruction; but they stood browsing on the bushes, and flapping their large ears, pictures of indolent security. We were taking our stations when we heard a shot, and then another, and of the eight elephants, seven fled. We went forward to see the effect of the shots. Skipper's had carried death with it; the elephant had fallen, but rose again. I never heard any thing like its groans; he again fell, and we went up to him; the ball had entered behind the shoulder and reached the heart.'—pp. 218—220.

After this Mr. Rose was so overcome with fatigue, that he was obliged to remain half an hour behind, while the rest of the party proceeded on the pursuit of more elephants. As soon, however, as he was a little refreshed, he followed his companions, a little boy who had been left with him, being his only guide.

'In half an hour I again took my gun, which had been changed for one that would scarcely fire, and began to ascend the hill by an elephant path;—the valley we had just left, and the side of the hill, were thickly covered with high dark bush,—on my right so close, as to prevent our seeing any object in that direction. We were slowly rising the ascent, when I heard the heavy gallop of a large animal approaching: my little companion was at some distance from me, blowing a lighted stick: " Listen," I said: the boys eyes looked wild, and he fled from the sound; while I ran up the hill, not doubting that it was a rhinoceros; the heavy tramp was close to me, and I scarcely saw a large dark animal burst through the bush within a few yards of me, in the spot I had just quitted, and in the very path I was following. I did not stop; for, from the glimpse I caught, I believed it to be a rhinoceros: my young companion fired the bush, which I heard crackling, and in a few minutes came up to me. "What a narrow escape!" he said. "What was it?—the rhinoceros?" "Did you not see it close to you?—it turned from the lighted bush." It was certainly a situation of danger, for the boldest hunter dreads and shuns this savage animal, and troops of lions have been known to fly before him; yet without affecting any particular courage, I trusted rather to my heels than my gun, which, as the event turned out, was fortunate; for when I attempted afterwards to fire, it snapped three times; I do not remember that I felt much fear; nor do I believe that, under similar circumstances, fear is natural;—there is no time for it; every energy is employed in escape. In a gale at sea, on board a small coasting brig, amidst the wild winds and waves of the Cape, though there was probably not one-twentieth part of the real danger, I have felt much more, for there I was a useless being, and no exertions of my own would avail, and memory and thought had time to be busy.

'We at length gained the summit of the hill, and saw the elephants traversing the one before us, their huge backs showing high above the bush; we heard our companions fire, and saw the animals rush away; and one charging towards us: we fired the bush and grass around us, and stood in a circle of flame; we listened, but could hear nothing; and proceeded lighting the bush as we passed, and tracing the route of the elephant, and the point at which he had been checked by the fire. The effect of the shots, we afterwards heard, was the death of a large female elephant, that fell with ten balls in her, each ball a death; but she stood heaving her back in agony, while her young calf went round and moved under her, covered with the blood of its mother. 'Tis savage work!'—pp. 222—224.

We cannot follow Mr. Rose any farther in the interesting narrative of this excursion, except to say, that after a toilsome and perilous journey, he and his little companion found the rest of the party, to whom they recounted their adventures, which had brought them into greater dangers than they had been aware of. We must now take leave of this agreeable and eloquent traveller. We have seldom, if ever, read a book of travels more highly interesting, or fuller of details calculated to engage the imagination. Mr. Rose, indeed, has not taken much pains to describe any thing which did not affect him either by its romantic grandeur or its beauty, but he was wandering amid scenes more calculated to warm the fancy than set reason to work, and his 'Four Years in Southern Africa' will be read by every one fond of picturesque description with great delight.

ART. VII.—*Letters and Journals of Lord Byron, with Notices of his Life.* By Thomas Moore. In 2 vols. Vol. I. 4to. pp. 670. London: Murray. 1830.

IT was made, if we rightly recollect, some time since, a matter of grave accusation against Mr. Moore, that yielding to the entreaties of interested parties, he consented to suppress, or rather to destroy, portions of a manuscript piece of auto-biography, which had been confided to him for publication by Lord Byron. We are now informed that the omitted fragments consisted chiefly of satirical portraits of living persons, and it must, therefore, be at once admitted that in consigning them to the flames, Mr. Moore exercised a sound as well as an honourable discretion. If we may be allowed to judge from the journals before us, we should strongly suspect that the manuscript contained also some unreserved confessions of the errors of the noble author, during the early part of his short and passionate career. If so, it cannot be doubted that, in pronouncing a similar sentence of condemnation upon such passages, Mr. Moore has evinced that good sense and right feeling, which we have often had occasion to admire in his own celebrated productions.

With every respect for that gentleman, it becomes our duty, however, to observe that it is, to say the least of it, doubtful, whether he has not, even yet, used the pruning knife rather too sparingly with regard to the original materials which were subjected to his revision. Let any person who reads this volume, ask himself, on perusing the last of its pages, whether it is a work which, so far as it goes, tends to exalt the character of Lord Byron. For ourselves, we must avow that we have risen from it with impressions unfavourable to the memory of that ill-fated nobleman, such as we had never entertained before. We had, of course, with the million, read and heard of statements and rumours affecting his moral reputation. But looking to the quarters whence they chiefly came, we were but little disposed to form a fixed opinion on the subject; and that opinion, feeble and wavering as it was, had almost faded away through the mere influence of time. The living fame of the bard was, by its steady brilliancy, gaining every day upon the transgressions of the man, and drawing more closely round them the curtains of oblivion. Thus the eccentricities and vices of Burns are already nearly forgotten by his contemporaries, and are very little known amongst the generations who are beginning to be acquainted with his poetry.

It is, perhaps, to be regretted that passages have been allowed to remain in this volume, which, sanctioned as they are by the authority of Mr. Moore, appear calculated only to immortalize a great portion of the scandal which has hitherto floated only upon the tongues of the malevolent. At the same time, we are ready to admit that the retention of matter of this description affords a signal proof of the independent and historical spirit which the Biographer has brought to the execution of his task.

In a literary point of view, the volume before us is perhaps the best specimen of memoir writing, which has been ever produced in our language. It has all the advantages of great variety, not only as to subject, but as to style. In the latter respect we may observe a striking difference between the composition of Lord Byron's letters and that of his journals. In the former, he does not hesitate to take any expression that happens to occur to a highly excited fancy. He often uses phrases which are usually found only in the dictionary of the pugilists, or borrowed from the coteries of Harrow or Cambridge, of scarcely superior elegance. Sometimes he tries his hand at invention, and strikes out an expression not ill-suited to his purpose. In the journals his diction is more careless. In neither the letters nor the journals, do we observe any promise of that excellence, attributed by Mr. Moore to the epistles which are to compose the second volume.

The narrative portion of the present work, which belongs to the Biographer, might easily be comprised in a small duodecimo. It is framed in a style almost the reverse of that which disfigured the "Life of Sheridan." It is distinguished by a total freedom from affectation and metaphor, and flows onward in its even course arrayed only in a charming simplicity. Several of the letters have been already published. But many are also now presented to the reader for the first time. In the journals also, as well as in Mr. Moore's narrative, there is a sufficiency of novelty to prevent the mind from being wearied with the persusal, although the whole volume occupies nearly seven hundred pages.

Those who are acquainted with Lord Byron only through the medium of his poetry, will hardly believe, though there can be no doubt of the fact,—that he was prouder of his ancestry than of his fame as an author. His pride was not unfounded, as there are few families in England which can shew a line of more ancient and more honourable descent than that to which he belonged. His immediate progenitors, however, appear to have been not very prudent in their financial affairs. His father, Captain Byron, was a mere spendthrift, as well as a most dissolute personage. He prevailed on Lady Carmarthen to elope with him to the continent, and married her after her former husband had obtained a divorce. The Honourable Augusta Byron, now the wife of Colonel Leigh, was the only issue of that union. Her mother having died in 1784, Captain Byron, in the following year, married an heiress,—Miss Catherine Gordon, of Gight, in Scotland, and in a very short time he contrived to dissipate almost the whole of her fortune. A sojourn upon the continent was the consequence. Soon after their return to England, viz. 22d January, 1788, her only son was born, in Holles-street, London. In reference to the accident of his having been an only child, Lord Byron, in one of his journals, mentions the following curious coincidences: "I have been thinking," he says, "of an odd circumstance. My daughter, my wife, my half-sister, my mother, my sister's mother, my natural daughter, and myself, are, or were, all *only* children. My sister's mother (Lady Conyers) had only my half-sister by that (her second) marriage (herself, too, an only child), and my father had only me, an only child, by his second marriage with my mother, an only child too, Such a complication of *only* children, all tending to *one* family, is singular enough, and looks like fatality almost."

The conduct of Captain Byron rendered a separation inevitable; young Byron, however, remained with his mother, and lived for several years at Aberdeen, under her care. It sufficiently appears that her example was not much calculated to improve his natural disposition, which, even at a very early age, was quite unmanageable. When reprimanded by his nurse, he sometimes rent his frock from top to bottom, in one of what he afterwards called his "silent rages." In this he only imitated his mother, who is represented to have frequently performed a similar operation upon her caps and gowns. Indeed the account given of this lady in every part of this work, and apparently upon the best authority, reminds us of the furies of ancient times. Under the tutelage of such a woman, we can scarcely wonder at the untameable sort of disposition which formed the principal element of evil in the character of Lord Byron. She did not even hesitate, in moments of irritation, to reproach him with the deformity of one of his feet, which was twisted out of its natural position at the time of his birth—an accident attributed by Lord Byron to a false sense of delicacy on the part of his mother.

Notwithstanding this rebelliousness of temper, there was from his earliest age a trait in young Byron's character which ran through it to the last, and which rendered him sometimes a very tractable, if not even an amiable person, in the hands of any body who knew how to win his good opinion, and had gained an influence over him. Such in his childhood was his nurse, Mary Gray; and we shall have occasion to remark, in the course of his life, that he was particularly attached to the system of "favouritism." It is a singular fact, that through the attentions of his nurse, who was a woman of great piety, he attained a far earlier and more intimate acquaintance with the sacred writings, than falls to the lot of most young people. It is perhaps more singular still, that at the most depraved period of his after-years, when, if not a theoretical, he was decidedly a practical atheist, and scorned the notion of any kind of religion, and of futurity,—he still retained all his early fondness for the Old Testament.

At the age of five years, young Byron was sent to a day school at Aberdeen, where the enormous sum of five shillings per quarter was paid for his education. He was subsequently transferred to an establishment of a higher order, where his chief ambition was to distinguish himself as a good boxer. He next fretted at home under the care of a Scotch tutor, the learned son of a shoemaker, from whose superintendence he was recalled to England, in his tenth year, by the demise of his uncle, to whose title and possessions, such as these were, he then became entitled to succeed.

During young Byron's residence in Scotland, an attack of scarlet fever rendered it necessary for his mother to take him, for change of air, to the Highlands, to whose romantic scenery, he often reverts in his writings. It has been sometimes thought that this visit to the mountains and lakes of the north sowed the germ of poesy in his youthful mind. Mr. Moore combats this opinion, in a little digression, which is prettily written; and in which his own experience enables him to shew, that such impressions of natural scenery as young Byron then received, might perhaps be justly considered as among the purest aliments of his genius, when it was subsequently awakened,—but not the sources of its inspiration. Such impressions received in childhood must be classed, he thinks, 'with the various other remembrances which that period leaves behind—of its innocence, its sports, its first hopes, and affections—all of them reminiscences which the poet afterwards converts to his use, but which no more *make* the poet, than—to apply an illustration of Byron's own—the honey can be said to *make* the bee that treasures it.'

It was, we suppose, in one of his mountain rambles, that our hero, at the early age of eight years, fell "in love" with Mary Duff. This incident is dwelt upon with serious recollection in one of his journals, and in terms which leave little doubt that his affections were really engaged at that period. Mr. Moore reminds us, that Dante was but nine years old, when he saw and loved Beatrice; and that Canova well remembered having been in love, when but five years old. Alfieri, who is also said to have been a precocious lover, looked upon such premature susceptibility to be an infallible sign of a soul framed for the fine arts. An instance of a similar description has fallen within our own observation; in which all the pure effects of that passion were more apparent than in any affair of the heart which it has ever fallen to our lot to witness. The greater number of our readers will perhaps be inclined to laugh both at the instances mentioned by Mr. Moore, and at our testimony in favour of their probability; so we shall quit the land of romance, and attend young Byron on his first journey to Newstead, of which he and his mother went to take possession upon the death of his uncle.

The character of the old gentleman had already surrounded that ancient monastery with imaginary horrors. He had killed his neighbour, Mr. Chaworth, in an affray, and frightened his wife away from him. In his latter years he lived in complete seclusion from the world,—his only companions being a colony of crickets which he had reared, an old man servant, and his cook, who, perhaps, for sufficient reasons, was dignified in the neighbourhood with the title of Lady Betty. He had endeavoured to strip his heir of the family estate of Rochdale, in Lancashire, by a sale, which, however, was subsequently invalidated; and the grounds and mansion at Newstead, were found by their new possessor in a state of the most lamentable decay. This possession took place in the summer of 1798. Mr. Moore preserves an anecdote connected with it which we must not pass over.

'They had already arrived at the Newstead toll-bar, and saw the woods of the Abbey stretching out to receive them, when Mrs. Byron, affecting to be ignorant of the place, asked the woman of the toll-house—to whom that seat belonged? She was told that the owner of it, Lord Byron, had been some months dead. "And who is the next heir?" asked the proud and happy mother. "They say," answered the woman, "it is a little boy who lives at Aberdeen."—"And this is he, bless him!" exclaimed the nurse, no longer able to contain herself, and turning to kiss with delight the young lord who was seated on her lap.'—p. 25.

In the following remarks, we may trace some of the circumstances which shed a baneful influence upon the life of Lord Byron.

'Even under the most favourable circumstances, such an early elevation to rank would be but too likely to have a dangerous influence on the character; and the guidance under which young Byron entered upon his new station was, of all others, the least likely to lead him safely through its perils and temptations. His mother, without judgment or self-command, alternately spoiled him by indulgence, and irritated, or—what was still worse,—amused him by her violence. That strong sense of the ridiculous, for which he was afterwards so remarkable, and which showed itself thus early, got the better even of his fear of her; and when Mrs. Byron, who was a short and corpulent person, and rolled considerably in her gait, would, in a rage, endeavour to catch him, for the purpose of inflicting punishment, the young urchin, proud of being able to outstrip her, notwithstanding his lameness, would run round the room, laughing like a little Puck, and mocking at all her menaces. In the few anecdotes of his early life which he related in his "Memoranda," though the name of his mother was never mentioned but with respect, it was not difficult to perceive that the recollections she had left behind—at least, those that had made the deepest impression—were of a painful nature. One of the most striking passages, indeed, in the few pages of that Memoir which related to his early days, was where, in speaking of his own sensitiveness on the subject of his deformed foot, he described the feeling of horror and humiliation that came over him, when his mother, in one of her fits of passion, called him, "a lame brat." As all that he had felt strongly through life was, in some shape or other, reproduced in his poetry, it was not likely that an expression such as this should fail of being recorded. Accordingly we find, in the opening of his drama, "The Deformed Transformed,"

'"*Bertha.* Out, hunchback!
Arnold. I was born so, mother!"'

It may be questioned, indeed, whether that whole drama was not indebted for its origin to this single recollection.

'While such was the character of the person under whose immediate eye his youth was passed, the counteraction which a kind and watchful guardian might have opposed to such example and influence was almost wholly lost to him. Connected but remotely with the family, and never having had any opportunity of knowing the boy, it was with much reluctance that Lord Carlisle originally undertook the trust; nor can we wonder that when his duties as a guardian brought him acquainted with Mrs. Byron, he should be deterred from interfering more than was absolutely necessary for the child, by his fear of coming into collision with the violence and caprice of the mother.

'Had even the character which the last Lord left behind been sufficiently popular to pique his young successor into an emulation of his good name, such a salutary rivalry of the dead would have supplied the place of living examples; and there is no mind in which such an ambition would have been more likely to spring up than that of Byron. But unluckily, as we have seen, this was not the case; and not only was so fair a stimulus to good conduct wanting, but a rivalry of a very different nature substituted in its place. The strange anecdotes told of the last lord by the country people, among whom his fierce and solitary habits had procured for him a sort of fearful renown, were of a nature livelily to arrest the fancy of the young poet, and even to waken in his mind a sort of boyish admiration for singularities which he found thus elevated into matters of wonder and record. By some it has been even supposed that in these stories of his eccentric relative his imagination found the first dark outlines of that ideal character, which he afterwards embodied in so many different shapes, and ennobled by his genius. But however this may be, it is at least far from improbable that, destitute as he was of other and better models, the peculiarities of his immediate predecessor should, in a considerable degree, have influenced his fancy and tastes. One habit, which he seems early to have derived from this spirit of imitation, and which he retained through life, was that of constantly having arms of some description about or near him—it being his practice, when quite a boy, to carry, at all times, small loaded pistols in his waistcoat pockets. The affray, indeed, of the late lord with Mr. Chaworth had, at a very early age, by connecting duelling in his mind with the name of his race, led him to turn his attention to this mode of arbitrament; and the mortification which he had, for some time, to endure at school, from insults, as he imagined, hazarded on the presumption of his physical inferiority, found consolation in the thought that a day would yet arrive when the law of the pistol would place him on a level with the strongest.'—pp. 25—27.

By the advice of Lord Carlisle, and with the view of procuring the assistance of Dr. Baillie, towards the cure of his deformity, Lord Byron was sent to the late Dr. Glennie's school at Dulwich, in the summer of 1799. At the same time his mother fixed her residence at Sloane Terrace, and so frequently interrupted his attention to school business by sending for him, and led the worthy Doctor such a life when he refused to let him go home, that he was too happy, at the end of nearly two years, to get rid of both the mother and son. The latter was next placed at Harrow, of which the Rev. Dr. Drury was at that time, 1801, the head master. Of his habits while at that school we have from his own pen abundant memoranda, from which we shall select a few of the most characteristic.

'"Till I was eighteen years old (odd as it may seem) I had never read a Review. But while at Harrow, my general information was so great on modern topics as to induce a suspicion that I could only collect so much information from *Reviews*, because I was never seen reading, but always idle, and in mischief, or at play. The truth is, that I read eating, read in bed, read when no one else read, and had read all sorts of reading since I was five years old, and yet never *met* with a Review, which is the only reason I know of why I should not have read them. But it is true, for I remember when Hunter and Curzon, in 1804, told me this opinion at Harrow, I made them laugh by my ludicrous astonishment in asking them '*What is a Review?*' To be sure, they were then less common. In three years more, I was better acquainted with that same; but the first I ever read was in 1806-7.

'"At school I was (as I have said) remarked for the extent and readiness of my *general* information; but in all other respects idle, capable of great sudden exertions (such as thirty or forty Greek hexameters, of course with such prosody as it pleased God), but of few continuous drudgeries. My qualities were much more oratorical and martial than poetical, and Dr. Drury, my grand patron (our head master), had a great notion that I should turn out an orator, from my fluency, my turbulence, my voice, my copiousness of declamation, and my action. I remember that my first declamation astonished him into some unwonted (for he was economical of such) and sudden compliments, before the declaimers at our first rehearsal. My first Harrow verses (that is, English, as exercises), a translation of a chorus from the Prometheus of Æschylus, were received by him but coolly. No one had the least notion that I should subside into poesy.

'"Peel, the orator and statesman ('that was, or is, or is to be'), was my form-fellow, and we were both at the top of our remove (a public school phrase). We were on good terms, but his brother was my intimate friend. There were always great hopes of Peel, amongst us all, masters and scholars—and he has not disappointed them. As a scholar he was greatly my superior; as a declaimer and actor, I was reckoned at least his equal; as a schoolboy, *out* of school, I was always *in* scrapes, and *he never*; *and in school*, he *always* knew his lesson, and I rarely,—but when I knew it, I knew it nearly as well. In general information, history, &c., &c., I think I was *his* superior, as well as of most boys of my standing."'—pp. 40—41.

One of the most redeeming traits in the character of Lord Byron, was that strong susceptibility for friendship, to which we have already alluded.

'"My school-friendships were with *me passions*[*] (for I was always violent), but I do not know that there is one which has endured (to be sure some have been cut short by death) till now. That with Lord Clare begun one of the earliest and lasted longest—being only interrupted by distance—that I know of. I never hear the word '*Clare*' without a beating of the heart even *now*, and I write it with the feelings of 1803-4-5 ad infinitum."' —p. 42.

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[*] On a leaf of one of his note-books, dated 1808, I find the following passage from Marmontel, which no doubt struck him as applicable to the enthusiasm of his own youthful friendships:—"L'amitié, qui dans le

Mr. Moore states, that 'the following description of what Lord Byron felt after leaving Harrow, when he encountered in the world any of his old school fellows, falls far short of the scene which actually occurred but a few years before his death in Italy; when on meeting with his friend, Lord Clare, after a long separation, he was affected almost to tears, by the recollections which rushed upon him.'

> " ——If chance some well remember'd face,
> Some old companion of my early race,
> Advance to claim his friend with honest joy,
> My eyes, my heart proclaim'd me still a boy;
> The glittering scene, the fluttering groups around,
> Were all forgotten when my friend was found."—p. 45.

There is a trait of magnanimity about the subjoined anecdote, which it is impossible not to admire.

'While Lord Byron and Mr. Peel were at Harrow together, a tyrant some few years older, whose name was * * * * * *, claimed a right to fag little Peel, which claim (whether rightly or wrongly, I know not) Peel resisted. His resistance, however, was in vain:—* * * * * * not only subdued him, but determined also to punish the refractory slave; and proceeded forthwith to put this determination in practice, by inflicting a kind of bastinado on the inner fleshy side of the boy's arm, which, during the operation, was twisted round with some degree of technical skill, to render the pain more acute. While the stripes were succeeding each other, and poor Peel writhing under them, Byron saw and felt for the misery of his friend; and, although he knew that he was not strong enough to fight * * * * * * with any hope of success, and that it was dangerous even to approach him, he advanced to the scene of action, and with a blush of rage, tears in his eyes, and a voice trembling between terror and indignation, asked very humbly if * * * * * * would be pleased to tell him, "how many stripes he meant to inflict?"—"Why," returned the executioner, "you little rascal, what is that to you?"—"Because, if you please," said Byron, holding out his arm, "I would take half?"—pp. 45, 46.

His remarkable attachment to aristocratic notions, had already obtained for him at Dulwich, the appropriate nickname of the "Old English Baron." His friendships were indeed chiefly formed among boys, who in point of rank were his inferiors; yet even this preference would appear to have arisen from the pride of affording "protection," and was in itself essentially Patrician.

We have already mentioned Lord Byron's first love. Her image was in due time displaced by Margaret Parker, his cousin, who, having died in consequence of a fall which injured her spine, left the throne of his affections open for a new sovereign, who took possession of it when he was about the age of fifteen. This affair was rather more serious than any which preceded it, for his biographer

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monde est à peine un sentiment, est une passion dans les Cloîtres."—*Contes Moraux.*

tells us that 'it sunk so deep into his mind, as to give a colour to all his future life.' The object of his new flame, was Miss Chaworth, who was about two years older than himself, and the heiress of Annesley, an estate adjoining his own. A union with her he hoped would heal the feuds which had existed between their fathers, and have paired lands "broad and rich." He evidently set his heart upon her, for besides her worldly endowments, she was possessed of 'much personal beauty, and a disposition the most amiable and attaching.' But alas for his hopes, her heart was already engaged, and the mortification of his rejection as a lover was infinitely enhanced by Miss Chaworth having said to her maid, "do you think I could care any thing for that lame boy?" This pretty speech was either overheard by, or reported to him, and as he himself described it, "was like a shot through his heart." No more of his Harrow vacations appear to have been spent at Annesley. The object of his attachment was married in 1805, to Mr. John Musters.

It appears that the character of young Byron, at Harrow, was that of a capital declaimer and an idle body. The latter imputation was not unfounded, says his biographer, as far as regards his tasks in school. He had, however, already devoured an incredible number of works in all departments of literature, always excepting those which were in any way connected with his scholastic studies.

In October, 1805, he was removed to Trinity College, Cambridge, where his time does not appear to have passed very pleasantly. His vacations were usually spent with his mother, at Southwell, amid the cheerful society of the Pigots, the Bechers, the Leacrofts, and the Hansons, from whom he experienced the most affectionate attentions. With these friends, particularly with the Pigots, his letter-writing first began; they also had the good fortune to be acquainted with his first experiments in poetry, which appear to have been commenced about the year 1806; at least it would seem that he then first thought of printing his verses. He was, says his biographer, in the parlour of that cottage which, during his visits to Southwell, had become his adopted home. Miss Pigot, who was not before aware of his turn for versifying, had been reading aloud the poems of Burns, when young Byron said that "he too was a poet sometimes, and would write down for her some verses of his own, which he remembered." He then, with a pencil, wrote those lines beginning "In thee I fondly hoped to clasp," which were printed in his first unpublished volume, but are not contained in the editions that followed. The rage for printing then took entire possession of him, although his views were limited only to the circle of his friends. Ridge, the bookseller, at Newark, had the honour of receiving his first manuscripts. At Southwell, also, young Byron enacted in private theatricals with no mean eclat. His favourite characters, at least those in which he appeared to the greatest advantage, were Penruddock, in the "Wheel of Fortune," and Fickle, in the "Weathercock;" the gloom of the one, and the whim of the other, 'being types, as it were, of the two extremes, between which his own character in after-life so singularly vibrated.' He furnished the prologues and epilogues on these occasions, in which he frequently betrayed his talent for satire.

Of his first volume of poetry, printed for private circulation, only two, or, at the utmost, three copies, are now said to be extant. It was printed in quarto, and consisted but of a few sheets, filled chiefly with imitations of Lord Strangford's Camoen's, and Little's poems. It is due to Mr. Moore to remark, that he fully agreed in the opinion of a friend of Lord Byron, who represented to him that, at least so far as the latter author was concerned, there were 'much more worthy models, both in style and thought, to be found among the established names of English literature.' In compliance with the wishes of his friend, the first edition was recalled, and a second substituted for it in 1807, consisting of about one hundred copies. The applause which they obtained, urged him at length to the publication of the "Hours of Idleness," which launched him fairly upon the tide of public opinion, and appears, in the first instance, to have had very considerable success.

In the Spring of the following year, 1808, appeared the famous critique upon this production in the Edinburgh Review, with the history and consequences of which our readers are so well informed that we need not dwell upon them. We fully agree, however, in the justice of Mr. Moore's remark, 'that the early verses of Lord Byron, however distinguished by tenderness and grace, give but little promise of those dazzling miracles of poesy with which he afterwards astonished and enchanted the world; and that, if his youthful verses now have a peculiar charm in our eyes, it is because we read them, as it were, by the light of his subsequent glory.'

It is lamentable to find that at this early period of his life, Lord Byron, having scarcely attained his twentieth year, had been already a thorough sceptic in religion, and a complete adept in the vices of the metropolis. He had even formed a connection, the object of which became domesticated with him in lodgings at Brompton, and accompanied him disguised in boy's clothes. This person he introduced as his younger brother. In the vulgar exercises of boxing and sparring he took great delight, and thus became acquainted with the well-known Jackson, 'for whom he continued through life to entertain the sincerest regard.' D'Egville, the ballet master, and Grimaldi, the clown, were amongst his favourite companions. In gambling also he was already a proficient.

It was in the autumn of this year (1808), that Lord Byron took up his residence at Newstead, where, from his disappointed affections and baffled hopes, melancholy gained fast upon him. A great portion of his time was dedicated to his satire, "English Bards and

Scotch Reviewers," with which he appears to have taken more pains than with any other of his compositions. In 1809 he attained his majority, and celebrated it by dining on eggs and bacon and a bottle of ale. His pecuniary supplies were already so inadequate to his wants, that he was obliged to borrow money at an enormously usurious interest, which long preyed upon his finances.

In addition to the other causes of mortification which were already sufficiently numerous to weigh heavily upon a sensitive mind, he had now to undergo a trial of more than common bitterness to a young and proud nobleman, upon his very first step in the exercise of his hereditary privileges. It is worth observing, that on coming to London to take his seat in the House of Lords, he brought with him his satire prepared for publication; and containing among other things, a neatly turned compliment to his guardian, in the following terms:—

"On one alone Apollo deigns to smile,
And crowns a new Roscommon in Carlisle."

This compliment was soon exchanged for verses of a wholly opposite description, and perhaps the change is not to be wondered at, when we learn, that the Earl of Carlisle, from whom he had some right to expect such a mark of kindness, refused to attend him on taking his seat, and that he was in consequence obliged to go through that interesting ceremony alone. We can scarcely imagine a slight more wounding to his pride than this. It would seem, that he at first intended to exert himself as a legislator; but after trying his powers of oratory on two or three occasions, on which he displayed principles that would now be set down as almost ultra-radical, the novelty of the thing wore off, and he turned his mind wholly to that art in which he was destined to shine with a brighter splendour.

Upon the effect of his satire, after it was published, we need make no remark. Mr. Moore has collected several notes, highly interesting in a literary point of view, connected with it, for which we must refer to his volume. It is well known that the noble author subsequently repented of his production; he must have felt that it went vastly beyond the provocation he had received, galling as it was; and that his spirit was embittered not only against those who had injured him, but against all mankind.

Shortly after the publication of this work, Lord Byron went for the first time abroad. But before we follow him in his journey, we must notice a series of farewell revelries which took place at Newstead, in the spring of 1809. His visitors, consisting of Charles Skinner Matthews, Esq. and four others not named, sat down to dinner arrayed in monkish dresses, with crosses, beads, &c., about eight o'clock in the evening. After dinner, Burgundy was handed around in a human skull, and they seldom retired before two o'clock in the morning. We turn from the scenes of depravity which followed, and which though passed over with as much delicacy as possible by Mr. Moore, may, even through his apologies, be abundantly understood.

Lord Byron left England in the month of June, 1809, for Lisbon;* his mind overloaded with the many mortifying reflections which the retrospect of his past career suggested. From Lisbon he travelled by Seville and Cadiz to Gibraltar, and thence to Albania and Greece, where Mr. Hobhouse's travels have long since informed us of their adventures. After Mr. Hobhouse left him, he proceeded to Constantinople, and then returned to Greece, where the first cantos of his Childe Harold appear to have been written. After an absence of about two years he returned to England, with feelings which are painfully described in the following extract from one of his letters.

'"Indeed, my prospects are not very pleasant. Embarrassed in my private affairs, indifferent to public, solitary without the wish to be social; with a body a little enfeebled by a succession of fevers, but a spirit, I, trust, yet unbroken, I am returning *home* without a hope, and almost without a desire. The first thing I shall have to encounter will be a lawyer, the next a creditor, then colliers, farmers, surveyors, and all the agreeable attachments to estates out of repair and contested coal-pits. In short, I am sick and sorry, and when I have a little repaired my irreparable affairs, away I shall march, either to campaign in Spain, or back again to the East, where I can at least have cloudless skies and a cessation from impertinence."'—pp. 247, 248.

His biographer informs us of some of the miseries which awaited him on his arrival.

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* 'Lord Byron used sometimes to mention a strange story, which the commander of the packet, Captain Kidd, related to him on the passage. This officer stated that, being asleep, one night, in his birth, he was awakened by the pressure of something heavy on his limbs, and, there being a faint light in the room, could see, as he thought, distinctly; the figure of his brother, who was, at that time, in the naval service in the East Indies, dressed in his uniform and stretched across the bed. Concluding it to be an illusion of the senses, he shut his eyes and made an effort to sleep. But still the same pressure continued, and still as often as he ventured to take another look, he saw the figure lying across him in the same position. To add to the wonder, on putting his hand forth to touch this form, he found the uniform, in which it appeared to be dressed, dripping wet. On the entrance of one of his brother officers, to whom he called out in alarm, the apparition vanished; but in a few months after, he received the startling intelligence that on that night his brother had been drowned in the Indian seas. Of the supernatural character of this appearance, Captain Kidd himself did not appear to have the slightest doubt.'—[A similar circumstance was mentioned to us some years ago of a lady, whose son went out as a Cadet to India, and who on the passage fell from the rigging into the sea, and perished. She awoke one night under an irresistible impression, that she saw him fall into the sea; and from the letters which afterwards reached her, it appeared that her dream occurred at the moment it was realized.—Ed. M.R.]

' " To be happy at home," says Johnson, " is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labour tends." But Lord Byron had no home,—at least none that deserved this endearing name. A fond, family circle to accompany him with its prayers, while away, and draw round him with listening eagerness, on his return, was what, unluckily, he never knew, though with a heart, as we have seen, by nature formed for it. In the absence, too, of all that might cheer and sustain, he had every thing to encounter that could distress and humiliate. To the dreariness of a home without affection was added the burden of an establishment without means, and he had thus all the embarrassments of domestic life without its charms. His affairs had, during his absence, been suffered to fall into confusion, even greater than their inherent tendency to such a state warranted. There had been, the preceding year, an execution on Newstead, for a debt of 1500*l.* owing to the Messrs. Brothers, upholsterers; and a circumstance, told of the veteran, Joe Murray, on this occasion, well deserves to be mentioned. To this faithful old servant, jealous of the ancient honour of the Byrons, the sight of the notice of sale, pasted up on the abbey-door, could not be otherwise than an unsightly and intolerable nuisance, Having enough, however, of the fear of the law before his eyes, not to tear the writing down, he was at last forced, as his only consolatory expedient, to paste a large piece of brown paper over it. —pp. 257, 258.

On arriving in England, Lord Byron talked much to his friend, Mr. Dallas, of an imitation of Horace's " Art of Poetry," which he had executed while abroad, and upon which he set a high value. With difficulty, and almost by accident, was it drawn from him that he had also written a number of verses in Spenser's measure, " relative to the countries he had visited." It is needless to add, that these verses formed the first cantos of Childe Harold. In his own opinion the imitation of Horace, which, if we may judge from the specimens given of it by Mr. Moore, was but a very poor performance, greatly excelled the Spenserian stanzas; thus adding one more to the strange instances on record, in which eminent authors have formed ludicrously false judgments on their own productions.

There are in this collection several letters from Lord Byron to his mother, in which he usually addresses her as the " Honourable Mrs. Byron," a title to which he well knew she had no manner of right. He sometimes begins, " Dear Mother," but more generally " Dear Madam," and the tone of his correspondence with her is correctly described as that " of a son, performing, strictly and conscientiously, what he deems to be his duty, without the intermixture of any sentiment of cordiality to sweeten the task." By way of contrast to this picture, Mr. Moore observes in a note, that " in many instances the mothers of illustrious poets have had reason to be proud, no less of the affection, than of the glory of their sons; and Tasso, Pope, Gray, and Cowper, are among these memorable examples of filial tenderness. In the lesser poems of Tasso, there are few things so beautiful as his description, in the Canzone to the Metauro, of his first parting with his mother." To these examples of filial piety, the future biographer of Mr. Moore will have to add another. It happens to us to know, that the intercourse between the distinguished author of Lalla Rookh, and his mother, has been uniformly marked by the most endearing mutual kindness and attention.

Mr. Moore gives an interesting account of the commencement of his own acquaintance with Lord Byron, which, as is well known, grew out of a passage in the "English bards and Scotch reviewers," giving, as Mr. Moore conceived, the "lie" to a public statement of his respecting the affair with Mr. Jeffrey. The explanations offered by Lord Byron, were so satisfactory, that an intercourse, begun in hostility, ended in a friendship which lasted without the slightest interruption, until the death of the noble poet. Their first meeting, which took place at the table of Mr. Rogers, is thus described.

'It was, at first, intended by Mr. Rogers that his company at dinner should not extend beyond Lord Byron and myself; but Mr. Thomas Campbell, having called upon our host that morning, was invited to join the party, and consented. Such a meeting could not be otherwise than interesting to us all. It was the first time that Lord Byron was ever seen by any of his three companions; while he, on his side, for the first time, found himself in the society of persons, whose names had been associated with his first literary dreams, and to *two* * of whom he looked up with that tributary admiration, which youthful genius is ever ready to pay to its precursors.

'Among the impressions which this meeting left upon me, what I chiefly remember to have remarked was the nobleness of his air, his beauty, the gentleness of his voice and manners, and—what was, naturally, not the least attraction—his marked kindness to myself. Being in mourning for his mother, the colour, as well of his dress, as of his glossy, curling, and picturesque hair, gave more effect to the pure, spiritual paleness of his features, in the expression of which, when he spoke, there was a perpetual play of lively thought, though melancholy was their habitual character, when in repose.

'As we had none of us been apprized of his peculiarities with respect to food, the embarrassment of our host was not a little, on discovering that there was nothing upon the table which his noble guest could eat or drink. Neither meat, fish, or wine, would Lord Byron touch; and of biscuits and soda-water, which he asked for, there had been, unluckily, no provision. He professed, however, to be equally well pleased with potatoes and vinegar; and of these meagre materials contrived to make rather a hearty dinner.'—pp. 314, 315.

From this moment Mr. Moore and Lord Byron appear to have been upon the most intimate terms.

'* In speaking thus, I beg to disclaim all affected modesty. Lord Byron had already made the same distinction himself in the opinions which he expressed of the living poets; and I cannot but be aware that, for the praises which he afterwards bestowed on my writings, I was, in a great degree, indebted to his partiality to myself.'

'We frequently, during the first months of our acquaintance, dined together alone; and as we had no club in common, to resort to,—the Alfred being the only one to which he, at that period, belonged, and I being then a member of none but Watier's,—our dinners used to be either at the St. Alban's, or at his old haunt, Stevens's. Though at times he would drink freely enough of claret, he still adhered to his system of abstinence in food. He appeared, indeed, to have conceived a notion that animal food had some peculiar influence on the character; and I remember one day, as I sat opposite to him, employed, I suppose, rather earnestly over a beef-steak, after watching me for a few seconds, he said, in a grave tone of inquiry—" Moore, don't you find eating beef-steak makes you ferocious?" '—p. 324.

"Childe Harold" appeared in March 1812, and at once established the fame of the author. There is, we believe, no example upon record, of such a rapid advance to permanent glory as that which was made by Lord Byron. Before the publication of that poem he was known only as the writer of some dull verses, which were praised because they were written by a nobleman, and of a satire which though clever and pungent, was not capable of conferring upon him an enviable reputation. But when "Childe Harold" came forth, the effect was magical. He became, of course, for the season, the "lion" of all fashionable parties, and was looked up to as the first poet of the age. His fame was confirmed, and indeed increased by the "Giaour," the "Bride of Abydos," and the other beautiful poems which poured from his fancy, successively, in such rich profusion. It is a remarkable trait in his character, and strongly indicative of his ancestorial pride, that, although his circumstances were very far from being in a flourishing condition, he refused to accept, for himself, any thing in the way of pecuniary reward for his earlier writings.

We have been much amused with several of the extracts, which Mr. Moore has given from Lord Byron's journals. The following may serve as a specimen of the most innocent, as well as the most lively portions of those incoherent memoranda :—

'" I am *ennuyé* beyond my usual tense of that yawning verb, which I am always conjugating; and I don't find that society much mends the matter. I am too lazy to shoot myself—and it would annoy Augusta, and perhaps * *; but it would be a good thing for George, on the other side, and no bad one for me; but I wont be tempted.

'" I have had the kindest letter from M * * e. I *do* think that man is the best-hearted, the only *hearted* being I ever encountered; and then, his talents are equal to his feelings.

'" Dined on Wednesday at Lord H.'s—the Staffords, Staëls, Cowpers, Ossulstones, Melbournes, Mackintoshes, &c. &c.—and was introduced to the Marquis and Marchioness of Stafford,—an unexpected event. My quarrel with Lord Carlisle (their or his brother-in-law) having rendered it improper, I supppose, brought it about. But, if it was to happen at all, I wonder it did not occur before. She is handsome, and must have been beautiful—and her manners are *princessly*. * * *

'"The Staël was at the other end of the table, and less loquacious than heretofore. We are now very good friends; though she asked Lady Melbourne whether I had really any *bonhommie*. She might as well have asked that question before she told C. L. 'c'est un demon.' True enough, but rather premature, for *she* could not have found it out, and so—she wants me to dine there next Sunday.

'"Murray prospers, as far as circulation. For my part, I adhere (in liking) to my Fragment. It is no wonder that I wrote one—my mind is a fragment.

'"Saw Lord Gower, Tierney, &c. in the square. Took leave of Lord Gr. who is going to Holland and Germany. He tells me, that he carries with him a parcel of 'Harolds and Giaours,' &c. for the readers of Berlin, who, it seems, read English, and have taken a caprice for mine. Um!—have I been *German* all this time, when I thought myself *Oriental?* * * *

'"Lent Tierney my box for to-morrow; and received a new Comedy sent by Lady C. A.—but *not hers*. I must read it, and endeavour not to displease the author. I hate annoying them with cavil; but a comedy I take to be the most difficult of compositions, more so than tragedy.

'"G—t says there is a coincidence between the first part of "the Bride" and some story of his—whether published or not, I know not, never having seen it. He is almost the last person on whom any one would commit literary larceny, and I am not conscious of any *witting* thefts on any of the genus. As to originality, all pretensions are ludicrous,—'there is nothing new under the sun.'

'"Went last night to the play. * * * * Invited out to a party, but did not go;—right. Refused to go to Lady * *'s on Monday;—right again. If I must fritter away my life, I would rather do it alone. I was much tempted;—C * * looked so Turkish with her red turban, and her regular dark and clear features. Not that *she* and *I* ever were, or could be, any thing; but I love any aspect that reminds me of the 'children of the sun.'

'"To dine to-day with Rogers and Sharpe, for which I have some appetite, not having tasted food for the preceding forty-eight hours. I wish I could leave off eating altogether.'—pp. 466—468.

Lord Byron's marriage with Miss Milbanke took place in the early part of 1815, and as the separation which took place in about a year after, was then, and still is, in many respects, a mystery, we must dedicate our remaining space to Mr. Moore's account of that unhappy event.

'I have already, in some observations on the general character of men of genius, endeavoured to point out those peculiarities, both in disposition and habitudes, by which, in the far greater number of instances, they have been found unfitted for domestic happiness. Of these defects (which are, as it were, the shadow that genius casts, and too generally, it is to be feared, in proportion to its stature,) Lord Byron could not, of course, fail to have inherited his share, in common with all the painfully-gifted class to which he belonged. How thoroughly, with respect to one attribute of this temperament which he possessed,—one that "sicklies o'er" the face of happiness itself,—he was understood by the person most interested in observing him, will appear from the following anecdote, as related by himself.

'"People have wondered at the melancholy which runs through my writings. Others have wondered at my personal gaiety. But I recollect once, after an hour in which I had been sincerely and particularly gay and rather brilliant, in company, my wife replying to me when I said (upon her remarking my high spirits), 'And yet, Bell, I have been called and mis-called melancholy—you must have seen how falsely, frequently?'—'No, Byron,' she answered, 'it is not so: at heart you are the most melancholy of mankind; and often when apparently gayest.'"

'To these faults and sources of faults, inherent in his own sensitive nature, he added also many of those which a long indulgence of self-will generates,—the least compatible, of all others (if not softened down, as they were in him, by good-nature), with that system of mutual concession and sacrifice by which the balance of domestic peace is maintained. When we look back, indeed, to the unbridled career, of which this marriage was meant to be the goal,—to the rapid and restless course in which his life had run along, like a burning train, through a series of wanderings, adventures, successes, and passions, the fever of all which was still upon him, when, with the same headlong recklessness, he rushed into this marriage,—it can but little surprise us that, in the space of one short year, he should not have been able to recover all at once from his bewilderment, or to settle down into that tame level of conduct which the officious spies of his privacy required. As well might it be expected that a steed like his own Mazeppa's,

'"Wild as the wild deer and untaught,
With spur and bridle undefiled—
'Twas but a day he had been caught,"

should stand still, when reined, without chafing or champing the bit.

'Even had the new condition of life into which he passed been one of prosperity and smoothness, some time, as well as tolerance, must still have been allowed for the subsiding of so excited a spirit into rest. But, on the contrary, his marriage (from the reputation, no doubt, of the lady, as an heiress) was, at once, a signal for all the arrears and claims of a long-accumulating state of embarrassment to explode upon him;—his door was almost daily beset by duns, and his house nine times during that year in possession of bailiffs; * while, in addition to these anxieties and—what he felt still more

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* 'An anecdote connected with one of these occasions is thus related in the Journal just referred to.

'"When the bailiff (for I have seen most kinds of life) came upon me in 1815 to seize my chattels, (being a peer of parliament, my person was beyond him,) being curious (as is my habit), I first asked him 'what extents elsewhere he had for government?' upon which he showed me one upon *one house only* for *seventy thousand pounds!* Next I asked him if he had nothing for Sheridan? 'Oh—Sheridan!' said he; 'ay, I have this' (pulling out a pocket book, &c.); 'but, my lord, I have been in Sheridan's house a twelvemonth at a time—a civil gentleman—knows how to deal with *us*, &c. &c. &c. Our own business was then discussed, which was none of the easiest for me at that time. But the man was civil, and (what I valued more) communicative. I had met many of his brethren, years before, in affairs of my friends (commoners, that is), but this was the first (or second) on my own account. A civil man; fee'd accordingly: probably he anticipated as much."'

—indignities of poverty, he had also the pain of fancying, whether rightly or wrongly, that the eyes of enemies and spies were upon him, even under his own roof, and that his every hasty word and look were interpreted in the most perverting light.

'As, from the state of their means, his lady and he saw but little society, his only relief from the thoughts which a life of such embarrassment brought with it was in those avocations which his duty, as a member of the Drury-lane Committee, imposed upon him. And here,—in this most unlucky connection with the theatre,—one of the fatalities of his short year of trial, as husband, lay. From the reputation which he had previously acquired for gallantries, and the sort of reckless and boyish levity to which—often in very "bitterness of soul"—he gave way, it was not difficult to bring suspicion upon some of those acquaintances which his frequent intercourse with the green-room induced him to form, or even (as, in one instance, was the case), to connect with his name injuriously that of a person to whom he had scarcely ever addressed a single word.

'Notwithstanding, however, this ill-starred concurrence of circumstances, which might have palliated any excesses either of temper or conduct into which they drove him, it was, after all, I am persuaded, to no such serious causes that the unfortunate alienation, which so soon ended in disunion, is to be traced. "In all the marriages I have ever seen," says Steele, "most of which have been unhappy ones, the great cause of evil has proceeded from slight occasions;" and to this remark the marriage at present under our consideration would not be found, I think, on inquiry, to furnish much exception. Lord Byron himself, indeed, when at Cephalonia, a short time before his death, seems to have expressed, in a few words, the whole pith of the mystery. An English gentleman with whom he was conversing on the subject of Lady Byron, having ventured to enumerate to him the various causes he had heard alleged for the separation, the noble poet, who had seemed much amused with their absurdity and falsehood, said, after listening to them all,—"the causes, my dear sir, were too simple to be easily found out."

'In truth, the circumstances, so unexampled, that attended their separation,—the last words of the parting wife to the husband being those of the most playful affection, while the language of the deserted husband towards the wife was in a strain, as the world knows, of tenderest eulogy, —are in themselves a sufficient proof that, at the time of their parting, there could have been no very deep sense of injury on either side. It was not till afterwards that, in both bosoms, the repulsive force came into operation,—when, to the party which had taken the first decisive step in the strife, it became naturally a point of pride to persevere in it with dignity, and this unbendingness provoked, as naturally, in the haughty spirit of the other, a strong feeling of resentment which overflowed, at last, in acrimony and scorn. If there be any truth, however, in the principle that they "'never pardon, who have done the wrong," Lord Byron, who was, to the last, disposed to reconciliation, proved so far, at least, his conscience to have been unhaunted by any very disturbing consciousness of aggression.

'But though it would have been difficult, perhaps, for the victims of this strife, themselves, to have pointed out any single, or definite, cause for their disunion,—beyond that general incompatibility which is the canker of all such marriages,—the public, which seldom allows itself to be at a fault on these occasions, was, as usual, ready with an ample supply of reasons for the breach,—all tending to blacken the already darkly painted character of the poet, and representing him, in short, as a finished monster of cruelty and depravity. The reputation of the object of his choice for every possible virtue (a reputation which had been, I doubt not, one of his own chief incentives to the marriage, from the vanity, reprobate as he knew he was deemed, of being able to win such a paragon), was now turned against him by his assailants, not only in the way of contrast with his own character, but as if the excellences of the wife were proof positive of every enormity they chose to charge upon the husband.

'Meanwhile, the unmoved silence of the lady herself (from motives, it is but fair to suppose, of generosity and delicacy), under the repeated demands made for a specification of her charges against him, left to malice and imagination the fullest range for their combined industry. It was accordingly stated, and almost universally believed, that the noble lord's second proposal to Miss Milbanke had been but with a view to revenge himself for the slight inflicted by her refusal of the first, and that he himself had confessed so much to her, on their way from church. At the time when, as the reader has seen from his own honey-moon letters, he was with all the good-will in the world, imagining himself into happiness, and even boasting, in the pride of his fancy, that if marriage were to be upon *lease*, he would gladly renew his own for a term of ninety-nine years,—at this very time, according to these veracious chroniclers, he was employed in darkly following up the aforesaid scheme of revenge, and tormenting his lady by all sorts of unmanly cruelties,—such as firing off pistols, to frighten her as she lay in bed,* and other such freaks.

'To the falsehoods concerning his green-room intimacies, and particularly with respect to one beautiful actress, with whom, in reality, he had hardly ever exchanged a single word, I have already adverted ; and the extreme confidence with which this tale was circulated and believed affords no unfair specimen of the sort of evidence with which the public, in all such fits of moral wrath, is satisfied. It is, at the same time, very far from my intention to allege that, in the course of the noble poet's intercourse with the theatre, he was not sometimes led into a line of acquaintance and converse, unbefitting, if not dangerous to, the steadiness of married life. But the imputations against him on this head were (as far as affected his conjugal character) not the less unfounded,—as the sole case, in which he afforded any thing like *real* grounds for such an accusation, did not take place till *after* the period of the separation.'—pp. 649—653.

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* 'For this story, however, there was so far a foundation that the practice to which he had accustomed himself from boyhood, of having loaded pistols always near him at night, was considered so strange a propensity as to be included in that list of symptoms (sixteen, I believe, in number) which were submitted to medical opinion, in proof of his insanity. Another symptom was the emotion, almost to hysterics, which he had exhibited on seeing Kean act Sir Giles Overreach. But the most plausible of all the grounds, as he himself used to allow, on which these articles of impeachment against his sanity were drawn up, was an act of violence committed by him on a favourite old watch that had been his companion from boyhood, and had gone with him to Greece. In a fit of vexation and rage, brought on by some of those humiliating embarrassments to which he was now almost daily a prey, he furiously dashed this watch upon the hearth, and ground it to pieces among the ashes with the poker.'

To this account, which, after all, still leaves something to be explained, it is but an act of justice towards Lady Byron, to add a note which her husband addressed to Mr. Rogers on this melancholy subject.

'" March 25th, 1816.

'" You are one of the few persons with whom I have lived in what is called intimacy, and have heard me at times conversing on the untoward topic of my recent family disquietudes. Will you have the goodness to say to me at once, whether you ever heard me speak of her with disrespect, with unkindness, or defending myself at *her* expence by any serious imputation of any description against *her?* Did you never hear me say 'that when there was a right or a wrong, she had the *right?'*—The reason I put these questions to you or others of my friends is, because I am said, by her and hers, to have resorted to such means of exculpation. Ever very truly yours, '" B.' "—p. 655.

Shortly after this event Lord Byron once more took his departure from England—never to see its shores again. The history of the remainder of his career, will be told in the second volume. It will, we fear, be in too many respects like that which we have just closed, the picture of a wayward, and yet powerful mind,—knowing what is right, but unhappily too often adopting what is wrong. We follow his story with much of that sort of interest which attaches to the memoirs of Napoleon, and shall look forward to its continuation with impatience.

ART. VIII.—*The Pleasures of Anarchy, a Dramatic Poem, intended as a Warning to the Nursery, with Preface, &c.* By the Rev. F. Newnham. 8vo. London: 1829.

OF all calamities we think the unmerited misfortunes of genius ought to possess the most irresistible influence over the fountains of pity. Nothing can exceed the pathos of a true tale of literary woe,—such, for instance, as when a hard-hearted, impenetrable bookseller, by his coldness, drives an ardent and aspiring author to distraction. Since the days when Milton sold his divine poem for five pounds, and the author of " Venice Preserved " died from want, there is scarcely a member of the tuneful brotherhood more worthy of universal compassion than the Reverend writer before us.

Mr. Newnham was early in the vineyard—his labours were commensurate with his life; the patience, industry, perseverance,—under transcendent disappointments,—employed by him in pushing this dramatic poem into circulation, fling the Discoverer of America into the shade. Nothing can be more simple and natural than the impulses of our author, except perhaps the prompt obedience which he always yields to them. It can never be forgotten by those who witnessed its celebration, that the jubilee took place in 1809. To that event is Mr. Newnham indebted for his maiden inspiration; for, after having maturely weighed the peaceful character of the ceremony, and duly considered the nature of those accompaniments which would be most suitable to the occasion, the unfledged bard produces the 'Pleasures of Anarchy' to vary the choice amusements of the Jubilee.

But Mr. Newnham found out that, though he might tender his poetry to the public, he could not inoculate them with a taste for its beauties; there was something in the time or the clime—somehow or another the sheets of the poem and the shelves of the publisher, mutually maintained such a perfect good understanding, that all thoughts of separation between them were entirely abandoned. Country air was now the resource of Mr. Newnham; and, at his rural retreat, he exhibited to the world in general, and to authors in particular, an example of philosophy and an ingenuity in the application of the principles of political economy, such as we hope will prove useful to both. 'What Phœbus,' he says with admirable candour, 'may be said in every way to have refused, Vulcan was compelled to take—some copies daily fed the author's fire: others were applied to a thousand different offices. A very large part of the first edition was spread on a four-acred field immediately in front of the Rectory House at East Horsley, in the County of Surrey, and produced a large crop from the previously impoverished soil;'—'thus procuring,' adds our author, 'by abundance of grass, that which, when less of an agriculturist, he fondly expected the heights of Parnassus might be made to produce.'

Was Mr. Newnham cast down by this agricultural diversion? By no means. He dared the town once more, and sent his poem to Covent Garden Theatre. The proprietors restored it to the author with the comment that it would not succeed in representation. Could man or poet bear this? Mr. Newnham endured it. He had a refuge—to send the work to a publication, at that time existing for the reception of condemned dramas, which literary asylum was entitled "The Rejected Theatre." But Mr. Newnham ultimately resolved to save his beloved offspring from such a fate. "S'death he prints" it once more—causes the moderate number of 150 copies to be struck off, and ushers it into the world in the entirely new and interesting character of a *second* edition. The middle of the year 1815 was the period chosen for the second coming of the Pleasures of Anarchy. Most unfortunately, what should just start up at the moment but the Battle of Waterloo! The public is always caught by glare. Every body talked of the victory, but no one said a word of the drama. We now deliberately take it upon us to state, that Mr. Newnham's book would have carried the day hollow at the time but for Wellington and Buonaparte.—Under the very untoward circumstances which thus unexpectedly arose,—that is, the battle of Waterloo becoming the successful lion instead of the 'Pleasures of Anarchy,'—the publishers are moved to expend the capital sum of one pound eight shillings sterling in advertising the same. Notwithstanding this profuse expenditure, such was the run which the Waterloo excitement produced, that not a single copy of the second edition was disposed of. Many were the devices of our author in such unhappy straits, and direful their result. 'Occasionally,' he says, 'copies were anonymously dispersed, some by being *left at the doors of*, or forwarded to Members of both Houses of Parliament, eminent divines, schoolmasters, &c.'

A ray of hope at last broke on the gloom of his despair. His present Majesty's coronation approached. 'An excellent time,' exclaimed the indefatigable bard, 'for a *third* edition.' He goes to a bookseller, Mr. Hone, on Ludgate-Hill, by whom his overtures are evaded. From that individual he transfers his addresses to a certain society, long since discontinued, called the "Constitutional Association," and in vulgar circles entitled "The Bridge-Street Gang." The treatment of Mr. Newnham by this association is soon told. They kept his poem for a year, (he kept it himself more than ten) and they sent it back without a word of commentary. Praise or even politeness from such a quarter our author would have dispensed with: a harsh criticism on the work—downright abuse of it even would have been taken as a compliment; but the silence of the defunct society was unpardonable, and deserves the full measure of Mr. Newnham's posthumous indignation.

Our author seems now to have become hardened. He gave himself up to a reprobate sense as it were. Accordingly, in an evil moment, as we think, he lays his drama at the feet of the manager of the Surrey Theatre—Olim reges atque tetrarchas, *nunc*—heaven only knows what. The letter which conveys the humiliating proposal is at once so characteristic of the writer, and so faithful in its history, that we do not hesitate to transcribe it.—

'" Sir, *May* 15, 1820.

'" I called this afternoon, about a quarter past three, at the Surrey Theatre, but, on application at the box-office, and after being referred to a person styling himself your Porter, I was told I could not see you without giving in my name, which I declined doing. My object was to lay the enclosed Poem before you, in order that you might peruse it, and determine whether it would be likely to succeed, if brought out, in its present shape, or with any after-pruning, on your boards, as a tragedy.

'" The history of a work cannot be essential to the forming a correct judgment of its intrinsic worth. But I am not at all disposed to conceal from you, that the career of this has, hitherto, been unsuccessful. Two Editions, without the Author's name, have been printed, and both were withdrawn, very soon, a few copies only having been sold. It was also offered, Dec. 20, 1810, to the Manager of Covent Garden Theatre, who replied January 4, 1811, in the following words: 'The Proprietors present their compliments to ...., they have read the enclosed tragedy with much attention, and are of opinion that it will not succeed in representation.'

'" Some time after the Second Edition came out, a copy was, next, left at Drury Lane Theatre: but the opinion of the Manager there was never received.

' " I have now, Sir, to inform you upon what conditions the work was offered to both of the major Theatres. The Author was represented as not unwilling to give them the exclusive liberty of acting it, for the remainder of the season, without any other remuneration than the satisfaction arising from the diffusion of sentiments which he thought might be productive of good : and seeing nothing, latterly, in the progress of mankind to make him fonder of Anarchy, he is not unwilling to treat with yourself upon similar terms.

' " You will, doubtless, be so obliging as to seal the Poem up, and to direct your Porter or Box-keeper to deliver it, either with or without your reply, on Friday next, at three o'clock in the afternoon, to the gentleman who was refused admittance to you to day.

" I am, Sir, Yours, &c.

' " P.S. In the copies sent to the major Theatres, there were no parts cut, or leaves pasted, as in the present case. The whole Poem appeared, which might have occasioned some confusion in forming a judgment of the portion selected for representation. *A Prologue and Epilogue tending to give much relief to the horrors of the story might soon be written ! !*

" *To the Manager of the Surrey Theatre.*" '

What a blessing is a good conscience. The worthy author, in a relenting mood, acknowledges the tragic excesses of his pen, and, with a compunctious earnestness, to be remembered when the cause of his penitence is for ever forgotten, he makes the tender of a balsamic Prologue, and of an Epilogue of equal virtue, " to relieve the horrors of the story !"

And yet it is wonderful that the keen instinct of a bookseller would not lead him to an alliance with the author of such a work. Full surely " Paradise Lost" is not any thing like so taking a title, by one thousand degrees, as the 'Pleasures of Anarchy.'— The delightful incongruity of the name alone ought to ensure the triumph of the work. But the book has its other claims :—Being, *firstly*, the Pleasures of Anarchy, it is *secondly* a Poem : *thirdly*, it is a Dramatic Poem : *fourthly*, it has a preface, notes, and an appendix : *fifthly*, it has arrived at the third edition without scarcely a single one of its predecessors being sold : and *sixthly* and lastly, it is illustrated by a map—a real unexceptionable map—a graphic delineation of locality, meant to elucidate the abstruse geography of the scenes. Now to complete the Cyclopedic character of this very singular production, we humbly presume to propose that the tragedy should be set to music. We love to behold a congregation of the muses : and Melpomene, if we do not mistake, would take as a great *kindness* the presence of Euterpe on such an occasion.

With respect to the dramatic poem itself, we feel that it would be a profanation to notice it in terms of inadequate length. At least a review and a half would be required by the justice of the case. We resign ourselves then to the fate which forbids us to dwell on Mr. Newnham's production.

Art. IX.—*An Historical Account of My Own Life, with some Reflections on the Times I have lived in.* (1671—1731.) By Edmund Calamy, D.D.; now first printed. Edited and illustrated with Notes, Historical and Biographical, by John Towill Rutt. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Colburn and Bentley. 1829.

Mr. Rutt is already well-known to the public for his very valuable edition of Burton's Parliamentary Diary, a work which deservedly places him among the first of those useful and laborious men of letters to whom the historian owes so many advantages in his pursuit of authorities. The Life and Times of Calamy, is calculated to confirm the good opinion we have already formed of Mr. Rutt's industry and ability as an editor, and we are glad to see a work of so useful a kind, come from the hands of a gentleman so well adapted to secure its correctness.

The celebrated subject of this valuable auto-biography, was, in many respects, the first man of his day among the Non-Conformists, and it was a period when to occupy so conspicuous a station among any of the great divisions, either religious or political, argued the possession of talents far above the ordinary stamp. No age has been more conspicuous for intellectual activity, than that in which Calamy lived. There have been many periods, in which popular passion was equally or more awake—many in which geniuses of a higher order have spoken, and written, and given a more fervid and striking character to the age and country upon which they were thrown; but we know of none which has exhibited so much ability employed upon the practical questions of religion or politics—none when so many men of talent appeared at the same time on the field of public controversy, to dispute every debateable spot with the ardour and resolution of a mortal combat. A violent and gloomy enthusiasm reigned in the first days of the Commonwealth, and was succeeded by a licentiousness which induced men to regard the proprieties of religion with contempt. It was possible that the profligacy, the rude and boisterous merriment which thus banished thought and piety from the kingdom for some time after the restoration, might be followed by a total subversion of manners—so total as to prevent their reformation for ages; or by a sudden return to the forced and unnatural austerity from which the nation had only escaped by a desperate plunge into moral anarchy. But providentially for England, the convulsions which had so nearly shaken her from the foundation of social order, and left her without either liberty or religion, were terminated in neither of these ways. The puritanism, which in the time of the Cromwellians had been such a mixture of piety with fanatical ignorance, and of mad zeal with selfish hypocrisy, retained, at the period of which we are speaking, only a love of independence as its distinguishing feature, and with the change from puritans to independents, the children of the men who had expected to see Christ descend from heaven and proceed at their head as a king, with sword and sceptre, became a rational and politic body, combining with their sectarianism a manly, but temperate, desire for civil liberty, and seeking to obtain the advantage over their opponents by the legitimate weapons of controversy.

While the character of the Puritans was undergoing this modification, the ruling vices of the nation, which had been introduced during the disgraceful reign of Charles II., were gradually losing their hold on the community. Instead of sinking deeper into licentiousness, the people began to turn their thoughts again to the situation of the country, and to concern themselves with questions regarding their rights and privileges. A large and powerful party still represented the old royalists, whose devotion to the cause of monarchy had, for some time, legalized the greatest corruption of manners; but it was not by their violence, or their loud and clamorous contentions, that they evinced their attachment to the opinions of their loyal ancestors. They carried themselves as men who defended the throne out of principle, and not by the impulse of a fiery enthusiasm; and pursued their ends by measures which, though not seldom unpopular, were gradually yielding to more sober and enlightened principles.

Such being the change which had taken place in the temper of the two great parties into which the kingdom was divided, the country was placed in a situation admirably calculated to draw forth whatever talent it possessed, and, from the same cause, men of ability were almost sure of becoming public men from their first entrance into life, and of devoting their time and abilities to the defence of some particular set of opinions. Though the period, therefore, which these Memoirs embrace, has no claims to be called the Augustan age of our literature, and greater men have since lived than most of those who then flourished either as statesmen or divines, still it is worthy of study for the numbers of strong, active minded men who then wrote; for the ability with which public questions were discussed; the earnestness which belonged to the controversial spirit of the age, and the striking manner in which the power and force of the opposite opinions were balanced, so as to prevent either the one party or the other from gaining an ascendency which might throw the nation back upon its former difficulties. As illustrating these points in our history, the life of Calamy is highly deserving of attention, and we refer our readers to it, as containing much useful information, delivered in a plain and pleasant manner, and as having that great charm which can only belong to narratives of events by cotemporary writers. Having said this much respecting the general importance of the work, we shall endeavour to give our readers some idea of the amusing details with which its pages are occasionally occupied. 'I have taken a particular pleasure,' says Calamy, 'in reading the published epistles and lives of such as came into the world either before or since my wn appearing in it; and I have in both of them observed many hings, and some of them curious and instructive, that do not occur lsewhere.' 'The writers of them,' continues he, 'very often draw heir own native characters without at all designing it, and generally touch, and sometimes dilate upon, a variety of things out of he common road.' Such are the very sentiments which a writer f autobiography ought to be inspired with from his youth, and ur author seems to have derived, from his remarkable love of this tudy, that curious attention to the events of his time, and that areful remembrance of his own private thoughts and actions, which enabled him to become such a worthy imitator of his avourite writers. The introduction to the account of his life, is ne of the most learned and ingenious treatises we have read, and ontains an erudite view of all the most celebrated autobiographies which have been written, from the most ancient to his own times. The observations which he passes upon them, as he proceeds with is catalogue, are interesting for their terseness and good sense, and or that learned simplicity which often appears in the writings of nen full to overflowing with information. In speaking of the Essays of Montaigne, he observes, 'that these admired introductions are a very peculiar rhapsody, full of an amazing variety f particulars, that are very whimsically put together, and strangely umoursome.' He then quotes M. de Crouzas, who represents him n his Logique, "As a complete humourist, full of fire, and that ould bear no bounds or limits," and again, that "he runs on uriously, whatever subject he falls on, without regard to consequences, many times agreeing as little with himself as with other riters." In another part of this work, M. de Crouzas further emarks, in speaking of this famous essayist, 'that as he had not ruth much at heart, so it is no pain to him to overthrow in one ine, what he has just been advancing in another. If you will elieve him, he speaks that he may speak, rather than persuade, nd yet, that he may obtain a thing, he demands more than he nentions, and makes use of expressions that say more than he hinks. Such a writer as this is wholly unaccountable. It must e owned he has some fine remarks, but they have neither head nor ail, and lie in the utmost disorder and confusion.' It was an ssertion of Bayle's, that he had so often read Montaigne, that if ll the Essays were lost by any accident, he could retrieve them all rom his memory. Calamy, however, who is not a little severe on he garrulous Frenchman, declares that this must be figuratively nderstood, for that there is not so much as a single chapter in the whole work, 'where the contents answer the title that stands t the head of it.' Father Malebranche is another of the writers whose testimony is brought to the same effect. He observes of Montaigne, that he has neither principles on which to establish his easoning, nor any method to make deductions from his principles. That his Essays in fact are 'a contexture of scraps of history, little relations, good words, distichs, and apothegms.'

Our author was born April 5, 1671, in Aldermanbury. He was the son of a non-conformist minister, who being ejected in 1662, from the good living of Moreton, in Essex, continued to preach privately, in his own house, to a few friends and followers, his father having been some years before the minister of the parish. From the narrative of the early period of his life, a good picture may be drawn of the troubled state of the nation. The following, respecting the Popish Plot, is curious :—

'Though I was at that time but young, yet can I not forget how much I was affected with seeing several that were condemned for this plot, such as Pickering, Ireland, and Grove, &c. go to be executed at Tyburn ; and at the pageantry of the mock processions, on the 17th of November.* Roger L'Estrange, (who used to be called Oliver's fidler,) formerly in danger of being hanged for a spy, and about this time the admired buffoon of high church, called them "hobby-horsing processions."

'In one of them, in the midst of vast crowds of spectators, that made great acclamations, and showed abundance of satisfaction, there were carried in pageants upon men's shoulders through the chief streets of the city, the effigies of the Pope, with the representative of the Devil behind him, whispering in his ear, and wonderfully soothing and caressing him, (though he afterwards deserted him, and left him to shift for himself, before he was committed to the flames,) together with the likeness of the dead body of Sir Edmund Bury Godfrey, carried before him by one that rode on horseback, designed to remind the people of his execrable murder. And a great number of dignitaries, in their copes, with crosses, monks, friars, and Jesuits, and Popish Bishops in their mitres, and with all their trinkets and appurtenances. Such things as these very discernibly heightened and inflamed the general aversion of the nation from Popery ; but it is to be feared on the other hand, they put some people, by way of revulsion, upon such desperate experiments, as brought us even within an ace of ruin.'—pp. 84, 85.

Speaking of the oppressions to which the Dissenters were, about this time, subject, he says,—

'Often was I (as young as I was) sent in those days to Newgate, New Prison, and other places of confinement, with small presents of money, to such dissenting ministers as were clapped up, such as Mr. Richard Stretton, Mr. Robert Franklin, &c. who used to talk freely with me, and give me some serious advice, and their blessing at parting, with thanks to their benefactors. My own father was never cast into prison, but often had warrants out against him, and was forced to disguise himself, and skulk in private holes and corners, and frequently change his lodgings. And he and Mr. Watson, and Mr. Cooper, and several other ministers, were put into the Crown Office, and kept there a good while together, which they found very chargeable.

'I used at that time, I well remember, to think it very strange, that such men as prayed very heartily for the King and Government, and gave their neighbours no disturbance, could not be suffered to live in quiet. Often was I at their most private meetings for worship, and never did I hear them inveigh against those in power, though they were commonly run down as enemies of royalty. But I never was at a meeting, when disturbance was given by justices, informers, constables, and soldiers, more than twice. One time was at Mr. Jenkyn's, in Jewin-street, and the other at Mr. Franklin's, in Bunhill-fields; and in both places they were fierce and noisy, and made great havoc.

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* "Queen Elizabeth's birth-day." These Processions were in 1679 and 1680. Chron. Hist. 215—218.—Ed.

'When the meetings were shut up, I frequented the public churches, heard Dr. Horneck, Dr. Lucas, Dr. Meriton, &c. and wrote after them, and gave my father an account of their sermons. And being after in summer-time, at my grandfather Gearing's at Tooting, where there was at that time no meeting of Dissenters, the family went to the public church. And we were often visited by Mr. Bickley, the minister of the place, (brother to Sir Francis Bickley, of Norfolk,) who was as free at my grandfather's as at any house in his parish. While I was one summer there, I had a very threatening fever and lethargy, and my case was hazardous; but I was wonderfully preserved by the blessing of God on the prescriptions of Dr. Daniel Cox, who coming down there to his wife's relations, was an instrument in the hand of God in saving my life. And I most heartily wish that that life had been spent to much better purpose.

'Should I ever so much endeavour it, I could not be able to forget the heats that were both in city and country, about the three last Parliaments of this reign of King Charles, which were called together and dissolved within the compass of two years; the longest of which was not of eight months continuance, and the last of them (which met at Oxford) did not continue sitting above seven days. Petitions and abhorrences, which were very warm, came then from different quarters; people were not only amused with them, but enraged; and things looked very generally as if the nation was running into a new Civil War.

'His Majesty published to the world his "Reasons for dissolving the two last of these Parliaments," in a Declaration, which gave matter of great grief and uneasiness, not only to the body of the Dissenters, but also to those of all denominations that were in the true interests of their country. The amazement that was occasioned by the dissolution of two Parliaments, within the space of three months, was not greater, than it caused to see the reasons with which such extraordinary proceedings were sought to be justified. It was observed as to this Declaration, that it was sooner known by M. Barillon, the French Ambassador, and by the Duchess of Mazarine, than by the King's own Council; and that it was evidenced to be of French extraction, by the Gallicisms in it; and withal it had no broad seal on it, and was only signed by a Clerk of the Council.

'It was no small additional grievance, that when this Declaration, that was published in 1681, passed at the Council Board, it was moved by Archbishop Sancroft, that an order might be added, requiring the Clergy to publish it in all the churches in England. "This," says Bishop Burnet, "was looked on as a most pernicious precedent, by which the clergy were made the heralds to publish the King's Declarations, which, in some instances, might come to be not only indecent, but mischievous." And he afterwards takes notice of the bad effects and consequences of it.'—pp. 88—91.

Having received the elements of his education in London, young Calamy was sent to a private academy, at Wickhambrook, in Suffolk, where he remained two years. On returning to town for a short time, he was persuaded to go to Holland, then the great seat of learning for the Non-conformists. Utrecht was his destination, and a good account is given in the narrative of his residence, of the state of the university there, and of the many distinguished men who filled the several professorships. He continued in Holland till the year 1691, when he returned to England, full of thankfulness for the advantages he had derived from his three years' residence on the continent. Having settled at Utrecht just at the period of the revolution, he was enabled to collect some anecdotes respecting the preparations made in Holland for that event.

'The measures taken in order to this were, at first, very secret; but the design was at length so generally known in Holland, and that a good while before the sailing of the forces, that it is really amazing, King James was not sooner certified about it, and better provided against it.

'But there was one thing relating to the matter, which at that time made a noise in Holland, which was the dream of a certain Quaker, that was published that year, a few months after my settlement amongst them. He said he dreamt that the Prince of Orange, with a good naval and land force, sailed from Holland towards England, and was shattered, and driven back by storm; and that, being in a little time refitted, he sailed again, landed in England, met with little opposition, was crowned King, and the nation flourished exceedingly under him. This printed dream being shown to the Prince, it was said, that he should reply that the man knew more than he; but, when the event proved answerable, great notice was taken of it.'—pp. 147, 148.

Calamy also witnessed, at Rotterdam, the embarkation of some of the forces which accompanied the Prince of Orange to England.

'I could not help being full of thoughts upon this occasion, and, among many others, went to Rotterdam, and saw some of the forces actually embark for England. And there was a great concern visible in the countenance of every one that was to be met with about their success. They had public prayers in all the churches in Holland every day, for a good while together, which was an unusual thing in that country; and I observed the ministers prayed for a north-east wind, by name, which would bring the forces from thence hither to the best advantage.

'There was an universal consternation when the Prince was driven back by the storm, though the damage done was soon repaired, it not being so great as it had at first been represented. But when they got out to sea again, with a fair wind, and especially when we had an account of their safe landing at Torbay, in England, the rejoicing and satisfaction that appeared all over Holland was beyond what words could express.'—pp. 151, 152.

A great variety of amusing recollections of his college life at Utrecht are given by Calamy, and he seems to feel great gratitude to the professors, by whose learning and care he was greatly improved. Soon after his return to England he went for a year to Oxford, where his talents began to be known and appreciated. Several of the most respectable of the party to which he had joined himself, begged him to preach to their congregations. Among these was Mr. Cornish, who had been Canon of Christ Church formerly, and a Mr. Brice, in both of whose congregations he was received with great fervour. His reputation, however, for learning, kept him on good terms with the principal members of the University, notwithstanding his dissent, and he observes that, both at St. Mary's, in the schools, and at the coffee-houses, he was treated with great respect. His plan was, for the present, only to preach occasionally, and pursue his studies till such a time as opportunity and his farther preparation should induce him regularly to enter upon his profession. He willingly, however, accepted the invitations which were sent him from different parishes, to supply the place of absent pastors; and, among others, went to Andover, where he preached to the great satisfaction, it seems, of his audience. The sequel to his discourse was not a little amusing, and we shall transcribe the account he has given of the affair, as excellently adapted to shew the state of feeling which existed at the time among some of the old Dissenters, and the shrewd good sense of Calamy himself.

'The meeting-house was, at that time, in Mr. Bradband's back yard, through which I passed upon my coming out of the pulpit, the people making a lane for me, and thanking me for my good sermon, as I moved along towards the parlour, which, to my no small surprise, I found when I came to it, to be full of men, women, and children. I was no sooner sat down, than I was, in the name of all the company, applied to by a grave old woman in a high-crowned hat, who, thanking me very civilly for my pains, told me, that she verily believed it was a special providence that sent me thither at that time, among a people that were unhappily destitute, but who thirsted for the Word of God, and were disposed, according to their ability, to be very kind to a minister that would settle with them, and break the bread of life among them, which she hoped I might be prevailed upon to do.'—pp. 304, 305.

Calamy offered some excuses, and the old lady replied,

'"That my character was known to them, and they had now had a taste of my ministerial gifts, and could trust God as to the rest." As for them she said, "it was well known they were a very serious, united, and harmonious people, and much inclined to love their ministers; and I might be very happy with them, as she believed they did not doubt but they might be with me." She said, "that one argument she had to induce me to listen to the motion that she made, was this. They had a good number of promising young Christians in that town and about it, that were just in their bloom, who she verily believed would flourish in religion exceedingly, if they were but under the inspection and conduct of such an one as I was. There was, indeed, a sprinkling of old Christians among them, who it was to be hoped, had something in them that was good. But they were, many of them, sadly declined, and grown lukewarm, and religion had no great credit from them, nor could a minister reasonably promise himself much comfort in them."

'These young Christians she greatly applauded, and then expressed herself in this manner. "Sir, I perceive you have great prospects, and I cannot say but according to human views you may have reason for them; but I beseech you do not despise the earnest request of the people of God in this place. You must allow me to say to you, as old Farel did to young Calvin, when he had him at Geneva, and was endeavouring to prevail with him to stay there, that if you offer to go any farther, the blessing of God will not follow you."

'Upon this, an aged man that was present, not being pleased with her reflections on the old Christians at Andover, cried out, "Come, come, mother, do not bear so hard on the old Christians among us. We have stood to our principles in a time of trial, and have suffered for the sake of our consciences, and kept our ground; and I hope some of us do bring forth fruit even in old age: whereas these young ones that you so much applaud, have not yet been tried, and there is no knowing what they will prove. Though it is to be hoped that some of them may answer expectations, yet it is to be feared that a number of them who now promise fair, if new troubles upon the account of religion should arise, would drop off like rotten leaves in autumn."

'I had never before been engaged in such conversation, and, therefore, was much at a loss what to say, or how to behave. I was not willing to drop any thing affronting, and yet hardly knew how to avoid it. At length, having recollected myself a little, I made the good old woman this return: "Mother," said I, "you were just now telling me what an harmony and good agreement there is amongst you here at Andover; whereas, I find by what has been offered since, that you cannot agree among yourselves, which are best, the old Christians, or the young. But leaving it to you to determine that, at your leisure, allow me, who heartily wish well both to young and old, to make one motion, your falling in with which, would, (in my apprehension) add not a little to your flourishing, and to harmony and good agreement. I understand that there is an old gentleman in your neighbourhood, an eminent divine, (whose books I am not worthy to carry after him,) who preaches to you in this town every other Lord's day. Fix him wholly amongst you, and ease him of the trouble of going in his advanced age to preach at Winchester once a fortnight; and as you will this way pay but a decent respect to one of his great worth, so I should think you would take a step that would much promote the interest of piety and charity,"

'The old woman seemed perfectly astonished at my proposal, and cried out, "What, Mr. Sprint! old Mr. Sprint! Alas, he is a Baxterian! he is a middle way man! he is an Occasional Conformist! he is neither fish nor flesh, nor good red herring!" Upon this I could not forbear smiling, and said, "Mother, mother, he is a good man and great! he is moving apace towards Heaven himself, and helping others thither too; and he is well fitted for it. You do not to me discover your wisdom in reflecting on a man of his worth and eminence. However," said I, (who was willing to be a little plain before parting, and to leave something with her in her own vulgar language that might stick and abide by her,) "such carriage to him would never, while the world stands, induce me to listen to such a motion as yours. For the very same names as you give to him now, would you in a little time give to me, and, perhaps, yet worse; crying that you had got out of the frying-pan into the fire,"'—pp. 306—309.

On returning to London, he was offered the choice of two situations, the one as assistant to the pastor of a congregation in Blackfriars, the other to one at Bristol. To the latter he went upon trial, and his principal, a Mr. Weeks, is described as having ' an unwieldy body, broken with infirmities; but a mighty voice and a great spirit.' Calamy's mother, however, was so urgent in her persuasions, that he yielded to her wishes, and resigned his intentions of settling in Bristol, which the good old lady said would be to her just like burying him. He therefore returned to London, resigning the offer of a hundred pounds per annum, which he was to have received at Bristol, and which was at that time a considerable sum, for one of forty pounds, which was all that his employers in London could afford. Even this was collected with great difficulty, and a proposal being made from a congregation in another part of the town, Calamy removed thither, and was paid sixty pounds a year for his services. Soon after this change in his situation he appeared before the world as an author, and published a set of sermons on the subject of vows, which were well received, and considerably increased his reputation. About this time also he married Mrs. Mary Watts, daughter to Mr. Michael Watts, ' who dealt in Yorkshire clothes and Kersys. She had,' says he, ' universally a good character, was a member of Mr. John Shouer's congregation, of a singularly good temper, and one of my own mother's choosing; and our match was generally applauded.' In speaking of his father-in-law, he relates an anecdote, curiously illustrative of the situation of the Dissenters in the time of Charles II. Mr. Michael Watts was a man of note and of consequence in his party, and was accordingly marked out as a fit object for the proceedings of Doctors' Commons. But though belonging to a sect not at all remarkable for containing many humourists, he was well known for his merry disposition and jocose fancies. On the day, therefore, preceding that on which the threat of the court was to be put in execution, he went down to Doctors' Commons, and inquired for Dr. Pinfold, the most determined man in the prosecutions of the non-conformists. Mr. Watts informed him that he had business of importance to consult him upon, and at last persuaded the Doctor, though he was greatly engaged at the time, to agree to follow him to the Horns Tavern in the neighbourhood. When he arrived there, his client, instead of entering upon business, began to ply him with the merriest stories he could remember, and with the best wine of the tavern. Having continued these operations for some time, and seeing his companion's eyes sparkle with good humour, he told him to look in his face, and tell him if he could see any thing offensive in it, or for which he should not be suffered to live undisturbed and in quiet? The Doctor was a little startled by this question, but answered, that it was strange indeed if a gentleman of his pleasant temper was not permitted to live without disturbance. It is so, replied the non-conformist, and especially as my neighbours respect me, and I pay every man his own, love the King, and can drink a glass with a friend as cheerfully as any one. He then communicated his name, and Dr. Pinfold told him he could hardly have believed that the *Fanatics*, who were usually so morose, sullen, and ill-tempered, had such a merry man among them, and concluded the interview by saying, "Mr. Watts, if any of our officers should hereafter go about to give you disturbance, do but come and take a bottle with me, and tell me some more of your merry stories, and I will take effectual care to screen you." The consequence was, that Calamy's father-in-law was never again troubled by any threats from Doctors' Commons.

The memoir being in the form of a journal, and most of the information it contains being in short passages, and sometimes even in notes, it renders the attempt at any thing like an analysis impossible, but we turn to those parts of it which may give the best idea of its general contents. In the year 1702, Calamy published the first edition of his Abridgment of Baxter's Life, prefacing the work by "An Essay towards a list of the Ministers who were ejected as non-conformists, by the act of uniformity (1662); and an account of the reasons they gave for their conduct, with respect both to non-conformity, and occasional conformity." He also added to it, "A continuation of their history till the year 1691." Before sending the work to press, he used every precaution to secure its correctness, and prepare himself against the attacks which it would probably provoke from the opposite party. For this purpose he was anxious to get a sight, if possible, of Lord Clarendon's history, which was then printing at Oxford, and which he suspected might clash with Baxter's account of the same period. Should this be the case, a sight of the former would enable him, he observes, either to 'soften matters by marginal notes, or provide himself with what vouchers he could get, in support of the particulars of Mr. Baxter's narrative.' To compass, however, this important object was not an easy task, and having arrived at Oxford, taking every precaution to prevent his presence there being known, he began to employ his wits about the steps to be taken in the enterprise. The only way it appeared by which he could obtain a view of the manuscript, or what was already printed of Lord Clarendon's work, was through the printers; going, therefore, early in the morning, to a coffee house near the university printing office, he inquired if any of the workmen lived near with whom he could have some conversation; he was told there was, and one was introduced to him, from whom, having given him his morning draught, he learnt many particulars about what was going on in the office, but not a word was spoken about the only work which he cared to hear named. At length he ventured to inquire, if the History of the Civil War was not printing at that office? He was answered that it was, but with great care and secrecy, lest any London bookseller, by getting the sheets, should print it in a cheaper form, and so hurt the sale of the larger edition. Calamy n this assured him, that he was no bookseller, but would give any onsideration to inspect the work! No offer, however, could induce he man to give his assistance in the affair, and it would be a diffiult matter wholly to justify Calamy in taking these measures to ffect his purpose. He must have been singularly blind at the ime to every thing but his work, not to have seen that he was very mproperly tampering with the honesty and trust-worthyness of a erson who had no right whatever to grant his request. But this onsideration either was not of sufficient weight with him, or did ot enter his mind; for having returned to his inn, he sent for a eriwig-maker, whom he had formerly known at Oxford, and of im he inquired, if he could not manage to find a workman in the niversity printing office, 'whose circumstances were low and trait, and who found it hard to provide for his wife and children, nd to keep the wolf from the door; that upon the prospect of a ittle good eating and drinking, and a piece of money in his pocket, night be prevailed with to help him to a sight of the printed heets.' This idea is not a little calculated to render us still more loubtful of Calamy's conduct in this business, and unless we ould find some trifling apology for him in his desire to render Baxter as correct as possible, we should regard the whole transction as meriting unqualified reprobation. But to proceed; he wig-maker told him that he knew a person who he thought vould answer his purpose, and he immediately went and brought ack with him a Dutch pressman, whose circumstances were such s to leave him open to the influence of a bribe. From this man e learnt, that the workman with whom he had spoken before on he subject, had given a full account in the office of the interview e had had with him, and that it was generally believed he was a ondon bookseller. Calamy then gave the true reason for his nxiety to see Lord Clarendon's history, promising at the same ime, that 'if he would comply with his desire, and tarry with him vhile he was running over what he brought him, he would give him meat and drink to his satisfaction, and a piece of money at last, o carry home to his poor wife and children." The bargain being hus struck, the Dutchman agreed to do as he was requested, only tipulating, that Calamy should keep himself private, and that f it should become known that he had seen the work, it should not on any account be mentioned by what means he had obtained he sight of it. The printer then retired, and in about two hours ime came back to Calamy, bringing with him part of the copy, and the whole of the work which had been already printed. Calamy bserves, that Lord Clarendon 'has not only shown the greatest prejudice, but taken little pains to conceal it, leaving it so glaring, hat the least discerning readers may discover its influence on his tatements.' The Abridgment of Baxter's Life was received by the public with great interest, and the whole first edition was speedily old off. There is every reason to suppose that the sale and general attention which it excited were aided by the circumstance of the History of the Rebellion appearing at the same time. It obtained for the editor and abridger considerable notoriety, all parties being interested in it, and many both of the one side and the other praised him for his undertaking, and the manner in which he had executed it. It was not, however, without some danger of trouble, that he published this work; and he was threatened, soon after its appearance, with the censure of the convocation. But his own resolution, and that of the publishers was nothing daunted by this threat, and when one of the latter was informed of the intention which their opponents had in view, the bookseller replied that he should be greatly obliged to his informant if he would be so good as to tell any of the members of the convocation, that if they would put their design in execution, he would willingly present such of them as were most active with a purse of guineas, not doubting but that the affair would turn out to him a profitable business.

We cannot follow this useful and entertaining work any further, but we have already given our readers a sufficient specimen of its style to enable them to judge of its general character. It is one of the best auto-biographies extant.

ART. X.—*The Family Library*, Vols. I. to IX. London: John Murray 1829.

No one, we should think, can take up these beautiful volumes and compare the insignificant price at which they are sold, with the rare union of intellectual and mechanical excellence which they display, without acknowledging that they originate in great good sense joined to a spirit of great commercial liberality. We do not pledge ourselves to approve of the whole contents of each book, but as it is not our practice to find fault without producing the grounds of our censure, we are obliged to pass over the greatest part of these volumes, and confine our observations to those in which is contained the complete history of the Jews.

The story of this, the most ancient and singular people on the face of the earth, is, for obvious reasons, the best authenticated that has ever reached us. The account of their early condition rests on the credit of the sacred volume itself, and in whatever country they afterwards appeared, the Jews always became marked objects for particular observation. Hence it is that the historian finds so little to perplex him in ascertaining the truth respecting the principal events of which the Hebrew annals are composed.

That portion of the history which is derived from the Old Testament, is here very properly included within a small compass. Commencing a more copious narrative at the point where profane history begins its task, our author unfolds with great clearness and strength of expression, the strange and varied fortunes of the Jews from the era of their return from the Babylonian captivity to the subjugation of Judea by Vespasian; and their final extinction as a political community. Throughout the whole of the vicissitudes which they underwent, scattered or united, persecuted or caressed, plundered or aggrandized by the government under which they lived, the Jews are shown to exhibit a wonderful constancy, under all the circumstances, not merely to their religion, but to those habits and feelings which characterize the Jewish race in their intercourse with mankind. From that period our author considers the Hebrew community to be a modern class, as contradistinguished from their forefathers who flourished in ancient history, and finished a most remarkable career, by a vain struggle to perpetuate their political existence in Judea. The subsequent annals of the Jews have been well divided by this writer into three heads. We shall give the arrangement in his own words, merely calling the reader's attention to the candid and pathetic tribute which he pays to some of the best features of the Jewish character.

'The history of the modern Jews may be comprehended under three heads: 1st, Their literature, which, in fact, is nearly the same with that of their law and their religion, the great mass of their writings being entirely devoted to those subjects: 2. Their persecutions: 3. Their industry. With regard to the first point, it would not be consistent with the popular character of our work to enter into it, further than as it has influenced the character and circumstances of the nation. The second will be too often forced upon our notice: at one period the history of the Jews is written, as it were, in their blood: they show no signs of life but in their cries of agony; they only appear in the annals of the world to be oppressed, robbed, persecuted, and massacred. Yet still patient and indefatigable, they pursue, under every disadvantage, the steady course of industry. Wherever they have been allowed to dwell unmolested, or still more in honour and respect, they have added largely to the stock of national wealth, cultivation, and comfort. Where, as has been more usually the case, they have been barely tolerated, where they have been considered, in public estimation, the basest of the base, the very outcasts and refuse of mankind; they have gone on accumulating those treasures, which they dared not betray or enjoy; in the most barbarous periods they kept up the only traffic and communication which subsisted between distant countries; like hardy and adventurous miners, they were always at work under the surface of society, slowly winning their way to opulence. Perpetually plundered, yet always wealthy; massacred by thousands, yet springing up again from their undying stock, the Jews appear at all times and in all regions; their perpetuity, their national immortality, is at once the most curious problem to the political inquirer; to the religious man a subject of profound and awful admiration.'—pp. 92, 93.

The attempts at a renewal of their former organized condition, on the part of the Jewish people, together with their various treatment by the Roman emperors, and their dispersion over every country almost in the then known world, form the topics of one of the most interesting parts of this narrative. Their separate history is then traced, with extraordinary erudition, in every clime where they had, in any numbers, fixed their abode, and their crimes and virtues—their sufferings and prosperity, are related with the most remarkable impartiality. Indeed, of no one of the high qualifications that are essential to the historian, has this writer proved himself more unequivocally in possession, than of a spirit of equal justice—a perfectly judicial indifference to creeds or countries, which teaches him to award commendation or reproach in a way that must obtain the concurrence of every honourable and intelligent mind. We are too well aware of the popularity which such a work must arrive at, to dwell much longer on its contents.

There are some points, however, connected with this history, on which we may be permitted to offer a few remarks. We think it a material error in the general plan of the work, that the great religious moral, which as Christians we are instructed to look for in the remarkable history of the Jews, has not been put forth into that prominence in which it deserves to be placed. Because if it was the declared or the intimated will of God, that the sceptre should depart from Judah—that the body politic into which every professor of the Jewish religion was enrolled, should be shivered to its foundation and the fragments carried to the four corners of the earth; then not only does the process by which the Divine appointment was executed become interesting, but the fulfilment of it ought to be made a specific object of repeated observation. We cannot applaud the delicacy that would be disposed to cancel, for a single moment, one of the most striking clauses of the Christian charter. From this we pass to a portion of the preface to the third volume of this work, in which the author notices a complaint against the earlier part of his history.

> ' It has been suggested, that the Author has not sufficiently regarded the "inspiration" of the word of God. His views of inspiration are nearly those of Tillotson, Secker, and Warburton," " A spurious notion," says the latter, " begotten by superstition in the Jewish Church, and nursed up by piety in the Christian, hath passed, as it were, into a kind of article of faith, that every word and letter of the New Testament (the Bible) was dictated by the Holy Spirit in such a manner, as that the writers were but the passive organs, through which his language was conveyed." Warburton proceeds, with his usual vigour, to show the objections to this opinion; but the Author prefers subjoining the lucid statement of the present eminently learned Bishop of London. " This supposition permits us to believe, what indeed we cannot deny to be probable, that Moses may have possessed many sources of information, from which he would be enabled to draw the most material circumstances of the early history of mankind, without being indebted for his knowledge of them to the immediate inspiration of God. Thus much we may conclude with certainty, that where he did possess the means of accurate knowledge, the Holy Spirit would not interpose to instruct him; since God, assuredly, never makes an extraordinary exertion of his power to effect that which may be brought about by the ordinary operation of human means . . . And in general we ought to be cautious of asserting a revelation, when the lower kind of spiritual interference, (*i. e.* the Superintendence of the Holy Spirit)

acting upon the materials of human knowledge, would be sufficient to produce the same result." A late writer, of great good sense and piety, seems to think, that inspiration may safely be limited to doctrinal points, exclusive of those which are purely historical. This view, if correct, would obviate many difficulties.'—pp. v.—vii.

We are not to be led away by the authority of great names, and it is only exercising our undoubted privilege to examine doctrines, however speciously recommended, before we close with them. If we understand the Reverend Bishop aright, he means to say that Moses may have had access to means independent of supernatural ones, for collecting the facts of his history. Perhaps he had, and therefore it would have been unnecessary for God to exercise that extraordinary interference which he never exercises without a sufficient motive. We agree to all this—but how far will this theory answer? It will answer no farther than as Moses must have possessed *accurate* knowledge. That is to say, God will not interfere as long as Moses records the *truth*. But can we imagine for an instant, that if Moses be deceived, and is about to convey falsehood to the world, then the case does not arise for the divine interposition to take place? Certainly it does, and nothing can be more preposterous than that the heavenly legate chosen by God to be the organ of his doctrines to mankind, should be allowed to mix up with those doctrines, unfounded and fallacious relations. The argument then of the Bishop of London comes to this. As long as Moses states the truth from his ordinary sources of intelligence, then the Holy Spirit forbears to interpose; but assuredly the prevention of false statements, and the communication of the truth, (when all human means of discovering it, are out of the question,) constitute the very *nodus* which in such circumstances claims the Divine interference! Supposing this view to be correct, we then ask, what is the difference, in effect, between that book which is the fruit of God's immediate inspiration, and that which is sent forth under his direct sanction? We can see none, and, to say the truth, we discover in this modern inclination to draw a distinction between the doctrinal and the historical matter of the Old Testament, much more of an amiable complacency, than we do of an honest and useful prudence.

We have been very much struck with the manner in which the failure of the Jewish body, under the sanguine encouragement of Julian, to effect the re-edification of their temple, is treated by our author.

With Lardner he discredits the general opinion of the Christian world, that the fiery explosion which suspended the operations of the workmen, was miraculous. He proceeds to explain the eruption, by stating that deep and extensive excavations lay under the floor of the former temple; that they had been enclosed for a long period, by the rubbish that must have accumulated in its neglected precincts; and that within those subterranean apartments a description of air was generated, which upon its sudden liberation by the workmen, and its contact with the atmosphere, produced that phenomenon, to which even pagan historians of the time bear witness. Suppose we admit our author's theory to be philosophically correct. We will grant him, that the explosion was an exclusively natural operation, and we doubt not, but that Sir H. Davy, if he were living, would be able exactly to estimate the proportion of the various gases, by whose agitation all Jerusalem was so affrighted.—What then? Does not our author know right well, that God has often produced a preternatural end by natural means? Why he himself, in the very preface to which we have just alluded, describes two kinds of miracles, 'first, where *natural means operate in a preternatural manner*; secondly, where the whole is preternatural.' But we go farther, and we assert that regard being had to the state of knowledge of those days, and the entire ignorance of the principles of Chemistry which marked them, that eruption of fire which we *now* know to have been produced by a natural operation, was to the world at the period we speak of, an event contrary to all its experience, a complete violation of the order of nature, and therefore a miracle. If the artificers at the temple had been struck down by lightning from the heavens, instead of by fire from the earth, how would it diminish the miraculous character of such a visitation, to prove that all the changes preliminary to a thunder storm had been previously observed in the atmosphere.—One thing at all events is certain—that the eruption was received as a supernatural token at the time; that it operated as an intimation from above; and that it effectually checked that passionate ambition, which had been a part of the religion of every Jew, to co-operate in the rebuilding of the temple.

But our historian, in justification of his incredulity, assumes, that a miracle in such a case, does not appear necessary for its end, because he says the discomfiture of the Jews was completed, and the resumption of their labours was for ever broken off by the death of Julian. With humble deference we beg to differ from the writer. To be sure, the Imperial patron of the Jews was prematurely cut off, and the event was followed by the accession to the throne, of Jovian, who, as a Christian, could have entertained no great partiality for the Hebrews. The Jews in fact were utterly discomfited, and were in a hopeless state on the death of Julian. But it must be remembered, that this forlorn condition was brought about by easy and natural gradations, not at all calculated to excite observation, as being peculiar to their race. The same disasters might have occurred to any other community, without their being regarded as the tokens of a particular ordination of God to their prejudice. The Jews then, under such circumstances, would be looked upon by the world, merely as a race of men undergoing in their turn the adverse vicissitudes of life. The accession of Jovian to the Imperial throne, could not be considered a greater injury to the Jewish cause, than that of Julian had been to the Christian; and so far it must be confessed the object of Divine preference—Jew or Christian—was equivocal.

When we consider, then, that the tokens of Divine partiality to either of the communities were thus, to say the least, balanced equally; and moreover, when we remember how subsequent Emperors were favourably inclined towards the Jewish race, we have no hesitation in saying that some striking exemplification of God's determination with respect to the Jews was necessary. There never was a moment in Jewish history more favourable for the enterprise of rebuilding the temple, than that in which it was undertaken. The Emperor was on the throne, who from the reputation of his talents, philosophy and courage, inspired fear or commanded confidence. Julian was young, and therefore promised to maintain a lengthened tenure of the sceptre; he was an apostate from the Christian faith, and therefore its deadliest foe; he had at his back the pagan world, which of course felt complimented at the choice which he had made of their religion; and the Jews would have stood by him, not merely on account of the toleration, or rather encouragement, which he afforded them; but because by his revolt from the standard of Christ, he had, as they thought, left an opprobrium upon the Christian cause. Authority, power, numbers, inexhaustible treasures,—these were combined in one mighty effort, the practical execution of which would have belied the production of our Saviour. Julian issued his decree for the rebuilding of the temple at Jerusalem, and who can forget the almost frantic prodigality with which the Jews answered the injunction? Were there not silver shovels to dig up the rubbish, and tissues of gold to remove it, supplied by the enthusiastic Hebrews? Were not the tenderest hands employed in the lower offices, was not the zeal of the humble outdone by the wealthy in personal services, when the time came for commencing the work of reparation? The Christians at this time remembered the words—"not a stone of that Temple shall remain on another."—Did they interfere? They remained quiescent. Human resistance would have been unseasonable against the operations of the Jews, because, though they might prevent the work from going on, still the immediate intention of providence would have been ambiguous. But that all that power, all that authority, all that determination and fanatic zeal which we have described, should have been paralized, not by opposing hands, or by human menaces, but by a gush of ignited air from an ignoble cavern beneath the works, *and paralized for ever*—seems to us in all its circumstances to be a phenomenon which demands from Christians of the present day, far other feelings than those which would dispose them to a cold and shallow criticism of its source.

We had intended to shew that the modern history of the Jews in England,—we mean particularly that part of it which relates to the parliamentary proceedings of 1753,—was not dwelt on in this work at the length which its most curious and instructive details required, as regards the nature of popular delusion. But it is impossible to exceed our prescribed bounds.

In discussing the merits of this work—during which we trust we have not exceeded that limit beyond which the freedom of the press is an abuse—we have endeavoured not to forget the respect which is due to its author, an excellent clergyman and distinguished poet, the Rev. Mr. Milman of Oxford.

Art. XI.—*A Letter from Sydney, the Principal Town of Australasia.* Edited by Robert Gouger. *Together with the outline of a System of Colonization.* 12mo. pp. 246. London: Joseph Cross; Simpkin & Marshall; and Effingham Wilson. 1829.

With a good deal of whim, occasionally tinged with extravagance, there are mingled in this little work many rational hints on the improvement of our Australasian dominions. The author appears to be truly a man of the world, for there is scarcely any part of it which he has not visited. He writes in a lively and humorous style, which enables him to treat in an interesting manner a great variety of subjects within a limited compass, and at the same time to exhibit a living picture of the occupations and manners of our Antipodean fellow subjects.

So many systems of emigration to all quarters of the globe have been proposed within the last dozen years, and discussed in reviews, in parliamentary speeches, in pamphlets and in newspapers, that we are ourselves sick of the subject. We hate the word "emigration," and turn as rapidly as possible from every article which we see headed with that tiresome title. The public too, we suspect, sympathise with us upon this subject, and we have a notion that their patience and ours will be put to more than one agonising trial during the session which is just about to commence.

And yet this same hated theme, of which every body desires to hear not a syllable more, is scarcely yet known amongst us. It is one fraught with incalculable interest to these islands, and so far from the discussion of it having been brought to a termination, it may be said not to have yet entered upon its commencement. The disgust which we feel upon approaching the subject, rises in some measure from the immaturity of our own ideas concerning it, but principally, we conceive, from the wild and empirical and hopeless manner in which it has been hitherto handled. We are not as yet sufficiently advanced, as a nation, to be able to grapple with this gigantic argument; we have been playing with it like children, and still continue to do so, until the overwhelming sense of necessity shall compel the legislature to enquire fully, to think profoundly, and to act boldly and consistently with respect to it.

If we look at a map of the world, and observe the position of this island of ours, which has run such a career of usefulness, and even of glory, placed though it be as it were in a corner of the globe, and then glance at the position of New Holland and its neighbouring islands, we cannot but at once see that in point of situation, it is incomparably superior to that which we enjoy. It is, or rather will be, a high road for all the nations of the earth. A celebrated traveller has well remarked, that if we stand upon the highest point of New Holland and look to the north, we cannot indeed see with the eye, the grand outline which is on each side and before us, but we know that that outline is formed of an irregular curve, produced by all the great mountains of the two hemispheres. It is nearly midway between the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn; it has access to the richest parts of Asia; its skies are Italian, its soil sufficiently fertile and varied by woods and pastures, its harbours numerous and capacious: in short, it possesses all the elements of a magnificent empire, which not even our mismanagement can prevent it from becoming in the course of a few generations.

We should look at New Holland in this point of view, and by giving every possible facility to the expansion of its growth, assist the progress of its destinies. We have been going on for years in a paltry peddling way of treating this colony, as if it were to be for ever only a place of exile for convicts. But this is not the time, nor at present have we the means, for entering into this momentous subject. We must at present content ourselves with gleaning all the information which we can find connected with it, and for this purpose we turn with pleasure to the little volume before us.

Most of our voluntary emigrants upon leaving home, contrive to build for themselves, in the distant lands to which they are bound, splendid castles in the air, which to their dismay, vanish farther from their gaze at each remove of the "lengthening chain." Thus our author, possessed, as he informs us, of some £20,000 in capital, thought that by going to New South Wales he might easily convert it into £10,000 a year, by purchasing whole provinces. He was to have a capital mansion, a noble park, well stocked with deer, he was to have carriages and hunters without number. From the condition of a merely comfortable man in England, he was to be elevated to the rank of a nobleman,—a prince, and all the luxuries of life were to be heaped together in his granaries. We shall see how, and why, his early visions were dissipated.

'The facts on which my opinions were formed have turned out to be true; but my conclusions were miserably erroneous. For example, I was told that on estate of 10,000 acres might be obtained for a mere trifle. This was true. I have got 20,000 acres, and they did not cost me more than 2s. per acre. But I imagined that a domain of that extent would be very valuable. In this I was wholly mistaken. As my estate cost me next to nothing, so it is worth next to nothing. For reasons which I shall mention presently, I tried to sell it; but I could not find a purchaser, without submitting to lose great part of what I had expended in improvements. Yet there are persons continually reaching the colony on purpose to invest money in the purchase of land; but when I have made overtures to them, they have grumbled at my price, saying that they could obtain a grant from the Crown for less than six-pence per acre; and when I have talked of my "improvements," they have answered that they preferred improving, themselves, to buying *my* improvements. In short, my domain has no market value. It is a noble property to look at; and "20,000 acres in a ring fence," sounds very well in England; but here, such a property possesses no exchangeable value. The reason is plain; there are millions upon millions of acres, as fertile as mine, to be had for nothing; and, what is more, there are not people to take them. Of my 20,000 acres I reckon about 5000 to be woodland, though, indeed, there are trees scattered over the whole property, as in an English park. For my amusement, I had a rough estimate made of the money that I could obtain for all this timber, were it growing in any part of England. The valuation amounts to above 150,000*l.* Now for my pecuniary advantage, the best thing that could happen to me would be the annihilation of all this natural produce; provided, I mean, that it could be destroyed without cost. The cost of destroying it, out of hand, would be at least 15,000*l.* Thus, in point of fact, my timber injures my estate to that amount, instead of being worth ten times that sum. It seems droll, does it not, that an English hundred-and-fifty-thousand-pounds worth of any thing, should, any where, be a dead loss of fifteen thousand pounds? It is true, however, as you may fully convince yourself by reading, in any of the accounts of these settlements, a chapter upon "Grubbing." Fortunately some other things that I possess, and which, if I had them in England would make me a peer, are not, like the timber, a positive injury. These are mines of coal and iron, in which my estate is supposed to abound. Being under the surface, they can do me no harm; and I shall take good care that they are not disturbed. For if any one, out of enmity to me, should bring an army of miners from Staffordshire, and raise to the surface a large quantity of my coal and iron ore, the cost of throwing it down the shafts again would quite ruin me, if, indeed, I could, at any cost, find labourers for the purpose. As for disposing of it in any other way, that would be impossible, for want of roads. Besides, neither the Crown nor individuals would let me injure their land by casting my rubbish on to it. As regards the coal, though, I am mistaken; I might consume it by fire without much trouble. But what could I do with the iron ore, when, even though there should be means to convey it to Sydney, nobody would give me one Birmingham frying-pan for the whole of it. An estate of 20,000 acres, containing rich mines of coal and iron, and covered with magnificent timber, is, no doubt, a very good thing in some countries; but here you will lose money by such a possession; if, that is, you have any money to lose, and unless you take particular care of it.

'I did not, you know, intend to become a Farmer. Having fortune enough for all my wants, I proposed to get a large domain, to build a good house, to keep enough land in my own hands for pleasure-grounds, park, and game preserves; and to let the rest, after erecting farm-houses in the most suitable spots. My mansion, park, preserves, and tenants, were all a mere dream. I have not one of them. When, upon my first arrival, I talked of these things to some sensible men, to whom I was recommended, they laughed in my face. I soon found that a house would, though the stone and timber were to be had for nothing, cost three times as much as in England. This was on account of the very high wages required by mechanics; but this was not all. None of the materials of a house, except stone and timber, are produced in the colony. Every pane of glass, every nail, every grain of paint, and every piece of furniture, from the kitchen copper to the drawing-room curtains, must have come from England. My property is at a distance of nearly seventy miles from the sea, and there is no road, but a track through the forest, for two thirds of that distance. Every thing, even the food of the labourers, must have been transported from afar. Log-houses must have been built for the labourers; and the cheapest way of providing for them would have been by the establishment of a farm, in the first instance, to produce enough for their subsistence. Lastly, though none of these obstacles had existed, the whole colony did not contain as many masons, carpenters, glaziers, painters, black and whitesmiths, and other mechanics, as I should have required, You may believe most statements of fact respecting the colony; but beware how you draw conclusions!'—pp. 4—9.

What was our visionary to do? To subside into common place existence, and to take " boldly to the bush."

'I bought herds and flocks, horses, ploughs, carts, carpenters' tools, and all sorts of implements of husbandry. My only servants were convicts. My own man, who had served me for eight years in England, and had often sworn that he would go the wide world over with me, seeing that I was the best of masters, never reached my new abode. He had saved about £150 in my service; and I had advised him to take the money out of a London Savings' Bank, under an idea that he might obtain ten per cent. for it at Sydney. He followed my advice. About a month after our arrival I missed him one morning. Before night I received a letter, by which he informed me that he had taken a grant of land near Hunter's River, and that he " hoped we parted friends." He is now one of the most consequential persons in the Colony, has grown enormously fat, feeds upon greasy dainties, drinks oceans of bottled porter and port wine, damns the Governor, and swears by all his gods, Jupiter, Jingo, and Old Harry, that this Colony must soon be independent.'—pp. 12, 13.

The miseries attending his " settling" are enough to drive him mad. His labourers were ci-devant pickpockets and poachers; his sheep and cows were continually lost, which, however, was " nobody's fault;" a threat of punishment was followed by open mutiny; and his prospects were not at all mended by importing a number of free labourers from England, who abandoned him the moment they could obtain higher wages elsewhere. He was by this time almost a ruined man.

'Under these circumstances, my estate did not produce largely. My herds and flocks, however, had rapidly multiplied; and in the last year of which I speak, I reaped one hundred and forty acres of corn. This was thought immense doings; but as my free labourers were gone, I had no such prospect for the future; and as for the flocks, their increase in num-

> ber was not a proportionate increase of property to me. The wool produced something; but the flesh was worth nothing, unless taken to market, and then it would scarcely repay the cost of the journey. Here, there are no drovers or jobbers in cattle to come between the farmer and the butcher. In short, there is little division of labour, and you may roll in plenty, without possessing any thing of exchangeable value. You must do almost every thing yourself; and flocks in the wilderness are not worth much more than the wilderness itself, of which you may obtain nearly any quantity for all but nothing. Under an idea that cheese would be easily transported, and would fetch a good price in Sydney, I thought at one time of establishing a dairy. But I ought to have known better. My cows were as wild as hyænas, and almost as wicked. I had no milkmaids, no dairy women, no churns, no any thing that was wanted for the purpose; and, above all, I wanted industry, skill, economy, and taste for any such pursuits, or, at least, a drudge of a wife to supply those wants. At length my impatience got the better of a certain stupid vanity that had led me to fancy myself qualified to become a settler. I wrote to my friends at Sydney, acknowledging that I was sick of the bush, and that their prophecies of my ill success had been fulfilled to the letter. By their assistance I made over my estate for twenty years, with every thing upon it, to a tough Scotch farmer, on condition of receiving one-third of its produce. This third produces me less than 3 per cent. interest on what I have expended; but I am, comparatively speaking, a happy man, living upon my English income, in a place where at least books, and men and women, such as they are, are not quite wanting, and where money will supply the more pressing wants of civilised life.'—pp. 18—20.

And he did very right. We will be bound to say that the Scotchman is already an aristocrat of the country, or in a fair way towards making his fortune. Our author had committed the serious, but very common mistake of taking up a business with which he was unacquainted. In England we do not find our gentlemen-farmers very successful in their line; no wonder that they are still more unfortunate in New South Wales, where labour is so enormously expensive.

Our author having given up his estate, and all the dreams thereunto appended, next turns into a political economist, a gossip, an idler, and fully answers to the character, or rather the class of characters we often meet in our club-rooms, composed of men, who, having nothing particular to do for themselves, set about mending the world by all sorts of specifics. The problem to be solved in New South Wales is to increase its population, without raising the price of labour. This seems a paradox, for the greater number of hands, the cheaper must labour be of course. Not exactly so—in New South Wales, supposing the number to be increased from England. The anecdote told of his servant, by the author, has already thrown some light upon this subject. The fact is, that as yet at least, and it will be so for years to come, land is too cheap in that country, and free labourers, as soon as they earn a pittance, become proprietors, and, by giving additional employment to the operative tillers of the soil, raise the market. What is the remedy proposed for this evil? The introduction of negro slaves! Hear this ye Macaulay's and Buckston's! There is something so downright impudent in this suggestion, that we cannot help reading it again.

'I constantly ask myself, whether it be possible to devise any means by which to establish, in a new country, such a proportion between people and land, as would render labour plentiful, and not extravagantly dear. Here, we have, it is true, a species of slave-labour—that of convicts, and our system of slavery has been peculiarly favourable to the master, because the slaves have been obtained without any prime cost. To this, combined with the demand for produce created by the great expenditure of Government, the few rich men of New South Wales are wholly indebted for their fortunes. But the supply of cheap labour was always small and variable; and, of late, the demand has so much increased, through the increase of landowners, that not the slightest dependence can be placed on convict labour as a permanent source of wealth. You may obtain, though not without trouble, one, two, or perhaps three, convicts, for a term of a few years; but that they will rob you, is almost certain; that they will murder you, is by no means improbable; and that their labour will not be very profitable, is beyond a doubt. What, then, are we to do, to obtain that desirable proportion between the demand and supply of labour, without which, I say, no country can flourish? Answer me that question satisfactorily, and I will tell you that Botany Bay is an earthly paradise. This, indeed, would be a glorious discovery. Call it an invention, or what you will, it must, whenever established in a country cursed with slavery, cause the natural, slow, easy death, of that hideous monster. Fancy the slavery of America and South Africa in a slow, consumption, and free labour growing up, healthy, strong, and cheerful, to supply its place! But I am dreaming—We have a right to presume that slavery will flourish in America and South Africa, until there shall be no more land to be obtained for next to nothing; and that the inhabitants of Australasia must, for hundreds of years to come, secretly long for a trade in human flesh. Tell me the time when the disproportion between the demand and supply of labour in America, South Africa, and Australasia, will cease, and I will tell you when slavery will cease in America and South Africa, and when the Australasians will become a rich, instructed, refined, and highly-civilized people. Meanwhile, I deliberately state it as my opinion that a permission to obtain slaves from Africa would be most beneficial to these settlements, with a view only to wealth and civilization; and that if Australasia should become independent to morrow, these people would find some means of establishing slavery in spite of all the saints.'—pp. 36—39.

We verily believe they would. The thirst of gain in the human breast is so indomitable, that many are to be found now, as there were in the earlier ages of the world, who would avoid no practicable means of increasing their gold if they dared. That in the present condition of Australasia, slavery would not be without its advantages it would be irrational to deny. But it would be still more ridiculous to imagine, that, with our corrected notions upon that subject, though we have taken abundant time to repent, any such thing as the purchase of negroes for New South Wales would be even listened to for a moment. But the wants of the colony, in this respect, should, nevertheless, be seriously considered. We should encourage, in every possible way, the immigration into that country of all those classes of foreigners, whether Africans, Indians, or Chinese, who, without aspiring very generally to become proprietors, would be content for a moderate remuneration to cultivate the soil for the British residents. There should be no force applied—no restraint or tyranny of any description practised towards such labourers. The name of slave should be as inapplicable to them as it is to any peasant in England. But it would be necessary to let them remain, for some generations at least, in the condition of peasantry—a condition which should be in all respects rendered an object of preference to them, considering the miseries which they are hopelessly enduring in their native villages and swamps.

We believe that there is an innumerable class of industrious poor in China particularly, who have of late years been strongly agitated with the desire of emigrating to foreign lands, and especially to those possessed by Great Britain. Although not much liked by the Dutch in Batavia, yet we know from Sir George Staunton, that they are in that colony the chief cultivators of the sugar cane, and that many of them have acquired fortunes, which, strange to say, have not at all diminished their industry. In the time of Sir Stamford Raffles (1815) there were no fewer than a hundred thousand Chinese. All these left their native country "without money or resources;" but by dint of their industry many of them in time acquired comparative wealth. Mr. Barrow has declared, that 'a few thousand Chinese emigrants would be of more advantage than a rich gold mine to the British colony in South Africa.' Would not his opinion have at least equal force as applied to New South Wales? We think so unquestionably—the more so as that island is so much nearer to the Chinese, that they might, with very little trouble, be induced to steer their annual junks, full of emigrants, for its infinitely more genial shores.

In offering this opinion we know that we are talking to the winds, or at least anticipating what probably will be said and acted upon some time in the middle of the next century. In the meantime let us amuse ourselves with the present condition of society at Sydney.

'Did I not mention something about intellectual society? There is no such thing in this country; at least, in the sense which you attach to the words. We are not barbarians—the colony is too young for that. Not even the thieves of England have had time to forget the civilization, such as it was, which they brought from the old country. Our free settlers, whose emigration dates some time after that of the first convicts, are English men and women, not much altered from what they were in England. Some generations hence, their descendants will probably be as uncouth, and ignorant, and violent, as the great mass of North Americans.

Perhaps, as here there are no dense forests to prevent them from spreading, they may become as wild as the inhabitants of the Pampas, or as gross, lethargic, and stupid as the boors of the Cape of Good Hope; who, by the by, were *compelled* to spread by the Dutch mode of granting land. But, at present, they are English people, to all intents and purposes, of that class to which, in England, they belonged. You will understand, however, that they were not of a class particularly intellectual, even whilst in England; and it was not to be expected that they should cultivate their minds here. They came here for a very different purpose. Literary men, men of science, philosophers, do not emigrate to new countries where their acquirements would be neither rewarded nor admired. Sir Walter Scott, Sir Humphrey Davy, and Mr. Malthus, would not earn so much in this colony as three, brawny experienced ploughmen; and though the inordinate vanity of a new people might be gratified by the possession of them, they would be considered as mere ornaments, and would often be wholly neglected, for things of greater utility—unless, indeed, Mr. Malthus could create for us that proportion of which I have spoken above. In that case, we should load him with riches, and erect statues to his honour in every market place. Apropos of statues—professors of the fine arts would be of no greater value here than writers and philosophers. I can now easily comprehend why Copley and West emigrated from America, and why Cooper and Irving are become citizens of Europe. And I have said enough to explain why this country imports hardly any superior intellect.

'Of what class then, you ask, have been the great mass of emigrants from England, not convicts? Excellent people in their way, most of them; farmers, army and navy surgeons, subalterns on half-pay, and a number of indescribable adventurers, from about the twentieth rank in England. They came here to live, not to enjoy; to eat and drink, not to refine; to "settle"—that is, to roll in a gross plenty for the body, but to starve their minds. To these must be added convicts, many of whom are become rich and influential; and some, not exactly convicts, to whom England ceased to be a convenient residence. The English who live at Boulogne, some for cheapness, some from misfortune, and some from fear, would offer, I should think, a fair sample of the materials which compose the best society in New South Wales; though, I must admit, that the bustling, thriving settler of New South Wales is a companion, rather ignorant though he be—far away preferable to the not more enlightened, but melancholy English sluggard of Boulogne. To form a due conception of the "upper classes" here, suppose all the natives of France annihilated, and the whole country belonging to the English residents of Boulogne. In that case, there would be an almost perfect resemblance between those Englishmen who, across a narrow channel, can see their own country, and those who, at its antipodes, look upon the Pacific Ocean. Man—how often must it be repeated?—is the creature of circumstances. In likening these, my fellow colonists, to the English outcasts in France, I speak only of their original composition.'—pp. 39—42.

So much by way of generality; but let us descend to particulars:—

'You imagine, perhaps, that society here is divided into but two classes—criminal slaves, and their temporary owners. But let me tell you, this is by no means the case. We have gradations of rank, almost as numerous as those which divide the community of England. The Governor is King; and a much more powerful man he is, in respect to those over whom he rules, than the Sovereign of Britain. This will be clear to you, when you reflect that the King of England can govern only by responsible Ministers, and that our King governs without responsibility, except to those who appoint him; who live at the antipodes of his palace, and who, of course, trouble themselves but little about this distant and insignificant settlement. Besides, an Englishman may be at bitter variance with the Ministers, without the slightest injury to his private affairs: however loud his opposition, his name may not even be known to the Government; and though he should be a thorn in their sides, like Joseph Hume, he may be rich and happy in spite of them. Whereas, in this small community, every man's words are reported and weighed; and the ill will of the Sovereign may deeply affect his fortunes. Here, scarcely anybody lives on a fortune made by his grandfather. It is the local government which supplies the means of production, and which, again, is the principal purchaser for consumption. Here, convicts are of immense value, and it is the Government which bestows those temporary slaves; here, almost every man is a cultivator of the soil, and the Government is the principal buyer of agricultural produce. Add to this, that the Governor disposes of many offices, some giving rank, and some profit,—and, above all, of waste land, that is, of unappropriated earth, air, and water!

'You may perhaps think, that as waste land possesses no value, the power to dispose of it can give no influence. Reflect, however, for a moment. Notwithstanding the experience of ages, there are still persons who imagine that an estate of 20,000 acres, bearing noble timber, must anywhere, be a very valuable property. Such persons, guided wholly by their imaginations, long for extensive domains even in such a country as this; and he who can gratify or disappoint them, as he pleases, must, for a time, hold them in subjection. Anticipation is universally more pleasant than the fact, and one man having controul over the hopes of mankind would be master of the world. In the next place, the Government of a new Colony alone determines the sites of towns, and the direction of roads; whereby it has the power to give a considerable market value to certain portions of territory. I am the most independent man in this Colony; but its Governor could at once put twenty or thirty thousand pounds into my pocket by making a road through my estate, and nailing upon one of my trees, a board inscribed with, "This is ——— Town." How, then, can I help being, at all times, his most devoted humble servant? How, indeed, but by recollecting that I draw a competent income from England, which enables me to enjoy my existence; that in a few years both "His Excellency" and I shall be meat for the worms; and that, consequently, I have not an hour to spare for the misery of being his parasite.

'The Governments of all new countries exercise an imperceptible despotism over the affairs of nearly all their subjects, by means of their power over waste land. They can raise or lower the wages of labour by restricting or extending grants of earth, air, and water; and by the same, means they can raise or lower the value of land already appropriated by individuals. Capitalists and landowners, therefore, are liable to be ruined or made rich, by the mere will of the Government. The history of settlements in desert countries abounds with instances of *fluctuations* in the value of land and of labour, arising solely from fluctuations in the proportion between the people and the territory for their subsistence; and such fluctuations have, for the most part, been caused solely by a restriction or an extension to the amount of grants. I do not pretend that the Governments of new countries have ever increased or lessened the amount of grants, with a direct view to raise or lower the value of land and labour; for I believe that they have been, and still are, unconscious of their power in this respect; but they have so exercised their power as to prevent the accumulation of wealth. It follows that they have had to deal with poor, and, therefore, impotent subjects; and, of course, the real power of a Government over its subjects must be in proportion to their weakness. The Democracy of North America is not an exception to this general rule; for, do we not, there, see a whole people exercise the most terrible despotism over individuals? If the Government of America, that is, the great body of the people, were highly instructed, individuals would have nothing to fear from its power; but, at present, wrong is often inflicted on individuals, without benefit to the mass. An ignorant body of men, in short, is just as liable as an ignorant individual, to commit self-injury and self-destruction. If you, as a Liberal, should be hurt at these remarks, I beg of you to tell me, whether partizan-murder may not be committed with impunity in Kentucky? and whether the American tariff be not a great injury to the whole people that has enacted it?

'Hence you may conceive that this Government, or rather Governor, possesses extraordinary power for good or evil. How such a degree of power has been used for evil, you will learn, if you come here, merely by listening when you are at the Cape of Good Hope. Here, there is no particular reason for complaint; and I use the language of complaint unwillingly, merely because I could not otherwise give you a true picture of our condition. Need I say that there can be no court without courtiers? Of course, there is a pretty numerous class—numerous, I mean, in proportion to forty-five thousand inhabitants, altogether devoted to "His Excellency." This class forms the "best society," of Sydney. It is composed of Government officers, unconnected with the colony, excepting by their offices, of local magistrates, who are all settlers and land-owners, and of the more opulent merchants, together with their respective wives. Now look back to what I have said of the original composition of the emigrants, not convicts. Do you smile at the picture which your imagination must have conceived? A court, an aristocracy, an exclusive set, persons of fashion, lady patronesses, composed, King and all, of people such as the English who inhabit Boulogne;—a St. James's, a White's, an Almacks, at Botany Bay! It is true, as I hope to be saved. But why should you wonder?—Where did men and women ever congregate without the assumption, by a few of them, of superiority to the many? Nothing is more general—nothing, therefore, is more vulgar, than exclusiveness. Laugh rather at the thing itself than at its existence here.

'As in France, the first class call themselves "gens comme il faut;" and in England, "people of fashion," or "the world,"— so here, the leaders of the society are distinguished by a peculiar term. They are called "respectable." Not to speak of France, it is difficult to say what in England constitutes "fashion" Not high birth, certainly—for some of the despots of English society are sprung from the dunghill. Our epithet to express exclusiveness is, I think, better chosen—for, though strictly speaking, it means worthy of respect, it is claimed, here, only by those to whom respect is paid. In England, the *Quarterly Review* tells us, "respectability" sometimes means keeping a gig—here it always means dining with the Governor.

'You will readily understand, that an exclusive set being once established, those who compose it are jealous of their privileges. In this respect we do but mimic the "best society" of England. We are proud, shy, difficult of access to those whom we despise, presumptuous, sarcastic of whatever does not meet our notions of right, swollen, blinded with a sense of our own importance. In a word, we are "the world" at Botany Bay. We look with an evil eye upon those who are rising to belong to us; we examine and canvass their pretensions; and we admit them, only after a long course of insult, to the honour of equal terms. They, in their turns, become excluders; and thus the farce proceeds: but is not this a picture of Grosvenor-square?

'Our manners set the fashion. Those whom we exclude, exclude others. Free emigrants claim to be of a nature superior to convicts; convicts, whose terms of punishment have expired, behave as if their flesh and blood were wholly unlike that of convicts still in durance; convicts, who have not been convicted south of the line, scorn those who have; and these several classes, except the last, are as proud and tenacious of their privileges as is every distinctive class in England, except the unhappy lowest; or, as is every shade of colour in the West Indies except the perfect black. The main features of the human character are every where alike, and a passion for distinctions seems to be implanted in our nature.'—pp. 50—52.

Wool—wool—wool—that is the great object, the ruling propensity, the absorbing ambition at present of New South Wales, or rather of Australasia, which also includes Van Dieman's beautiful land. Our author, being a "busy idler," is very learned and diffuse upon a theme highly interesting at the other side of the Indian sea, but not particularly engaging to us at this moment, especially as we know that his fellow-colonists are doing all in their power to improve the article, and can do so without our assistance. May their wool flourish, and may they produce plenty of it, in order that our tailor's bills may thereby suffer a considerable annual reduction!

ART. XII.—*Stories of Waterloo, and other Tales.* In 3 vols. 8vo. London: Colburn and Bentley. 1829.

WE confess that we open a publication, coming from the prolific manufactory of Messrs. Colburn and Bentley, with some degree of suspicion. Burlington-street has, within the last three or four years, ejected upon the town such an amazing number of novels, contracted for by the "three volumes," and written for the purpose of meeting what is called "the taste of the day," that they seem, in some instances at least, rather to be the production of some mechanical power operating upon arranged designs, than of intellects undergoing the ordinary emotions which are excited by the literary propensity. A tale of " fashionable life," a misanthropic romance, sketches at sea, scenes in the east, west, north, or south, the story of a robber or a seducer, a gambler, or a lover, seem to be executed per order with as much facility in that active region as any pattern of lace at Nottingham, or of chintz at Manchester. The Minerva Press has simply shifted its quarters, and removed with it a colony of authors, or rather of scribes, whose great business it is to keep this great town from looking at any book whose antiquity dates from the last year.

In point of fact, how few of the novels which were published in 1829 will be remembered, not to speak of being read, in 1830? Some, even of those which we endeavoured to rescue from the grave, have baffled all our skill, and mocked our fondest hopes. They have gone off under the effects of consumption,—that dire disease which has infused itself so fatally into almost every branch of our modern literature. The patient looks for a while blooming, and full of promise of a vigorous existence. But a month or two rolls on, the blossom fades from the cheek, and he is—no more.

This being the case, we hardly know what to say for ' The Stories of Waterloo and other Tales.' There are in the third volume a few pages really connected with that glorious field of slaughter, but the remainder of the work is occupied with ' the other tales.' This, to be sure, is an Irish way of nominating a work. It is as if one should call our Gazetteer of the inhabited world, the history of Constantinople and " other places." It reminds us of some of our boyish miscalculations, when we attempted to fly a kite no larger than a crow, on his journey homeward, with a tail as long as the monument. But a name, in these delightful bookselling days, is the summum bonum of the trade. A " good name"—that is the first thing to be found out—that will sell at least one edition, and the public will be the first to laugh at the little stratagem which has been invented only for their amusement.

The ' other tales,' to reverse the order of the title, if we may use the Hibernian privileges of our author, are, notwithstanding what we have said against Burlington-street novels in general, of an order which needed no connecting title to recommend them. We have read them with a degree of interest which perhaps may induce us, at this moment, to exaggerate their merits; yet we may assert that they have at least the charm of variety, and of brevity, which is no common praise to begin with. From deep tragedy we are hurried on to broad farce, from the sunshine of contentedness to the gloom of despair, from the tinkling of the light guitar to the thunder of the battle. Truly we have here the proper picture of a soldier's life, than which, if well designed, there are few more favourable for the touches of a master.

We cannot say of these ' other tales,' that they contain the best written military adventures and sketches we ever read. It cannot be denied however, that the style in which they are thrown off is vigorous and eminently picturesque. The author has carefully avoided that night-mare—sentimentality, and that frightful old maid of modern novels,—"fine conversation." He adheres, for the most part,—either to the narrative or the descriptive, and in both he appears to us equally felicitous.

The scene of the first volume is, if we may liken it to a drama, in Ireland: that of the second on the way from Erin to Quatre-Bras and Ligny; in the third we at length reach the field of Waterloo. The chain by which the stories are connected is ingenious enough. Soldiers on the march to the distant field of action, and reposing after the battle, amuse each other with their different adventures; and our author has contrived by some means or other to render each man's contribution to the common stock engaging in its own way.

The story of the 'outlaw,' in the first volume, presents a striking picture of the remote districts of Ireland some twenty years ago. In the history of 'Sarsfield,' the author has put forth his higher powers both of invention and composition, each of which faculties he possesses to an eminent degree. We, shall, however, content ourselves with one or two descriptive passages from the story of "Colonel Nilson," which are connected with the sanguinary insurrection of 1798.

'After some hours' marching, we came up with the rebel outposts. I was conducted to a place of security, in the centre of the insurgent army, and as the summer night was nearly passed, I lay down, guarded by a centinel, on a sward of newly-cut hay, to repose after my wearying, and, as it had proved, calamitous journey.

'The morning had dawned some time before I awoke. I had been much fatigued by the exertions of the preceding day, and, urged by thirst, had drank a considerable quantity of spirits and water before I lay down to sleep. I looked about like one bewildered. I was in a country of whose appearance I was profoundly ignorant, and, for some time, I imagined the body of men who, I was aware, had occupied the ground on the last night, had moved off while I slept.

'But soon, from the rising ground where I stood, I discovered the cause of the extraordinary stillness of the rebel forces. They were lying in ambuscade, concealed by the high fences; and from a careful look-out kept by their leaders, I was aware that an enemy was speedily expected.

'The position chosen by the rebels for attempting to surprise the king's troops was admirably selected for that purpose, but was a place where a successful attempt at an ambuscade was most unlikely. Near the village of Clough, the country, which is flat and open, with large and spacious fields running parallel with the road, and offering every facility for an army to deploy and form easily, if necessary, suddenly changes its character. The road then becomes deep, narrow, and intricate, with clay banks on each side, having wide ditches at their bases, and rows of close bushes on the top. The fields, also, are small and difficult, interpersed into numerous parks, and separated by full-grown hedges. At this time of the year, the trees being in full leaf, and the ground occupied by rich potato crops, standing corn, and unmown grass, afforded ample concealment for any force which chose to occupy it. Here, accordingly, the rebels awaited the attack of the royalists; and the movements of the latter on the Camdin road were soon apparent.

'The rising of a dense, continuous cloud of dust gave notice, that the king's troops were approaching. For security, I presume, I was placed about a hundred paces from the insurgents, who lined the hedges. To enable themselves the better to obtain a view of the expected conflict, my guards posted me on the crest of a Danish fort, which not only commanded the rebel position, but had an unbroken prospect of the road, by which their assailants advanced for several miles. I had not, fortunately, been deprived of my telescope, and was thus enabled to remark the occurrences of this calamitous morning with painful accuracy. A sudden angle of the road cleared the advancing military of the dust, which had hitherto obscured their march, and at once I perceived, to my astonishment, that they were moving in close column, without either flanking parties or skirmishers. The dragoons were in the front, the infantry succeeded—in the centre of which I perceived three or four pieces of artillery, and a squadron of cavalry brought up the rear.

'The country, as yet, was open. The troops could easily extend, if required, on the right and left of the road, but still there was a want of military caution in their order of march, which struck me as being blameable. Presently they halted—"Now," thought I, "the rebel plan is known—we shall soon see this formidable position turned." I looked attentively; there was as yet no partial movement—no light troops extending—no advanced-guard pushed forward. Did my eyes deceive me?—was it possible? By heaven! the march in close column was resumed: and without a single precautionary measure, the doomed leader moved to his destruction.

'On came the royalists, and in a short time the leading squadron of the advanced cavalry entered the fatal pass of Tubberneering. None but a soldier can conceive the feelings of despair, of madness, with which viewed my devoted comrades, in the gorge of those enclosures, from which few would return with life, and none without dishonour. In profound silence the rebel ambush lay concealed—not a pike glittered—not a man was seen, and the advanced-guard rode on without suspicion. The infantry had now entered the defile. As the road narrowed, the progress of the column became slow and difficult: they passed, and the unhappy cause of the day's disgrace, surrounded by his aides-de-camp and staff, rode forward.

'Colonel Walpole, to whom, unfortunately, the direction of this ill-fated detachment had been entrusted, was a man totally unfitted for command. He was vain, ignorant, and imprudent; arrogant in his manners, and averse to communicate with his officers, or avail himself of the experience of others. He held a situation in the Castle of Dublin, and had unfortunately been dispatched with confidential orders to General Loftus, from whom he received the command, which was so fatal to his followers. He was a remarkably fine-looking man, and being dressed in a field-officer's full uniform, and mounted on a tall gray charger, he formed a most conspicuous object for his latent enemy.

'The column had now completely entangled itself; and, at once, from the enclosures a wild yell burst forth, accompanied by a stream of musketry. Colonel Walpole fell in the first fire; the confusion was tremendous, and to fight or retreat impossible. The height and number of the fences on every side made the ground most favourable for irregular and desultory warfare, and the long pikes of the rebels reached nearly across the narrow road; and those of the distracted soldiers who escaped the first close fire, were perforated from behind the hedges by invisible opponents. The surprise of the troops was complete; dragoons and infantry were thrown, in helpless disorder, on each other, and a scene of butchery ensued.

'I mentioned that I had been placed apart from the rebel body; my guard had been gradually diminished, after the *mêlée* commenced, by their savage anxiety to join in the work of slaughter; but two now remained. I looked down the next enclosure; it was entirely open; for those who had originally lined it had advanced to close with the struggling soldiery.

'I was aware that escape was practicable. A pikeman and a musketeer were my retainers. I waited till the latter had discharged his piece, and then flinging the spearman down the steep bank, I sprang over the next fence, and rushed towards the flank of the royalists.

'Fortunately, some of the officers had managed to disengage the rear-guard, and form them across an open field, to cover the broken column. A steep and expansive rock rose abruptly within a few paces of the road, and was crowded by the rebel musketry, who, from its superior elevation, were enabled to throw a destructive fire into the helpless mass below. To extricate the column, while that commanding spot was occupied, was impossible. I instantly took command of the artillery, and having levelled a hedge, got one of the six-pounders across the fence, where its fire would traverse the rebel position. The gunners behaved with admirable steadiness; with a few discharges we swept the rock of its occupants; and a few of the 4th Dragoons, and the Ancient British cavalry, having threatened a flank movement on the rebels, the remains of the column were disengaged. We were reluctantly obliged to abandon the guns; for the horses, being untrained to fire, carried off the limbers in the commencement of the attack, and made it impracticable to remove them. We fell back in great confusion, and retreated through the town of Gorey, followed closely by the insurgents, and annoyed, as we retreated through the streets, by the rebel inhabitants, who fired on us from their houses.'—vol. i. pp. 310—317.

The author's account of the celebrated battle of "Vinegar Hill," is also well given, as far as it goes.

'General Duff, to whom I was attached with the artillery, advanced on the Ferns road, having his right flank on the river Slaney. Our march was parallel to the rebel lines upon the hills; and, during this movement, I protected the columns, throwing shells into the lines from the howitzers, while the light infantry under General Loftus supported me by a flanking fire. Late in the evening we arrived on the ground we were directed to occupy, and after a day of immense fatigue, rested on our arms on Vinegar Hill, in front of the rebel position. Our's being the light brigade, was, of course, considerably advanced, and I employed the little remaining light before the night closed, in surveying the ground and selecting a fit position for placing the guns in battery.

'The night was mild and warm; the rebel fires were lighted along their lines, and in the fort which crowned the crest of their camp. Every necessary precaution against surprise was taken, and we lay down to sleep, and refresh ourselves for the exertions of the morrow.

'We were already apprised that the assault upon the rebel camp would commence with the morning's dawn. All but the pickets and centries were consequently anxious to obtain as much refreshment and repose as possible. A soldier's supper is readily disposed of; and soon after dark our bivouac was profoundly silent, and no sound or step was heard but those of the guards and outposts.

'Not so the rebel camp. All within their lines was mirth and music: groups of figures were seen moving opaquely round the watch-fires, and the dance, and laugh, and song, only ceased a short time before their lines were formed for the engagement.

'The short hours of the summer night passed, and the first blush of morning was expected anxiously. We were all at our posts. A highland regiment was formed on the left of the ground, where my guns, six six-pounders and two howitzers, were in battery, and the light brigade, being the flank companies of the Irish militia, and forming the finest battalion I ever saw, were extended on the right. Our watches were momently consulted: in a few minutes the gray dawn would break, and then the work of death was to commence! At this instant an aide-de-camp came up with orders. When the light broke sufficiently to lay the guns, my fire was to open, and that would be the signal for the columns who were now resting round the hill to press forward.

'But natural causes, for a time, forbade the flow of human blood. Suddenly a thick dense fog rolled in huge fleeces across the hill; the soldier could scarcely distinguish his next file, and all around was enveloped in dark continuous clouds, into which the human eye found it impossible to penetrate.

'It was six o'clock before the light broke upon the morning of the 21st of June. The mist rose gradually from the low grounds, and as it rolled up the hill, the columns of Generals Wilford, Dundas, and Duff, commenced ascending with it. When I heard the advance sounded on their bugles, I apprised General Loftus, who had stationed himself beside me, that the fog was now dispersing. The word of readiness was given to the light troops, and immediately the mist curled upwards in one huge fleece, and showed us the advancing columns below displayed in a dazzling glare of sunshine. The cloud rolled majestically forward, and in a few minutes more, the double lines of the insurgents, five or six files deep, appeared encircling the ridge and summit of the mountain.

'The opening light showed me that, on the preceding evening, I had not calculated my distance wrong, when I chose the ground on which I had parked my guns. A long deep ditch and breastwork had been thrown up in front of their position by the rebels, and to defend it they had filled it with their choicest musketry. A few paces from me the ground rose, and I ascertained that from that elevation I could enfilade their whole line. I changed the guns instantly, and waited orders to commence firing.

'The mist had now cleared off the rebel fort, which was situated on the cone of the mountain, and the scene around was beautiful and imposing. Above, the rebel lines displayed a forest of glittering pikes; along their ranks a number of green flags were waving; and their leaders, mounted and dismounted, were seen completing the necessary arrangements. One was particularly remarkable, and seemed to hold a principal command. He was a man of huge stature, arrayed in green uniform, with cross-belts and cavalry pistols; and being mounted on a showy gray horse, and constantly engaged in reconnoitring, he had greatly attracted the attention of the soldiery. He appeared to remark the change of my guns, and rode forward to the breast of the hill to observe my battery nearer.

'As yet not a shot was fired; the troops pressed up the hill at a moderate step, and in perfect silence; and the rebels waited steadily and quietly for them to close. General Duff rode up—"Hilson are you ready to open?" I answered in the affirmative. "Well, begin in God's name!"

'The rebel chieftain on the gray horse was now within good range. He was observing us through a glass, with the reins on the neck of his charger, which I afterward learned had belonged to the unfortunate Colonel Walpole.

'I laid the gun carefully, and desiring those around to observe the rebel leader, applied the match, and horse and man were hurled lifeless to the earth. Instantly the guns, loaded with grape and canister, opened with destructive effect on the crowded trenches, and the howitzers shelled the fort with fatal precision. The bugle sounded the assault: under cover of the cannon the light brigade, with a tremendous cheer, rushed up the hill, and after a short resistance, the rebel breastwork was carried by the bayonet.

'On their several points of attack the columns were equally successful. The rebel position was every where forced, and the cavalry having got open ground to charge, rushed forward and completed their overthrow. Fortunately for the insurgents, one of the columns failed in reaching its destination in sufficient time to co-operate with the others, and thus afforded them an opening to escape by. Owing to this mistake, an immense column succeeded in retreating by the eastern bank of the Slaney; and the troops, after a long and bloody pursuit, halted for the night.

'With the loss of their camp the energies of the insurgents appeared to decline. All their cannon, fifteen pieces, with a large quantity of arms and military stores, fell into the hands of the royalists. Wexford next day was re-taken, and their forces from that time were constantly harassed and broken by the King's troops, and never afterwards were capable of any formidable opposition.'—vol. i. pp. 320—326.

These passages would almost induce us to suggest to the author, that the history of the Irish rebellion is still untold, and that it would afford his vigorous pen a favourable field for exercise.

Although we, and most of our readers, have perused at least a hundred different accounts of Napoleon's return from Elba, yet we venture to say, that our author's brief and animated narrative of that ominous event, as well as his description of the scenes which followed it, in Paris and Belgium, will be perused with unwearied interest. We cannot resist the pleasure of extracting the chapter which is devoted to the "Champ de Mai."

'A hundred cannon, discharged from the Bridge of Jena, ushered in the Champ de Mai. In front of the Military School, a mighty amphitheatre was formed for the accommodation of the spectators, as well as of those who were to assist in the ceremony. An altar, surmounted with a canopy, and surrounded by seats for priests and choristers, occupied the centre of the immense temporary building, which was supposed to be capable of containing twenty thousand persons. A throne, destined for Napoleon, stood before an extensive pyramidical platform; and benches, ornamented with eagles, were divided into several tiers, and, each inscribed with the name of the respective department, were filled by the Deputies who represented them.

'The intervening spaces of this mighty area were crowded by the grand officers of the court, and the members of the public bodies. Arrayed in dresses of unequalled splendour, the appearance of the assembled dignitaries was strikingly grand; and the *élite* of the French army, comprising Buonaparte's own guards, and the finest regiments of the line, with their glittering arms and appointments, completed a spectacle of majestic brilliancy.

'Amid the thunder of artillery, and the acclamations of thousands of the citizens who occupied the exterior of the splendid ampitheatre, surrounded by the marshals and nobles of the empire, Napoleon presented himself to the assembly, and placed himself upon the throne. His dress was sumptuous: he wore a mantle of purple velvet, ornamented with ermine and embroidery, with a black Spanish hat, richly plumed, and looped in front with a diamond of transcendant beauty. For a time, the roar of cannon, and the acclamation of the populace that hailed his *entrée*, were deafening. Bowing repeatedly to the assembly, while all beside remain uncovered, he seated himself on the throne, with his brothers Joseph, Jerome, and Lucian, on either side; and the artillery being silenced, the ceremony opened by the celebration of mass by the Archbishop of Tours, and Cardinal de Bayann.

'The religious portion of the pageant appeared to excite little interest in Napoleon's mind. His opera-glass wandered over the countless multitude who composed the spectacle; and his attention was not recalled until the mass was concluded, and the central deputations from the electors of the empire, comprising five members of each electoral college, marshalled by the conductor of the ceremonies, ascended the platform, and stood before the throne. Dubois, deputy of Maine and Loire, in a loud and commanding voice, then proceeded with his address. The harangue teemed with sentiments of patriotic attachment, and breathed towards the person of the emperor expressions of inviolable fidelity.

'As the orator proceeded, Napoleon marked his approbation with nods and smiles, till Dubois, after alluding to the pacific overtures which had been just submitted to the Allies, concluded with these bold and ominous words:—"If they leave us only the choice between war and infamy, the entire nation will rise to war. It absolves you from the too moderate offer which you have made to save Europe from fresh convulsions. All Frenchmen are soldiers. Victory will attend our eagles; and our enemies, who calculate upon our discord, will bitterly repent that they have incensed us.' "

'Amidst thunders of applause, the deputy ceased speaking; when the Arch-Chancellor arose, and advancing to Napoleon, notified the acceptance of the constitution. It was ratified by a million and a half of affirmative suffrages; and with a flourish of trumpets, a herald proclaimed, in the name of the Emperor, that the additional acts to the constitutions of the empire were accepted by the French people.

'Again the batteries saluted, and a sustained cheer resounded from the assembly. A golden table and standish were placed before the Emperor; and while the Arch-Chancellor unfolded the parchment, and Joseph Buonaparte presented the pen, Napoleon ratified the deed by placing his signature to the Constitution.

'When the popular approbation, which this part of the ceremonial occasioned, had subsided, the Emperor prepared to address the assembly. Although short of stature, and not gifted with the commanding exterior which is so requisite to arrest the attention of the populace, the fire of his penetrating eye, and the peculiar energy of his action, amply compensated for inelegant demeanour, and the defects of a voice, neither sweet nor powerful—and now, when raised beyond its compass, shrill and indistinct. He read his speech from a written paper, and the style and language left little doubt that the composition was his own :—

' " Emperor—consul—soldier—I hold every thing from the people. In prosperity, in adversity, in the field and in the council, in power and in exile, France has been the sole and constant object of my thoughts and actions." A tissue of invective against the monarchs, " violators of all principles," mingled with allusions to the national attachment towards himself, succeeded, until he thus wound up his harangue:—" Were it not my country alone which the enemies of France aim at, I would surrender to their mercy the life which they so inveterately pursue. But say to the citizens, that so long as they preserve for me those sentiments of affection which they have so frequently manifested, the rage of our enemies shall be impotent. Frenchmen! my will is that of the people—my rights are theirs—my honour, my glory, my happiness, can never be separated from the honour, glory, and happiness of France."

'He ceased amid rapturous applause. When the tumult excited by his address had subsided, the Archbishop of Bourges, Grand Almoner of the Empire, presented the Evangelists, on his knees, to Napoleon, who swore to observe, and cause the Constitution to be observed. The Arch-Chancellor then tendered his obedience to the Constitution and the Emperor—and, animated with one feeling, the whole assembly swore submission to the laws, and fidelity to Napoleon.

'When this act of allegiance had been performed, the steps of the throne were cleared, and the central deputation was withdrawn, displaying a long line of dazzling splendour, from the throne to the altar. Carnot, in a white Spanish dress of great magnificence, carried the eagle of the national guard. Davoust bore that of the first regiment of the line, and that of the marine corps was supported by Decrès. A scene, unequalled in effect, followed.

'Buonaparte sprang from his throne, and, casting aside his purple mantle, rushed on to meet his eagles; the momentary silence was instantly changed into an enthusiastic shout, which seemed to thrill through the hearts of all. Taking the eagles respectfully from the bearers, he returned them to each, with a spirited exhortation to follow them to glory, and perish in their defence; while at the close of each address the oaths of the excited soldiery responded to the adjurations of their Emperor.

'Buonaparte, habited in a crimson tunic, and surrounded by marshals, nobles, and dignitaries, from the platform in the open area distributed the eagles to the different regiments, and viewed the troops attentively as they filed off in slow time before him. Nothing could be more imposing than this part of the splendid pageant. Amid the crash of military music, the blaze of martial decoration, and the glitter of innumerable arms, fifty thousand men passed by. The countless concourse of spectators, their prolonged vociferation, the occasion, the man, the mighty events which hung in suspense, all concurred to excite feelings and reflections which only such a scene could have produced.

'Nor was Napoleon himself unmoved. When the last files of the long array had passed, he boldly resumed his seat upon the throne; and while his face beamed pride and joy, and confidence, he witnessed the close of the ceremony; and retiring amidst fresh bursts of enthusiastic approbation which he repeatedly and graciously acknowledged, in all the pomp and glory of a king, and a conqueror, under the thunder of artillery, he again alighted at the Tuileries.

'Thus ended the Champ de Mai, a spectacle of unrivalled grandeur, a ceremony which seemed to mark the dynasty of France as settled for ever, and the diadem placed upon Napoleon's brow beyond the possibility of being removed. But, in one short month, the red field of Waterloo too fatally demonstrated the fallacy of human calculations.'—Vol. II. pp. 15—24.

The reader must not conclude that, because we have extracted from these volumes sketches which are exclusively of a military character, there is nothing in them that touches the gentler sympathies. Had that been the case, our author would but have accomplished half the picture of a soldier's life, who for one day dedicated to Mars, sacrifices months to the deity of love. There are, in fact, few of his stories that do not turn upon some adventure, in which a woman is of course the presiding power. The tale of Maurice Mac Carthy which occupies a considerable portion of the second and third volumes, is particularly fraught with this kind of attraction. It is a story of fearful interest, and marked by great boldness as well as originality of invention.

Art. XIII.—*Memoirs, Correspondence, and Private Papers of Thomas Jefferson, late President of the United States.* Edited by Thomas Jefferson Randolph. 4 vols. 8vo. London: Colburn and Bentley. 1829.

Our time has been sadly wasted over these volumes. It is the editor's unenviable distinction that he has contrived one of the most repulsive schemes of biography that has ever oppressed the literature of any country. He has been only careful to gather up every scrap of paper he could discover bearing the hand-writing of Thomas Jefferson, and this he has religiously preserved for public inspection, without ever appearing to be conscious that it mattered whether the contents were a state dispatch or an invoice for a washer-woman. The whole is a scene of chaos; the editor, as if appalled by the confusion which he himself has made, renounces altogether the functions that belong to his character. Never does he venture to show himself, from first to last, within the four corners of this goodly structure, which he has erected to the demon of disorder; no--neither as historian, to add to the facts, nor as commentator to explain them—neither as a friend does he enforce the perfections of his hero, nor as an enemy does he deny them : not even once is he found peeping through the humble opening of an annotation, into a single page of this wilderness of words. Imperturbably phlegmatic, through the long night of two thousand pages and upwards, our editor never once opens his lips, and since Mr. Jefferson himself was not in a condition to tell us that he died, the abstemious Mr. Randolph cautiously declines to supply the omission.

And yet, from such materials as Mr. Jefferson has left behind him, it would be in the competency of a very dull man, provided with the fruits of a long acquaintance with his subject, to form a very valuable addition to our biography. Mason, we believe, was the first who employed the plan of writing lives, by which a considerable part of the record is furnished by the hero himself. The life of Gray, by that author, is, on this account, one of the most valuable and charming biographical performances that we have—valuable, because the developement of his own character is the work of the poet himself, carried on under circumstances when he was neither courting the favour nor fearing the opinions of the world. Hayley adopted the plan of his predecessor Mason, and connecting together, as easily so mechanical a hand might, those beautiful epistles breathed from the impassioned soul of Cowper, showed by what simple means the really valuable object of biography was to be attained.

Had Mr. Randolph, the editor of the volumes before us, been acquainted with the examples which we have just alluded to, he might have given us some three hundred agreeable pages instead of the thousands that he has cast forth; instead of piling paper upon paper, relating to matters that are unutterably remote from any feeling or curiosity, that any man now in existence can possibly entertain, Mr. Randolph might have consigned the whole of them to that oblivion, which full surely will be their ultimate fate; and further—instead of the olio of all sorts, of which this epistolary collection consists --here a speculation upon criminal law—there an essay on the commercial susceptibilities of whale oil—now a treatise on the belief of the primitive Christians, followed by the notes of a Journey undertaken in the south of Europe in search of the natural history of Rice;—instead of this strange and grotesque jumble of morals and trade, Algerine pirates and the Yankee monetary system, we might have an orderly arrangement of Mr. Jefferson's opinions upon various interesting questions of politics, religion, science, domestic economy, &c., and thus might a most excellent and meritorious man be seen in the natural comeliness of an unstained character, instead of being obscured, deformed,—subjected, in short, to every species of optical distortion—in consequence of the medium through which he is presented to us by Mr. Randolph.

But we must now leave the Editor in order to render justice to the subject of these volumes. We have never been able to discover in the men, who had the immortal honour of laying the foundation of American independence, any of those grand characteristics which would entitle them to the name of Great. They had no master intellect amongst them—no overwhelming mind capable of striking out some original path for its own illustrious and solitary career. But they possessed qualities immeasurably more estimable; they had to a man the precious virtue of true loyalty to their country; they were reared up in the simplicity in which alone genuine patriotism can thrive; and earnestly seeking, without a moment's deviation to the right, or to the left, the interest of their country, they unerringly found and established it. Without any practicable standards to refer to in the crisis, when they were compelled to organize a plan of self government, they did no more than apply to the more enlarged sphere of a political government, those maxims of mutual convenience which instinct and experience had taught them to adopt, in the ordinary concerns of life, and as yet, at least, their efforts have been crowned with success.

As one of those admirable characters, Thomas Jefferson deserves to have his name honourably handed down to posterity. The account of his early life is furnished by Mr. Jefferson himself, and forms the most interesting portion of those tedious volumes. He appears to have been born in 1744, in America, and is studious to trace his ancestry to Wales, where, it is not impossible, that he would find a link to connect him with one of the antediluvian stocks which abound in that sequestered region. Whilst yet a student of law at Williamsburg, he had the good fortune to hear the debate in the House of Burgesses, when the famous resolutions against the Stamp Act, were proposed by Patrick Henry. The impression of Henry's eloquence, on that occasion, probably had a considerable share in shaping the destinies of the young student; for it seems to have been still fresh in his memory, after he had attained the age of seventy-seven.

We are not going to repeat the story of the American revolution. But it is impossible for us ever to revert to that event without, as often as we do so, expressing our wonder at the unexampled folly and wickedness of the British Government, in its conduct to the American colonies. The latter would have been satisfied with almost any thing. Even the act of parliament, which was to close Boston port, had not suggested to the Americans the idea of a complete separation from the mother country. Jefferson was elected member of the Convention, which met in Philadelphia in September of the same year, in which capacity he undertook to prepare some documents for public use. The limited ambition of the American at the time, cannot be better described than they are in the following extract from the imperfect memoir which Jefferson has left us.

> 'In this I took the ground that, from the beginning, I had thought the only one orthodox or tenable, which was, that the relation between Great Britain and these colonies was exactly the same as that of England and Scotland, after the accession of James and until the Union, and the same as her present relations with Hanover, having the same executive chief, but no other necessary political connection; and that our emigration from England to this country gave her no more right over us, than the emigrations of the Danes and Saxons gave to the present authorities of the mother country, over England. In this doctrine, however, I had never been able to get any one to agree with me but Mr. Wythe.'—p. 7.

Jefferson must have, therefore, been regarded as an ultra, in consequence of holding opinions which, before two years, no American almost dared to avow, on account of their moderation.

The circumstances, which attended the declaration of Independence, receive additional interest from the little history which is here given of its concoction. Jefferson certainly held the pen; but several erasures and alterations were made in this document by his colleagues, Adams and Franklin. A fac simile of the instrument is annexed to these volumes, as it appears written by Jefferson, and corrected by the others. Although it breathes throughout a fierce hatred of the British government, especially of the person of the Monarch, in the writer; yet judging from the variations of language introduced by Adams and Franklin, Jefferson seems to us to be the more temperate of the three. A far more important part of this memoir is the brief summary of the debates which took place in Congress, on the vital question of Independence, in June and July, 1776. The principal points urged on both sides, were noted by Jefferson on the spot, and are now given for the first time to the public in the same concentrated form, as Hume has adopted in his history, with reference to political discussions.

The period, during which Jefferson sat in the Senate, may be regarded as the first division of his public life. He proved himself, on all occasions, a vigilant and assiduous legislator, apprehending, with prompt and just discrimination, the true interests of his country, and pursuing them with perseverance and fortitude. He himself boasts, as he well might with justifiable feelings of pride, that he was the foremost to endeavour to impress on the infant constitution of his country, the characters of a bold freedom, and a comprehensive equality. The measures for prohibiting the further importation of slaves—for abolishing entails, as well as the principle of primogeniture (both being obviously inconsistent with a republican institution) have Jefferson for their parent—and the great act for establishing religious liberty, though actually indebted for its success to Madison, was first made acceptable to the public mind by Jefferson. A great deal of praise is also due to the latter, for his unceasing efforts in the cause of education in America. There was, however, one stage of his senatorial life, to which he reverts with peculiar triumph, namely, the resistance which he personally made against federal principles and proceedings, during the administration of Mr. Adams. He says—

'Their usurpations and violations of the constitution at that period, and their majority in both Houses of Congress, were so great, so decided, and so daring, that after combating their aggressions, inch by inch, without being able in the least to check their career, the republican leader thought it would be best for them to give up their useless efforts there, go home, get into their respective legislatures, embody whatever of resistance they could be formed into, and, if ineffectual, to perish there as in the last ditch. All, therefore, retired, leaving Mr. Gallatin alone in the House of Representatives, and myself in the Senate, where I then presided as Vice President. Remaining at our posts, and bidding defiance to the browbeatings and insults by which they endeavoured to drive us off also, we kept the mass of republicans in phalanx together, until the legislatures could be brought up to the charge; and nothing on earth is more certain, than that if myself particularly, placed by my office of Vice-President at the head of the republicans, had given way and withdrawn from my post, the republicans throughout the Union would have given up in despair, and the cause would have been lost for ever. By holding on, we obtained time for the legislatures to come up with their weight; and those of Virginia and Kentucky particularly, but more especially the former, by their celebrated resolutions, saved the constitution at its last gasp. No person who was not a witness of the scenes of that gloomy period, can form any idea of the afflicting persecutions, and personal indignities we had to brook. They saved our country, however.'—vol. iv. p. 445.

The whole tenor of his life proves that Jefferson held to republicanism, as to a religion. His belief in the immortality of the American democracy, never faltered for a moment. In this respect, there was a vast difference between himself and Washington, who from temperament perhaps, or education, often betrayed to his chosen circle, and, indeed, showed by some of his public acts, that he had his misgivings as to the stability of the institution, which we have not the slightest doubt he would have gladly yielded his heart's blood to cement. Jefferson, with that rectitude of heart and judgment which always distinguishes him, writing many years after the death of Washington, makes these remarks on his departed colleague.

'He was no monarchist from preference of his judgment. The soundness of that gave him correct views of the rights of man, and his severe justice devoted him to them. He has often declared to me, that he considered our new constitution as an experiment on the practicability of republican government, and with what dose of liberty man could be trusted for his own good; that he was determined the experiment should have a fair trial, and would lose the last drop of his blood in support of it. And these declarations he repeated to me the oftener and the more pointedly, because he knew my suspicions of Colonel Hamilton's views, and probably had heard from him the same declarations which I had, to wit, "that the British Constitution, with its unequal representation, corruption, and other existing abuses, was the most perfect government which had ever been established on earth, and that a reformation of these abuses would make it an impracticable government." I do believe that General Washington had not a firm confidence in the durability of our government. He was naturally distrustful of men, and inclined to gloomy apprehensions; and I was ever persuaded, that a belief that we must at length end in something like a British Constitution, had some weight in his adoption of the ceremonies of levees, birth-days, pompous meetings with Congress, and other forms of the same character, calculated to prepare us gradually for a change which he believed possible, and to let it come on with as little shock as might be to the public mind.'—vol. iv. pp. 242, 243.

Jefferson declares that this is the opinion which he formed of Washington, after thirty years of intimate acquaintance with him. The general character of the latter, sketched by the same hand, cannot but prove, under those circumstances, very interesting.

'His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon, or Locke; and as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where, hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best; and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously. But if deranged during the course of the action, if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in a readjustment. The consequence was, that he often failed in the field, and rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston and York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern. Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence, never acting until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed; refraining if he saw a doubt, but, when once decided, going through with his purpose, whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known; no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the words, a wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it. If ever, however, it broke its bonds, he was most tremendous in his wrath. In his expences he was honourable, but exact; liberal in contributions to whatever promised utility; but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects, and all unworthy calls on his charity.—His heart was not warm in its affections; but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportioned to it. His person, you know, was fine, his stature exactly what one would wish, his deportment easy, erect, and noble; the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback. Although in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas, nor fluency of words. In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short, and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world, for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a later day. His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalizing his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours within doors.—On the whole, his character was, in its mass, perfect, in nothing bad, in few points indifferent; and it may truly be said, that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance.'—pp. 241, 242.

In another place, speaking of General Washington in his capacity of senator, Jefferson observes, "I served with General Washington in the Legislature of Virginia before the revolution, and during it with Dr. Franklin in Congress. *I never heard either of them speak ten minutes at a time, nor to any but the main point, which was to decide the question.*" If brevity of speech be a proof of wisdom, certainly our British senators must be the most forlorn of that quality of any men in existence.

In 1784, Jefferson arrived in Paris as Minister Plenipotentiary. He witnessed some of the horrors of the French Revolution. His information being perfectly authentic, is well worth consulting. He is impressed with a very strong dislike for Marie Antoinette, who certainly amply atoned by her ignominious death for any errors she may have committed. Jefferson attributes to her ungovernable passions the whole mischief of the Revolution. After giving Louis the XVI. credit for the most upright intentions towards his subjects, this writer proceeds:—

'But he had a Queen of absolute sway over his weak mind and timid virtue, and of a character the reverse of his in all points. This angel, as gaudily painted in the rhapsodies of Burke, with some smartness of fancy, but no sound sense, was proud, disdainful of restraint, indignant at all obstacles to her will, eager in the pursuit of pleasure, and firm enough to hold to her desires, or perish in their wreck. Her inordinate gambling and dissipations, with those of the Count d'Artois, and others of her *clique*, had been a sensible item in the exhaustion of the treasury, which called into action the reforming hand of the nation; and her opposition to it, her inflexible perverseness and dauntless spirit, led herself to the guillotine, drew the King on with her, and plunged the world into crimes and calamities which will for ever stain the pages of modern history. I have ever believed, that had there been no Queen, there would have been no revolution. No force would have been provoked, or exercised. The King would have gone hand in hand with the wisdom of his sounder counsellors, who, guided by the increased lights of the age, wished only, with the same pace, to advance the principles of their social constitution. The deed which closed the mortal course of these sovereigns, I shall neither approve nor condemn. I am not prepared to say, that the first magistrate of a nation cannot commit treason against his country, or is unamenable to its punishment: nor yet, that where there is no written law, no regulated tribunal, there is not a law in our hearts, and a power in our hands, given for righteous employment in maintaining right, and redressing wrong. Of those who judged the King, many thought him wilfully criminal; many, that his existence would keep the nation in perpetual conflict with the horde of kings, who would war against a regeneration which might come home to themselves, and that it were better that one should die than all. I should not have voted with this portion of the legislature. I should have shut up the Queen in a convent, putting harm out of her power, and placed the King in his station, investing him with limited powers, which, I verily believe he would have honestly excercised, according to the measure of his understanding.'—vol. i. pp. 86, 87.

Whilst Jefferson was fulfilling the duties of a representative of his government in Europe, he availed himself of the opportunities he possessed to extend his acquaintance with the countries bordering on that where the objects of his mission more particularly required his attendance. The following account of his present Majesty was penned in 1789, and before perusing it, it may be necessary to remind the reader that the person who drew the character had a warm interest, at the particular moment, in diminishing the pretensions of monarchs and their families to the respect of the world.

'As the character of the Prince of Wales is becoming interesting, I have endeavoured to learn what it truly is. This is less difficult in his case than in that of other persons of his rank, because he has taken no pains to hide himself from the world. The information I most rely on, is from a person here with whom I am intimate, who divides his time between Paris and London, an Englishman by birth, of truth, sagacity and science. He is of a circle, when in London, which has had good opportunities of knowing the Prince; but he has also, himself, had special occasions of verifying their information by his own personal observation. He happened, when last in London, to be invited to a dinner of three persons. The Prince came by chance, and made the fourth. He ate as much as the other three, and drank about two bottles of wine without seeming to feel it. My informant sat next to him, and being till then unknown to the Prince, personally, (though not by character) and lately from France, the Prince confined his conversation entirely to him. Observing to the Prince that he spoke French without the least foreign accent, the Prince told him, that when very young, his father had put only French servants about him, and that it was to that circumstance he owed his pronunciation. He led him from this to give an account of his education, the total of which was the learning a little Latin. He has not a single element of mathematics, of natural or moral philosophy, or of any other science on earth, nor has the society he has kept been such as to supply the void of education. He carries his indifference for fame so far, that he would probably not be hurt were he to lose his throne, provided he could be assured of having always meat, drink, horses, and women. In the article of women, nevertheless, he is become more correct since his connection with Mrs. Fitzherbert, who is an honest and worthy woman: he is even less crapulous than he was. He had a fine person, but it is becoming coarse. He possesses good native common sense; is affable, polite, and very good humoured. Saying to my informant, on another occasion, "your friend, such a one, dined with me yesterday, and I made him damned drunk;" he replied, "I am sorry for it; I had heard that your royal highness had left off drinking:" the Prince laughed, tapped him on the shoulder very goodnaturedly, without saying a word, or ever after shewing any displeasure. The Duke of York, who was for some time cried up as the prodigy of the family, is as profligate, and of less understanding.'—vol. ii. pp. 421, 422.

Jefferson returned to his native country, where the most distinguished honours awaited him in succession. He was appointed Secretary of State, subsequently was elected Vice-President of the United States, and, at last, raised to the post of Chief Magistrate. In 1809, he retired from public life to the bosom of a family, whose presence seemed to constitute his chief source of earthly bliss, and to the pursuits of agriculture, which varied, in a most agreeable manner, the round of his domestic engagements.

To one of the events of the declining years of Jefferson, we turn with pain. His assiduous attention to public affairs, and his absence in foreign countries for so many years, naturally led to the depreciation of his property at home. He contracted debts, which, in the latter part of his life, fell upon him with mortifying force, in the shape of interest. He applied to Congress for leave to dispose of his property by lottery, as, if he pursued the ordinary course of sale, this property would fetch nothing like its value. Jefferson, notwithstanding his long course of public service,—and notwithstanding the feeling manner with which, at upwards of eighty years of age, he enumerated his claims on public indulgence, for he went no further—was denied—upon, perhaps, very sound principles, of parting with his property in the manner which he had desired. The disappointment preyed upon him; and, justified by its effects, to a certain extent, the rumour that he died neglected, a victim to the ingratitude of the republic.

Jefferson, united with a high moral feeling, a great deal of practical good sense. So thoroughly did he, by his words and actions, prove himself the genuine friend of his country, that no imputation was ever attempted to be made to the contrary. One of the ancients has said, that she must be an undoubtedly irreproachable woman against whom the breath of calumny was never raised. Jefferson has all the benefit of this negative testimony. The manner in which he speaks of his colleagues, both when they were living as well as after their decease, sufficiently shews how little his mind was affected by jealousy, envy, or any of those base passions by which, too often, confederacies of men, that are formed for the most glorious purposes, are invalidated and degraded. The praises and distinctions which crowned his political career amply attest the integrity of his services as a patriot, whilst the number of his domestic virtues is proved in the cordiality of the affection of his friends.

ART. XIV.—*Records of Captain Clapperton's last Expedition to Africa.* By Richard Lander, *his faithful Attendant, and the only surviving Member of the Expedition: with the subsequent Adventures of the Author.* In two volumes. 8vo. London: Colburn and Bentley. 1830.

IT may be imagined that this work ought to have been comprised in a preceding article, which contains a review of Mr. Rose's "Four years in Southern Africa." But those who have had frequent opportunities of comparing the people of the latter part of that continent with those of its central and northern divisions, will readily agree with us in thinking that they are to be treated as wholly distinct nations. Sometimes it has happened, that two or three wanderers from the north have found their way even as far as the Cape of Good Hope. But instances of this kind are so rare, that they are looked upon as extraordinary events. Indeed, we have no reason to believe that any regular communication exists between the tribes who skirt the frontiers of the British colony, and those who occupy the countries which have been visited by Captain Clapperton.

Nor do we even know of any enterprize, connected with Africa, of which we should hear with greater pleasure, than the appointment of a mission, whose object would be to traverse and describe that continent, from the boundary of our settlements in the north to the sources of the Nile in the east, and the banks of the Niger in the opposite direction. For this purpose persons should be chosen, if possible, from the Cape of Good Hope, who have been accustomed to some at least of the African climates. It is quite unnecessary to select these pioneers of discovery from the ranks of professional learning or bravery. Men of plain sense who can note down whatever they may observe that is worthy of being recorded, who can endure privation, and accommodate their tempers to the strangers whom they mingle with, would sufficiently answer every useful end which a preliminary mission could be required to attain. If they play upon musical instruments, and do not despise now and then a little buffoonery, they may go where they like without danger of molestation. Lander tells us that a fiddler, provided he was not blind, might travel not only with safety, but with universal applause, from Badagry to Bornou.

It is creditable to his Majesty's Government, that they have not been deterred by the unfortunate circumstances which have hitherto attended most of our African expeditions, from pursuing the course of enquiry which they have commenced in that quarter. And we look upon it as particularly judicious that Lander, who so justly entitles himself the 'faithful attendant' of his late master, has been fixed upon for a service in which he has already displayed abilities, and a degree of fortitude that could hardly have been expected from an individual in his humble station. He has already, we believe, sailed for his destination, accompanied only by his brother, to whose literary powers, it appears, we are indebted for the clear and agreeable style in which the journal, appended to that of Captain Clapperton, is written, and also the two interesting volumes now before us.

When we took those volumes up, we were apprehensive that they might only contain, for the most part, repetitions of the journals already published, clothed in a change of language. This is the case undoubtedly to some degree, but by no means to an extent greater than might fairly be attributed to the fact of the two writers having been eventually together during the period employed in their observations. The lamented Clapperton applied his mind to the principal objects of his expedition, such as ascertaining the characters of chieftains, the boundaries of their dominions, their resources and productions. He did not overlook the manners of the people, in their various peculiarities, but either the shortness of his time, disease, or higher occupations, prevented him from attending to their every day life in the way in which Lander seems to have done. The latter was less noticed than his master, and from mixing much among the multitude, he appears to have learned numberless little traits of character, as well as some national customs, which, either were unobserved, or but scantily touched by Captain Clapperton.

Lander gives a sketch of his own life, which is not without interest. From his youth upwards, he was actuated by an unconquerable love of rambling. Born of obscure parents at Truro, in Cornwall, in 1804, he accompanied a gentleman to the West Indies in his eleventh year, and after the expiration of his first service, travelled upon the Continent with various masters. He went in 1823 to South Africa with Major Colebrooke, and not long after his return to England in 1824, he sought and obtained the engagement with Captain Clapperton, which in its consequences is likely to "gild his humble name." The object of his new journey is to proceed to Fundale, and to trace the river thence to Benin.

Having in our review of Captain Clapperton's Journal, very fully touched upon all the material incidents of the expedition, we shall only advert to those parts of the present work which are altogether of a novel character. Plunging at once into the middle of the first volume, we light upon a scene of African revelry, followed by a tornado, to which our storms in this country are but the cry of an infant in comparison.

'The new moon, to catch a glimpse of which every eye in Coulfo was on the stretch, was seen on Tuesday, the 8th of May, and her first appearance welcomed by a flourish of trumpets from the inhabitants. * This concluded the fast of the Rhamadan; and the following day was kept as a holiday for feasting and rejoicing by every individual in the place, amongst all classes, and of every sect and party,—thousands of both sexes from the neighbouring towns and villages flocking into it, in order to participate in the festivities and amusements of the occasion. Men and boys, old women and young maidens, slave and free, Mahomedan and Pagan, forgot all distinctions of rank, and differences in age and modes of worship,—and joined in the song and the dance, drank palm-wine and *booza* together, and before the morning was well over, all hands became comfortably drunk. Groups of persons might be seen in the afternoon, rambling from one end of the town to the other; dancing, capering, tumbling, and hallooing, some reeling to and fro, scarcely able to stand, others insensible from excessive intoxication; some flung into the river by their boisterous companions, and dragged out again half drowned; some smiting their breasts, and calling upon the name of the Prophet; others hurrying about in every direction: fighting, praying, laughing, weeping; but all, from the governor and his ladies to the meanest bondsmen and slaves,—all drunk in a greater or less degree.

'It was now inexpressibly—insufferably hot; not a single zephyr panted upon the motionless trees, and the intensity of the sun's rays threatened to set fire to the tenantless huts of the inhabitants. About five or six o'clock a sultry haze obscured the firmament, which dispersing some time afterwards, a solemn, fearful calm succeeded, and continued for an hour or two, the people still enjoying their noisy revelry, and loud bursts of merriment resounding from every quarter of the town. We, apprehensive of what was to come after, kept our eyes intently fixed on the eastern horizon, and at length espied a small dark cloud slowly rising from that quarter of the heavens. Immediately after the appearance of this object, faint flashes of lightning, and distant peals of thunder following, convinced us that a tornado was approaching. The people at last understanding these symptoms, all was hurry, bustle, and confusion, in a moment—the music and dancing suddenly ceased—the drunken became sober—a deep, wild, thrilling cry was raised by the women, and answered by screams of affright from the children and young persons. Meanwhile, the peals of thunder became infinitely louder and more appalling, and the lightning more intensely vivid than before; the clouds in the east gradually rolling towards the zenith in denser and heavier masses, a large portion of the heavens was presently clothed in almost midnight darkness, when the western horizon suddenly opened, and a sea of liquid fire flowing from that direction, added a sterner and yet more dreadful grandeur to the firmament, exposing by its yellowish glare all the horrors and blackness of the scene.

'* A ceremony very similar to that which was formerly in use among the Jews, as may be seen by perusing the third verse of the 31st Psalm:—"Blow up the trumpet in the new moon, in the time appointed, on our solemn feast-day."'

The sable curtain that overhung our heads, was rent asunder shortly after with a frightful explosion, causing the earth to tremble and shake as if the Almighty had set his foot upon the world, and reproached the people for their wickedness, while the shuddering war-cry, and the tumult and wailings of the multitude, mingling with the hollow blast of the tempest, produced on us an indescribable effect, and awoke in me an exalted, but painful and tremulous emotion of soul, that had nearly overpowered me.

'To increase the consternation that was depicted on every countenance, the town of *Bali*, containing eleven hundred houses, and situated about half a mile from Coulfo, was set on fire by the lightning; and the piercing cries of its terrified inhabitants floating dismally into the latter town, were re-echoed by thousands of human voices, which produced a concert of melancholy sounds, that caused even the domestic animals to shrink with fear.

'The hurricane and rain at length ceased, the noise of the people was hushed into silence, and the tempestuous elements sank from horrid sublimity into their previous state of awful repose. I have witnessed many tornados in other parts of the globe;

'" But never till that night, never till then,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire."

'Next morning I took a walk through the town, and in the country in its vicinity: the air, as it generally is after such visitations, was delightfully fresh and pleasant, but the earth was covered with afflicting proofs of the tremendous power of the storm; superb trees, through the trunks of which, if scooped out, a coach might easily pass, were torn up by the roots, and their gigantic branches shivered into splinters; whilst others were indeed standing, but scathed and blackened from the effects of the lightning, and entirely stripped of their verdant foliage; fragments and roofs of huts, many of them yet smouldering, were scattered in every direction: and here and there the dead body of a bird or beast, which had perished the preceding night, might be met with.

'The destitute inhabitants of Bali came to Coulfo, the day after their town had been reduced to ashes, to tell their simple tale of distress, and solicit the assistance of their more favoured neighbours. I was pleased to see their story listened to with tears, and their sorrowful condition ameliorated, with a benevolence and zeal that effectually covered the bad qualities of the people of Coulfo, and made me forget for a moment that they possessed any. In a conversation with one of the sufferers in the ill-fated town, I learned that several mothers had perished in the flames, while in the act of escaping from them with their tender offspring slung to their backs; and it was supposed that many of the male sex had shared in the like calamity, as they were missing; and no intelligence whatever had transpired respecting them. One individual, bowed down with years, had snatched up in his arms a little boy who was crossing his path, screaming with terror; but, just as he had reached the outskirts of the burning town, and was congratulating himself on his good fortune, in having preserved his own and the child's life so unexpectedly, a moving mass of fire, whirled by the wind, suddenly fell upon him, and both he and his charge were scorched to death, in sight of their sorrowing relatives.

'The town of Bali soon rose from its ruins, and the people, by their merriment and vivacity, seemed to forget, a month or two afterwards, that any such calamity had befallen it!'—vol. i. pp. 186—192.

Lander being a methodist, and perhaps not unmindful of the ambition of his sect to propagate their doctrines amongst the tribes of Africa, seems to have paid great attention to their religious notions. These, we already know, are divided between Mahomedanism and Paganism. Sometimes the two faiths are found so nicely blended together, that it is difficult to know in what part of the devotee's doctrine one begins, and the other disappears. It appears, however, that in their practice, the Islamite is not difficult to be distinguished from the Idolater.

'Those who profess the Mahomedan religion amongst the Negroes, are as ignorant and superstitious as their idolatrous brethren: nor does it appear that their having adopted a new creed has either improved their manners, or bettered their state and condition in life. On the contrary, I have generally found the followers of the Prophet to be less hospitable to strangers, less kind to each other, and infinitely more mischievous and wicked than the heathen portions of the community, whom they, whimsically enough, affect to despise as rude barbarians, although *their* claims to superior intelligence are grounded simply on the oral communications of the principles of the Koran, received, from time to time, from the wandering Moors and Arabs, or from traditionary legends cf their country. The artful Arabian, however, withholds from them a full half of the little he himself may be acquainted with, taking care to teach them no more than is absolutely necessary to promote his own views, and enlarge his own interests. The Mahomedan Negroes go through their ablutions regularly, and when water is not to be obtained, make use of sand, as the Koran enjoins. The Fuaricks, or "Bereberes," (Children of the Desert,) adopt the latter method on all occasions, the trouble of applying water, even when they have abundance within their reach, being irksome and unpleasant for them.

'The Falatahs, who profess Islamism, understand and make use of a few Arabic prayers, but the Negro that can utter so long a sentence as:—*La illah el Allah rasoul allahi!*" (There is but one God, and Mohammed is his Prophet,) is styled *mallam*, or learned, and is regarded with looks of respect and reverence by his less intelligent countrymen. These mallams are scattered in great numbers over the country, and procure an easy and respectable subsistence by making fetishes, or writing charms on bits of wood, which are washed off carefully into a bason and drunk with avidity by the credulous multitude, who consider the dirty water used in the operation as a panacea for every disease and affliction. As the office of mallam, which answers to that of priest in Catholic countries, is one of great sanctity as well as considerable emolument, every one burns with impatience to get initiated into its sacred mysteries, and enjoy a like comfortable and indolent life as the mallams themselves, for a learned man never toils or spins, but is bountifully fed, and pampered in luxury by his lay countrymen. Every caravan is furnished with one or more of these corpulent drones, who loll at their ease, while their employers are at the same time, perhaps, actually killing themselves with over-exertion.

'Few of the Negroes can articulate in Arabic more than the word "Allah," or "Bismillah," believing that the frequent repetition of the former of these expressions can absolve them from all sin, without any further demonstration of their zeal and sincerity. Even after the committal of a capital offence, should the criminal be almost immediately executed, and "Allah!" is heard to tremble on his closing lips, the multitude firmly believe that his soul will inevitably be conveyed to the third Heaven, and be happy for evermore.

'Swarms of sheriffs, or emirs, the real or fictitious descendants of Mohammed and Ali, have crossed the desert, and practise their disgraceful impositions to so great an extent, that the eyes of the natives are partially opened to their chicanery, and they are often regarded as characters with whom it would be dangerous to meddle.'—vol. i. pp. 273—276.

The Mahomedan faith is making such rapid strides, however, in central and western Africa, that in Lander's opinion, in a generation or two, Paganism will be altogether unknown in the land.

Of the laws which our author observed in operation, he gives the following summary.

'In several of the Pagan countries of the interior of Africa, having no written code, the natives appoint elders to administer justice, at the head of whom the king, or chief, generally presides. In petty cases, such as trifling assaults and other misdemeanors, the parties concerned compromise the matter, without referring it to the general assembly. In Badagry, the fetish-priests are the sole judges of the people, and the statutes of their country, like those of the Druids, are recorded in their own breasts only, consequently they are mostly swayed in their decisions by interest, or influenced by prejudice and passion; but in no instance are they murmured against by either plaintiff or defendant.

'Murder, adultery, and theft, are the most general crimes, and in many African countries are punishable with death, banishment, or perpetual imprisonment. In Yariba and Nyffé, the relations of a murdered man may, and often do, accept of a sum of money, named by them, from the criminal, which is considered equivalent to corporal punishment. In Badagry, Borghoo, and Houssa, however, an individual guilty of slaying a free man, if apprehended, instantly loses his life, and his body is left to be devoured by vultures.

'In cases of adultery, the injured husband is at liberty to do what he pleases with his unfaithful partner, even to the taking away her life; and if her seducer has not money enough at his disposal to satisfy the former for the loss of his honour, the same punishment may be inflicted upon him also. The extreme rigor of the laws on this head, occasions instances of adultery to be exceedingly rare in every other country but Borghoo, where the punishment attending it being infinitely less rigidly exacted, the offence is more generally prevalent.

'Theft, in Nyffé, is punished by imprisonment of the party or parties; and in all aggravated cases the criminal is confined in irons, in a large gloomy dungeon, for a given number of years, where he is compelled to labour in various avocations, till the expiration of the term expressed in his sentence. In Yariba the crime of stealing, owing to the dreadful severity of punishment that awaits delinquents, is by no means common among the people. Free men, found guilty of larceny, are operated upon, and retained by the king, or his chiefs, as guardians for their numerous wives. In this state they are equal in value to five prime slaves; and it makes no difference if the chief be the father of a large family, or the husband of many females, and respectable as to wealth and connections, the sentence is on all occasions rigorously enforced. Those who effect robberies of greater magnitude, or burglaries (if free men), are chastised in the same singular manner, after which the tattoo mark of their country is cancelled (consisting simply of having the face cut and gashed in a thousand places), that of another nation substituted, and when partially recovered from the effects of the wounds, the miserable wretches are driven, like beasts, to the sea-coast, and sold into perpetual slavery. *Slaves* guilty of thefts, or indeed of almost any other crime, are uniformly decapitated in Yariba, without the benefit of trial; whereas all free men are judged impartially by the elders of the people in the hearing of the king, in the palàver-house, or hall of council.

'Yarro, ruler of Khiama, a province of Borghoo, encourages theft, by appropriating part of the stolen property to his own use, which is generally presented to him by the robber in person; but if an individual, after being successful in a depredation, forgets or refuses to tender the accustomed portion of the spoil to his sovereign, he is immediately beheaded, and the whole of his property falls to the king. On my return to that country, I was informed by several of the natives, that as soon as their prince heard of our approaching his territories from Yariba, he caused a proclamation to be issued in every town through which we were expected to pass, prohibiting the inhabitants from stealing even a needle from the white men, and threatening with death every one that infringed this law. To this wholesome and timely declaration of Yarro I attribute the great respect in which our persons were held by the multitude, and the reverence with which they regarded our property and effects.

'In Yariba and Borghoo, as well as in several other countries, when women find themselves *enceintes*, they must immediately inform their husbands of the circumstance; or in attempt at concealment, are publicly flogged. The same punishment is also inflicted on females who are known to associate with the other sex before the expiration of three years after the birth of an infant, that being the period mothers are obliged to suckle their offspring.'—vol. i. pp. 281—285.

The author's account of the songs and music of the Africans, does him great credit; his translations, it will be observed, are even touched by a ray of poetry.

'If the character of a nation may be judged of by its songs, the Africans undoubtedly would be pronounced as the boldest and most martial, as well as the most amorous people, on the face of the globe. Their strains breathe nothing but love and war, and contempt of death; but their conduct, instead of corresponding with such lofty ideas, is the most pusillanimous imaginable, scarcely one amongst them ever evincing a solitary trait of true courage or resolution. Of all figures of speech, they most delight in the use of the "apostrophe;" and it is not uncommon, even but a single day after a defeat, to hear them calling aloud on the names of their absent adversaries, and bestowing upon them all manner of cowardly and reproachful epithets.

'"Our enemies tremble and are dismayed when they hear of our approach," sing the people of Yariba; "and at sight of our arrows they die with fear! See them fleeing like the doe from our fighting men! Behold them falling down and kissing the dust from the feet of our warriors! Haste, haste, Yaribeans! pursue and overtake your enemies; slay them without mercy; stop their voices, that they sing no more at eventide by the light of the moon; they are swift of foot, but they shall not escape you; they are already weary; their journey of life is almost at an end; they have fallen to the earth, and will dance no more. Weep, ye widows of Houssa, and let the lamentations of your children be heard in the land, for they are fatherless, and your husbands have been pierced by the lance of Yariba! They are clothed in darkness, as the noon in a storm. Who can tell whither their spirits are wandering? Weep, ye widows of Houssa; but your tears flow in vain; your husbands will return no more!"

'This is the nature of the strains sung by the females of Katunga, (principally the king's wives,) at the celebration of their solemn feasts and festivals: the Houssans (or rather the Falatahs of that country) being their most inveterate enemies, are on all occasions the subject of their poetry, and are made to flee from the Yaribeans in imagination, whilst in reality they are worsted in every engagement. Their social and domestic songs, however, are delivered in recitative, (as are, likewise, those of the people of Borghoo,) and are the reverse of their public and national ones. The young females, in both kingdoms, that may happen to have strong, clear voices, are generally selected as wives, or rather concubines, for the ruling monarchs. Their office is principally to attend on the king's person, and sing and fan him to sleep; and the ladies consume great part of the day in these avocations, to vary which they sometimes play music and whistle for a long time together. These ladies also dally with their sovereign, by flinging their arms round his neck, arranging his sable locks with their fingers, playing the fool with his face, and a thousand other fantastic inventions to amuse him, such as the sex know so well how to avail themselves of all over the world. It is the custom in Europe for gentlemen to flatter the graces of the fair sex, whereas in Africa the practice is completely reversed; for the most extravagant encomiums are lavished on the beauty and blandishments of mankind by the gentler part of the creation.

'The following imperfect translation of a song, recited by his young wives, to the sovereign of Khiama, may serve as a specimen of the whole of their amatory poetry:—

'"Yarrow is fair among men: he shines like a star of the night; who so beautiful as Yarrow? His eyes have greater lustre than the antepole's —more ardour than a young lion's when he captures his prey. His form is elegant as the palm-tree; he is gentle as the kid, when she follows her dam. But Yarrow is brave in fight; his enemies tremble at the sound of his name, as a leaf shaken by the wind; they fall to the earth beneath the power of his arm, for he is a mountain of strength. The turtle-dove is not so affectionate as our king; doth he not cherish his wives and concubines? Who so lovely as Yarrow? When he is pleased, the moon is not so mild as the light of his countenance; but when he frowns, who shall withstand his wrath? His face lowers like the clouds of heaven in a tempest. O, he is terrible in battle! Awake, and be glad, ye daughters of Khiama; sing, ye sons, to the praise of our lord, for he is fair as the morning, and his countenance is like the sun in his strength. He is fair among men; who so beautiful as Yarrow?"

'It would be as difficult to detach singing and dancing from the character of an African, as to change the colour of his skin. I do not think he would live a single week in his own country without participating in these his favourite amusements; to deprive him of which would be indeed worse than death. In every grade of society, from the monarch to the meanest slave, he is also fond of instrumental music, even to a passion, and a European fiddler (provided he be not blind,) with no very extraordinary pretensions to excellence in his profession, might travel with ease and comfort, even if he were destitute of a single cowry, from Badagry to Bornau. He would be received every where with open arms, lodged in palaces, and sumptuously fed; although he might, perhaps, feel some trifling inconvenience from excess of kindness, and compulsory detention for a day or two in the principal cities. But, notwithstanding their strong partiality for this kind of music, the instruments of the Africans are of the rudest description. A large drum, made from the trunk of a tree, and covered with sheep-skin; a long brass trumpet, from Barbary; the Arab fiddle, and a kind of dulcimer, formed of bamboo, and played upon with two little sticks, are great favourites in all the interior countries. The people have also guitars, bag-pipes, and tubes of iron, which answer the purpose of tin plates, the sound produced being very similar to the noise of those instruments; but a little flute, like a child's penny whistle in England, is most admired by the Africans; and of all their music this is certainly the most harmonious. Yet even on these instruments they perform most vilely, and produce a horribly discordant noise, which may, perhaps, be delightful to their own ears, but to strangers, if they have the misfortune to be too near the performers, no sounds can be more harsh and disagreeable than such a concert.

'Of all the amusements of the Africans, none can equal their song and dance in the still, clear hours of night, when the moon, walking in beauty in the heavens, awakens all the milder affections of their nature, and invites them to gladness and mirth. As soon as this splendid luminary appears above the horizon, every individual, both slave and free, is on the alert, some to fetch wood from a neighbouring forest, and others to procure provisions in the village; and forming themselves into a circle, generally round a venerable tree, they prepare large fires, in order to frighten away any wild beasts that may be prowling near the spot, and begin their country dance, which does not differ from one extremity of the continent to the other. I have often been a party to these innocent entertainments, which are frequently kept up with inconceivable spirit and agility, till the approach of morning; and as often been delighted with the perfect harmony, and kindly feeling that prevailed amongst the dancers. It produces a feeling and romantic effect, to observe the silvery light of the moon, blending with the radiance of the flames, and thrown upon the sable countenances of the happy group, as well as the lengthened reflection of the majestic tree cast along the ground, and the moving figures, gliding like shadows across it.

'On these occasions all care is completely laid aside, and every one delivers himself up to the dissipation of the moment, without a thought of the morrow, his heart having no *vacuum* for melancholy anticipations. During the intervals of the dance and song, the party either eat and drink, or re-kindle the fires, after which they begin again with renewed ardour. Their songs are composed extempore by one of the party, who recites to his or her companions, and they all [illegible]. They do not contain many poetical beauties, but allude generally [illegible] themselves, to the dread of wild beasts, or [illegible] a particular person to fetch wood. The following [illegible] may serve as a translated specimen of all of them. —

'"Come, let us join the dance and song
The moon is bright [illegible]
No anxious cares to us belong
To cloud this lovely [illegible]

The white man [illegible]
Forgets his father-land
And the group laughs around [illegible]
By gentle zephyrs fann'd

Haste, Nalla,* [illegible]
And feed the [illegible]
How swiftly [illegible]
To earn a [illegible]

The panther's [illegible] —
[illegible]
How glad [illegible]
How [illegible]

But we are [illegible]
[illegible]
Scared [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

'When heard at a distance [illegible] music of the [illegible] any I have heard [illegible] and myself used to [illegible] to its melancholy strains.

'It is not to be [illegible] are in a constant [illegible] Africans are constitutionally [illegible] relaxing nature of their [illegible] not obliged to [illegible] shake off their [illegible] fact, in most parts [illegible] the necessity of [illegible] requires a [illegible] amusements, they dole away the sultry hours of noon in sleeping, lounging about from place to place, gossiping, smoking, or drinking.'—vol. 1. pp. 288—298.

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* A female [illegible]

† The art of [illegible]

The reader will also perceive a strong poetic turn in the following remarks upon the seasons of Africa.

'The air, especially in the dry season, is oppressively hot; and if a mist or haze that sometimes hangs between the earth and sky, did not intercept the sun's rays, it would be wholly insupportable. The African sky seldom displays the clear, rich ether, or the beautiful and evanescent touches of the Italian; but if the appearance of the heavens be less lovely to the sight in the former country, by the existence of vapoury clouds in the air, the heat is rendered infinitely more tolerable by the same cause. Towards the latter part of the dry season, and all nature seems parched while withering (except on the margins of rivers), the earth is literally baked as hard as flint, while the birds and beasts, fluttering and panting in the shades, by their cries and moans seem to bewail the absence of rain. But no sooner does the wet season set in, than vegetation suddenly springing up, bursts into being; a fresh and redundant luxuriance of life breathes and floats around: the hills and dales are covered with a delightful verdure; the earth, the air, the sky, seem smiling in joy, and refreshed into gladness and beauty. Every thing looks cheerful and attractive: the horned cattle gambol on the plains, and the sheep and goats frisk on the slopes of mountains and hills; man himself appears animated with a new existence; pleasure swells in his veins, and dances on his countenance, and he enters cordially into the enjoyment which every province of nature invites him to partake in common with itself. This is generally during the intervals of the showers; it rather *floods* than *rains* in Africa, and continues without intermission for the space of twelve hours, when it suddenly stops, and a cessation of rain for twenty-four hours not unfrequently takes place.

'The sun setting in Africa is a grand and magnificent object; he then appears shorn of his beams, and may be gazed at by the naked eye for any length of time, without our experiencing a single painful sensation in that delicate organ. When he sinks below the horizon, he looks like a huge sphere of burning gold, and the hills (if any) towards the west, seem as if on fire by the vivid reflection of his rays. Twilight is of short duration, and if the moon does not shine, darkness soon covers the earth like a veil. In no other country have I seen such cloudless, lovely nights, or so mildly beautiful a moon. I do not wonder that the natives sometimes adore her; she possesses a soothing, softening influence, of which they themselves are susceptible; and there is certainly something more captivating in the delightful appearance of so resplendent an orb, sailing gracefully through the purple vault of heaven, than in the figures of disgusting reptiles and monsters which the natives so often worship.'—vol. i. pp. 307—310.

Of the last moments of Captain Clapperton, there is nothing in the second volume more affecting than the account already published from the same pen. Neither do we find in the author's narrative of his return, any striking additions to that which we have read in his former work. Perhaps we should make an exception in favour of his description of the trial by poison, to which he was compelled to submit at Badagry, in consequence of the artful and malignant intrigues of the Portuguese residents at that place. We have, however, no room for further extracts.

We cannot pay a higher, or more just compliment to these two volumes, than to say that they deserve to be placed by the side of Captain Clapperton's Journal, some defects in which they supply, and many parts of which they illustrate.

NOTICES.

Art. XV.—*Ringstead Abbey; or, the Stranger's Grave. With other Tales.* By an Englishwoman. Author of "*Letters*," "*The Ring*," *&c. &c.* 12mo. London: Hurst, Chance, & Co. pp. 441. 1830.

In our brief notice of "The Ring," by the same author, we remarked that it was decidedly of a religious cast, but "not obtrusively so;" and though we think the present decidedly superior in style and sentiment to her former productions, the character which we have just quoted remains strictly applicable. She has indeed followed up with considerable skill, the old and excellent maxim,—*Ars est celare artem*, which in these days of innovation has been so frequently disregarded even by writers of no mean distinction. 'It is a bad picture,' she herself most justly remarks, 'which does not tell its tale; but it must be a worse tale which does not manifest its design; and that in the present instance is to promote the first and best of causes—the diffusion of religious and virtuous principles, particularly amongst those who are just entering upon that important period, when the sportiveness of early youth is giving place to becoming seriousness of a more mature stage of existence.' Such being the praiseworthy design of the author, we have much pleasure in giving our opinion, that it has been successfully fulfilled. We anticipate, therefore, that it is likely to meet with many admiring readers, among the class for whom it is intended. The author, however, assures us that she is prepared to bow with resignation to the decision of the public, should her little volume be ill received, as she will have the consolation to think that anxiety and affection for, perhaps the most interesting part of her fellow creatures, have alone guided her pen, and warmed her heart, and that the loss of time to herself has not been material—the work having been 'principally the fruit of periods of recreation, the pleasing task of seasons appropriated to the ingathering of strength, for a higher and more arduous occupation, and the delight of hours of prescriptive inactivity.'

We will not defraud our readers of the pleasure of interesting excitement, by sketching an outline of the story of 'Ringstead Abbey.' The character of Lady Delamore is well drawn—chiefly we should have inferred from a real model, even if we had not been told so; for it displays some rather improbable traits, which all real characters do, as Miss Edgeworth profoundly remarks, when they have not undergone a complete amalgamation with some imaginary one in the fancy of the author. We are assured in the present instance, that the trials narrated 'are not exaggerated, and that such a character exists, without (in any essential point,) the adventitious aid of deeper colouring than nature has supplied.'

Art. XVI. — *Bertha's Visit to her Uncle in England.* 3 vols. 8vo. London: J. Murray, 1829.

Miss Edgeworth was never more profound or just, than when she said' that no one could teach another. An instructor may bring a child to the fountains of information, but he cannot make his pupil sip if he be disinclined to do so. Those who agree in this truth,—and who can resist it?—must ever rejoice, when they see brought into operation the means by which youth may be attracted to the study of knowledge. It is with sincere pleasure then, that we have perused these volumes, which, with all the clearness and accuracy of Mrs. Marcet's justly celebrated conversations, have a familiarity and elementary simplicity about them, that at once qualify them for, we had almost said, the exclusive perusal of more advanced children. No head of a family we presume, will think of dispensing with this work, at least no one that is anxious to invigorate the minds of his children, by communicating to them an early taste for the most valuable and profitable pursuits of the human understanding.

Art. XVII.—*Remarks on the Civil Disabilities of British Jews.* By F. H. Goldsmid. 8vo. pp. 72. London: Colburn and Bentley. 1830.

We regret that this pamphlet arrived too late to allow us to give to the question of Jewish political emancipation, that lengthened consideration which it so amply deserves. It is however satisfactory, to find the struggle for religious freedom, now happily limited to almost an inconsiderable sphere, (we speak merely as to numbers) assumed by an able, a well informed, and temperate advocate. Mr. Goldsmid is perfectly right in teaching his community the duty of a legal and rational agitation of their question. He is too sagacious to be led into the belief, that the gift of civil equality with the rest of their fellow subjects will spontaneously fall upon them from the legislature. The Roman Catholics, in the day of their forbearance and tranquillity, were taunted with being indifferent to the blessings of freedom: but they got rid of the imputation with a vengeance. We would however, fain hope, that the justice, policy, necessity, expediency, and even decency, of removing that political stigma which adheres alone to the Jews in this country, must be too apparent to doubt that they will effectually and triumphantly prevail. We are satisfied, however, that the emancipation of the Jews will not be in the least retarded by such occasional hints as the pamphlet before us is capable of furnishing to the government and the public. Let only such men as Mr. Goldsmid put their shoulder to the wheel, and we will venture to say, that the termination of the session which we are about to commence, will see him and his brethren enjoying those rights of citizenship from which there is not the slightest pretence for debarring them.

We cannot avoid inserting a curious table, computed by Mr. Goldsmid, shewing the number of Jews in London. Having ascertained the number of that community which was buried during three years in London; he thence deduces the amount of the Jewish population, founding his calculation on the parliamentary estimate of annual mortality, which gave one death per annum out of every 52⅓ of the population.

'TABLE.

Synagogues.	Number of Burials in three years.	Yearly average of Burials.
Portuguese Synagogue........	124	41⅓
Great Synagogue in Duke's Place.	505	168⅓
New Synagogue..	226	75⅓
Westminster Synagogue......	62	20⅔
Hamburgh Synagogue........	76	25⅓
Brewer Street Synagogue......	38	12⅔
		343⅔ Total yearly average of Jewish Burials in London.

As 1 : 52⅓ : : 343⅔ : 17,986 Total number of Jews resident in and near London.

Since the Jews reside almost entirely in the great commercial towns, and since there are scarce any Jews in Ireland, the supposition that their number in different parts of the kingdom equals half their number in London, is probably beyond the truth. This supposition gives us somewhat less than .... 9,000 as the Total probable number of Jews in other parts of the kingdom.

And somewhat less than .... 27,000 as the Total probable number of Jews in Great Britain and Ireland.'

Art. XVIII.—*Scaum's Beverlac: or the Antiquities and History of the Town of Beverley, in the County of York.* By G. Poulson, Esq. 2 vols. Royal 8vo. with numerous embellishments. Beverley: G. Scaum. 1829.

This is a splendid monument of personal industry and provincial enterprise. We scarcely know which to admire most, the spirited publisher, or the indefatigable editor. Although this elegant work is local in its immediate interest, yet we have no hesitation in affirming, that it will meet with, as it ought to receive, a very extended encouragement. The illustration of antiquities, no matter in what part of the kingdom they are found, is a national concern, and merits, in our opinion, national support. If a work like this, most ably, comprehensively, and accurately executed as to its literary contents, and likewise embellished with whatever art can bestow to give it estimation—if, we repeat, such an elaborate performance as this fails to give profit, as assuredly it will confer fame on its proprietors, then, how are we to expect that any advancement can be made towards the illustration of the most curious and interesting antiquities of our country?

ART. XIX.—1. *Castalian Hours.—Poems.* By Sophie Dixon. 18mo. London: Longman and Co. 1829.

2. *Moments of Loneliness; or Prose and Poetic Efforts on Various Subjects and Occasions.* By S. E. Hatfield. 12mo. London: Simpkin & Marshall. 1829.

3. *The Maid of Scio; a Tale of Modern Greece. In Six Cantos.* By Eleanor Snowden. 12mo. Dover: G. Chapman. 1829.

WE have been greatly delighted with these pretty little garlands of female tenderness and generosity, disciplined fancy, and refined taste. Pleased, however, though we feel at the perusal of such volumes, and several of nearly equal merit have recently accumulated upon us, yet we are ever reluctant to confess our approbation in cases where we fear the degree of it may not be accurately understood. The ladies whose compositions we have particularly enumerated, will forgive us when we express our conviction, that it is not from any hope of arriving at supreme excellence in poetry, so much as it is to merit just eulogy by displaying the capacity of delicate minds, acted on by judicious cultivation, that they send forth their metrical compositions to the world. If we thought otherwise, our course would be silence; for next to the injustice of condemning what is really good, is the cruelty of conferring unmerited applause. Whilst then, we withhold the hope that the high places in Parnassus are attainable above a few times in a century, we may surely, without any danger to the object of our praise, be permitted to express our sense of the pleasure which we derive from such occasional votaries of the Muses as we are now engaged with.

Miss Dixon's poems exhibit a vigour of expression rarely met with in the compositions of persons of her sex. Her lines are smooth and flowing, and the subjects which she generally chooses indicate a loftiness of spirit that disdains communion with vulgar feelings—and that has no sympathy with the herd. It must not be understood however, that she is indifferent to the nobler sensations which affect humanity. Her capacity to endure their severity has been well tried.

The 'Moments of Loneliness,' well deserves a perusal, as containing a vast variety of appeals to the heart and understanding; pathetically, and sometimes irresistibly enforced. The thoughts are often strikingly beautiful, and the verses are generally unexceptionable. But Miss Hatfield's great art seems to us to consist in the happy selections of those subjects in which she is most likely to succeed.

We consider Miss Snowden's poem, as an admirably sustained effort. The metre she has chosen, is perhaps the most treacherous form in which an elegant mind could be led to embody its bright conceptions; yet she appears to have surmounted the "fatal facilities" which it presented, and to have preserved all through, the style which was fitting her heroic subject. The Maid of Scio, is a poem that would confer credit on many a name which is extensively known.

Art. XX.—*The Vocabulary of East Anglia: An Attempt to Record the Vulgar Tongue of the Twin Sister Counties, Norfolk and Suffolk, as it existed in the last Twenty Years of the* 18*th Century, and still exists.* By the Rev. Robert Forby. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Nichol and Son. 1830.

Here is a treasure over which the antiquarian philologist will luxuriate, gratefully admiring the estimable predilections of the man who, in these degenerate times of vain and unsubstantial employments, has adhered to the pursuits that are worthy of uncorrupted and vigorous intellects. The Reverend author of these volumes, by a long and steady application of his inquiries, was able to collect a very considerable number of words, which he found were in use amongst the lower orders of the counties of Suffolk and Norfolk, and which, in a great measure, being peculiar to those Shires, he endeavoured to identify with the old Anglo-Saxon nomenclature. These numerous words are here alphabetically arranged in the form of a Dictionary, and though we believe many of them (much more than the Reverend gentleman seemed to suppose) are pretty universal in the three kingdoms, yet, from the quaint and often humorous way in which they are expounded and illustrated, we should regret that this curious Lexicon was, even to the extent of one single word, abridged. To linguists in general, particularly to that branch of them who take pleasure in tracing the wayward fate of our English tongue, these volumes will afford a quantity of very choice information.

The Rev. Mr. Forby, who, unfortunately, died before he was able to complete the plan of which this work is the substance, seems to have been a very amiable and useful clergyman. The kind and affectionate care bestowed by Mr. Dawson Turner on this posthumous publication, is no less a proof of the worth of the deceased, than it is a testimony of the good nature of his surviving friend. Above all, Mr. Forby cherished an independence of spirit, which constitutes one of the best claims that a man can have to be kindly remembered after his death. During the time that he held a living in Norfolk, he was compelled to take pupils; but though he was willing to put up with the folly of the boys, he was not quite so disposed to overlook the eccentricities of the parents, and on one occasion he writes:—

'"The father of one of my pupils lately took upon himself to address to me a sort of language which I was not disposed to brook; for I am proud, you know; a mighty good sort of a man, but of no great amplitude or elevation of mind, he thought fit to descant much on my *pecuniary obligations* to him. I found myself obliged to tell him that I did not desire any man to send his son to me who did not think the obligation perfectly mutual; and this unexpected and incomprehensible remark producing language more affronting still, I added, that I should feel uneasy in having the care of a pupil whose father did not feel entire confidence and satisfaction; and, as that did not seem to be the case with him, I wished him to remove his son.'—pp. xxiii., xxiv.

During the elections, Mr. Forby was a formidable enemy to the candidate whom he opposes. The following squib was composed by him at a contest for Norfolk, in which the celebrated Windham was a party. The chief delinquency which was charged against that eccentric man, was the versatility of his political attachments, which are thus humorously commemorated by the Reverend wit:—

'" THE POLITICAL WEATHERCOCK, OR, THE WHITE COCKADE.

When opticians a sunbeam dissect,
  Pure and white as it comes from the sun,
What plain folks would never suspect,
  They can shew seven tints mixed in one:
There's red, yellow, green, orange, and blue,
  For Tories or Whigs, both or neither,
Each to choose his appropriate hue,
  And then change, if they please, like the weather.
But such emblems, so stale and deceiving,
  Philosophical Windham derides,
And by white, which includes all the seven,
  Demonstrates that he's on all sides."'—p. xvii.

We proceed to give a few specimens of this curious work:—

'CAMP, *s.* an ancient athletic game at ball, now almost superseded by cricket, a less hardy and dangerous sport. Yet *camping*, though not so general, is still a favourite exercise in some districts of both our counties. The late Right Honourable William Wyndham, scarcely more celebrated as a statesman and a philosopher, than as a patron of the "Sports and Pastimes of the English People," on a principle truly patriotic, though it might sometimes incur ridicule, gave great encouragement to this sport during his residences in the country, and had many matches in the neighbourhood of his venerable seat at Felbrigg. He was wont to say, that it combined all athletic excellence; that to excel in it, a man must be a good boxer, runner, and wrestler; in short, a sort of *pancratiast.* Certainly, no kind of manly exercise can display to so much advantage the powers, proportions, and attitudes of a fine muscular frame. The late Lord Rochford was also a great patron of this sport in the neighbourhood of his seat at Easton in Suffolk. Perhaps some varieties in the mode of playing it always existed; and certainly it is now degenerated, and some meaner exercises unworthily usurp its name. Of the sport itself, however, two varieties are at present expressly recognised—*rough-play*, and *civil-play.* In the latter, there is no boxing. But the following is a general description of it as it was of old, and in some places still continues. Two goals are pitched at the distance of 120 yards from each other. In a line with each are ranged the combatants; for such they truly are. The number on each side is equal; not always the same, but very commonly twelve. They ought to be uniformly dressed in light flannel jackets, distinguished by colours. The ball is deposited exactly in the mid-way.—The sign or word is given by an umpire. The two sides, as they are called, rush forward. The sturdiest and most active of each encounter those of the other. The contest for the ball begins, and never ends without black eyes and bloody noses, broken heads or skins, some serious mischiefs. If the ball can be carried, kicked or thrown to one of the goals, in spite of all the resistance of the other party, it is reckoned for one towards the game; which has sometimes been known to last two or three hours. But the exertion and fatigue of this is excessive. So the victory is not always decided by number of points, but the game is placed against time, as the phrase is. It is common to limit it to half an hour; and most *campers*, now-a-days, *οιοι νυν βροτοι εισιν*, have in that time got enough of so hardy a contest. The spirit of emulation prevails, not only between the adverse sides, but among individuals on the same side, who shall excel his fellows. The prizes are commonly hats, gloves, shoes, or small sums of money. And the rustic pancratiast who bears off the first, is not less conspicuous in the little circle in which he is known, than the Grecian victor decorated with his chaplet of olive or of pine. This ancient game deserves the more attention from us, because, if it was not peculiar to the East Angles and East Saxons, it has probably been always a particular favourite with them. Ray says that in his time, it prevailed most in Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex. To Sir Thomas Browne, who came among us from another kingdom of the Octarchy, it was new; and he puts the word *camp* (or as he spells it *kamp*) into his small collection of Norfolk words. Strutt gives no account of it in his "Sports and Pastimes of the English People." All this may serve as some sort of apology for the length of this article. Ray is certainly right in deriving the word not from Latin, but Saxon. Undoubtedly we had it from the Saxons, whencesoever they might get it. A. S. *campian*, præliari.

'CAMPING-LAND, *s.* a piece of ground set apart for the exercise of *camping*. Land was given for this purpose with all legal formalities. There is a field, abutting on the church-yard at Swaffham, in Norfolk, which, according to the Continuator of Blomfield's History, was given by will by a Rector, in the year 1472. From that time to this, it has been called by this name, and the youth of that populous parish have enjoyed the right of performing their exercises in it. Cricket is now the game. In the little parish of East Bilney is a small strip of land, or as we call it a *spong*, near the church, which is called the *camping-land*. And, though that use of it has long ago ceased, the old inhabitants well remember the time when the lads of the village regularly repaired thither, after evening service on Sundays, to play foot-ball and other games. In the late Sir John Cullum's "History of Hawstead, in Suffolk," the *camping-pightle* is mentioned under the date 1466. A large piece of pasture land at Stowmarket is still called the *camping-land*. Other instances might be mentioned in other parishes in both counties. Tusser, who was a farmer in both, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, speaks of *camping* with much commendation, as very beneficial to the turf.'—p. 53.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Connected with Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

Sir Thomas Lawrence.—The death of Sir Thomas Lawrence, which took place on the evening of the 6th January, has deprived the Arts in this country of their most splendid luminary. The account which has been published of the examination of his remains, is asserted in medical circles to be insufficient to explain the place (which was his study), and the suddenness of his dissolution. The account to which we allude, attributed the fatal event to a disease of the heart. The funeral of this unrivalled painter was attended by some of the most exalted persons in the Country, and notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, thousands of those who had often been delighted with the achievements of his matchless pencil, were seen to line the streets on both sides, through which the sad procession advanced from Russel Square to St. Paul's. As we contemplated this spontaneous homage of, perhaps, many an unlettered spectator, we could not but forcibly feel the contrast which it exhibited with the disgraceful indelicacy towards the illustrious dead, that was committed in the literary world. Before almost the body of the deceased had changed to the temperature of the grave, whilst yet it was uncoffined, the resurrection men of the book trade had marked him for their own.—Just as the breath parted from Sir Thomas Lawrence, his biography was announced to have been bespoken by Mr. Campbell, and thus were all the vultures of the press admonished to keep away from the noble quarry. Neither Mr. Campbell nor his respectable publishers, Messrs. Colburn and Bentley, could by possibility, we sincerely believe, be accessary to so outrageous an intrusion on the sanctity of the dead. We are happy to hear that engravings of the entire works of the late President of the Royal Academy are about to be undertaken by the enterprising house of Colnaghi, Son, and Co., under the immediate patronage of his majesty. We cannot doubt the success of the speculation for a moment. The gallery of Sir T. L., at his death, was valued at 50,000*l.* David Wilkie, Esq. has been appointed principal Portrait Painter in ordinary to his Majesty. It was generally supposed that this early nomination was intended as a hint from the highest quarter, as to the person who was best calculated to succeed to the office of President of the Royal Academy. The suggestion was not certainly attended to, for the Academicians have elected to that distinguished place, Martin A. Shee, Esq. We sincerely congratulate the Academy on their choice. Mr. Shee is known to the world by professional talents, such as will ensure him a lasting fame—but to a numerous circle of private friends, he is endeared as a model of social and domestic virtues. Mr. Shee has contributed very largely to the treasures of literature. His Rhymes of Art, his tragedy of Alasco, exhibit the finest taste in Poetry, whilst his novel of *Old Court* shews his skill in composition.

The Chevalier Aldini, from Milan, recently exhibited his anti-caloric apparatus at the Royal Institution. After a long life disinterestedly spent by him in efforts to get at the means of resisting the effects of fire, the

Chevalier has at last succeeded. He has, by dint of perseverance, been enabled to cause the asbestos to be spun and woven into a fine cloth, upon which fire has no comparative effect. The efficacy of this tissue in resisting flame has been put beyond all doubt by experiments at the Royal Institution, in the presence of some of the first scientific men of the day.

The Royal Asiatic Society have received, in a letter of great elegance and beauty, the acknowledgments of Mirza, Prince Royal of Persia, for the compliment of his election as an honorary member of the Society. The Prince also sent a small piece of *amber*, in order, he says, that the Society may be perfumed with his kindness. The amber is in a golden enclosure, which is set with rubies.

The Medico-Botanical Society, after a smart fortnight of agitation, has made its peace with Mr. Frost, the ex-director.

Thorswalden, the celebrated sculptor, has nearly completed the magnificent monument to the memory of Pope Pius VII, which is to be placed in the chapel of the Canons of St. Peter's.

The Stuart papers, of which there is enough to fill a large room in St. James's Palace, are now in a course of transcription and arrangement.

The Jew, a Novel, in course of publication, depicts the character, habits, and peculiarities, of the Jewish people, and of some classes of Christians, who are yoked neck by neck with the despised Jew.

A new Novel, from the pen of Mr. Horace Smith, entitled "*Walter Colyton*," may be expected early in the ensuing month. It is a Tale of the Court of James II. Among the characters who have a prominent place in the work, besides the King himself and his two daughters, afterwards Queens Mary and Anne, are Lord and Lady Sunderland, the Duchess of Portsmouth, Sir Charles Sedley and his daughter, the Countess of Dorchester, Count Grammont, the Prince of Orange, Dryden, Shadwell, Algernon Sydney, &c., &c.

Mr. Wm. Phillips, of the Temple, is about to publish a Poem, to be called Mount Sinai, with illustrations by Martin.

The Author of "The Collegians" has just seen through the press a new work, entitled "Tales of the Five Senses," designed to explain and illustrate the Physiological Wonders of Man's existence.

Captain Pettman, author of the "Essay on Political Economy, &c.," will soon publish a work on the causes of the existing privations and distresses amongst certain classes, with their effectual remedy. To which will be added an outline of a plan for the establishment of a fixed national currency.

Mr. Croker's Boswell's Johnson is expected with eagerness by the literary world.

The Life of Bentley and Cranmer are announced.

The Oriental Translation Committee have no less than seven very curious works in the press. They are also preparing for publication a most interesting miscellany of Theology, History, Geography, Belles Lettres, Biography, &c. connected with the Eastern countries.

A couple of volumes of Letters by Peter the Great, which give some curious facts relative to the Russian marine in his days, have been just published at St. Petersburgh.

A Bookseller of Darmstadt has announced his intention of publishing German translations of the Histories of England, Scotland, and Ireland, when they shall have been completed in Dr. Lardner's Cyclopædia.

Captain Glascock's Tales of a Tar are nearly ready.

Mr. Atherstone has promised speedily the second volume of the Fall of Nineveh.

A new Edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica is soon to appear in a considerably improved and cheap form.

Writers of talent and experience are preparing the public mind for the extension of the Poor Laws to Ireland. We observe that a work on the subject is announced from the pen of Sir John Walsh, Bart.

One of the ablest and most interesting compilations of the present times has just been completed—we mean the Modern Traveller. It has extended to thirty volumes.

Amongst the chief literary attractions announced for the ensuing season, we observe several written on Church Reform, and the Trade with India; also Wedded Life in the upper Ranks. The Oxonians—Musical Memoirs by Mr. Parke, for forty years principal oboist of Covent Garden Theatre—a new work by the author of Sayings and Doings—a new Novel by Mr. Banim, of the O'Hara family—East and West, by Horace Smith—Hampden's Life, by Lord Nugent—Captain Cook's Memoirs of his own Life—Life of Fuseli—Sir Jonah Barrington's Historic Anecdotes of Ireland—Life of Sir Joseph Bankes—Sketches of the Irish Bar from the pen of Mr. Shiel—Sir John Sinclair's Correspondence, together with a number of important Theological Works by Messrs. Rivington.

Mr. John Marshall is preparing for publication a Popular Summary of Vaccination, with reference to its efficacy and the probable causes of its failure.

The Parisians have been quite edified recently by a work entitled a Memorial from St. Helena, and purporting to be the production of Sir Hudson Lowe. It is needless to say that the publication is a hoax.

A weekly periodical in Italian was commenced last month in London, entitled La Vespa.

Ouvrard, the cunning financier, is engaged in a Treatise on Political Economy.

Manzoni, the Italian Novelist, is employed on a new historical Romance, entitled La Colonna Roverschiala; the object of which is to show the evil influence of Romance on Society.

MONTHLY LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS,

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Cuvier's Animal Kingdom, 3 vols. 8vo. 5*l.* 8*s.*

Linnington's Astronomy, 12mo. 8*s.* 6*d.* bds.

Cobbin's Geography and Astronomy, 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Flaxman's Lectures, 1 vol. royal 8vo. (52 plates) 2*l.* 2*s.*

BIOGRAPHY.

Annual Biography for 1830, 8vo. bds. 15*s.*

Kennedy's Conversations with Lord Byron on Religion, 1 vol. 8vo.

Gleig's Life of Sir T. Munro, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 12*s.* bds.

Memoirs of Paul Jones, 2 vols. 12mo. 14*s.* bds.

Memoirs of Bolivar, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.*

Memoirs of Jefferson, vols. III. and IV. 8vo. 1*l.* 4*s.* bds.

Life of Sir H. Davy, by Dr. Pain, 8vo.

Lives of British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects, 2d vol.—10th No. of Family Library.

Moore's Journal and Correspondence of Byron, vol. I. 4to. 2*l.* 2*s.* bds.

Wolff's Memoires du Baron de Grimm, 8vo.

NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

Darnley, 3 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Corsair's Bride, 3 vols. 12mo. 18*s.* bds.

Forrester, 3 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 7*s.* bds.

Lost Heir, 3 vols. 8vo.

Lawrie Todd, by Galt, 3 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Sydenham, or Memoirs of a Man of the World, 3 vols. 8vo.

Borderers, 3 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.

Hungarian Tales, 3 vols. 8vo.

Tales of the Munster Festivals, 3 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

THEOLOGY.

Newland's Apology for the Irish Church, 1 vol. 12mo, 5*s.* bds.

Trollope's Analecta Theologica, vol. I. 8vo. 15*s.* bds.

Mant's Clergyman's Obligations Considered, 18mo. 6*s.* 6*d.* bds.

Rose's Christianity Always Progressive, 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.* bds.

Whitley on Prophecy, 8vo. 12*s.* bds.

Short's Sermons, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.

Irving's Human Nature of Jesus, 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* sewed.

Milner on Revelation, 8vo. 10*s.* bds.

Berton's Bampton Sermons (Heresies of the Apostolic Age) preached in 1829, 8vo. 15*s.*

ARCHITECTURE AND TYPOGRAPHY.

Britton's Bristol Cathedral, 1 vol. 4to. 1*l.* 4*s.*

Savage's History of Carhampton, 8vo. 1*l.* 4*s.* bds.

Scaum's Beverlac, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 12*s.*

Gorton's Topographical Dictionary of Ireland, 8vo. No. 1. 1s.

Stuart and Revelt's Antiquities of Athens vol. IV. completing this magnificent work, royal folio, 6l. 12s. bds.

Gothic Architecture, the whole interior of King Henry VII's Chapel, atlas folio size, 3l. 3s. in portfolio.

Burns's Ecclesiæ Parochialis, or History of Parish Registers in England. 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.

TRAVELS AND VOYAGES.

Caill's Travels to Tumbuctoo, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 10s.

Lander's Records of Clapperton's last Expedition, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s. bds.

Lardner's Cyclopædia, History of Maritime and Inland Discoveries, vol. 1, 6s. bds.

Mignan's Travels in Chaldea, 1 vol. 8vo. bds.

Rose's Southern Africa, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.

Dillon's Voyage in Search of La Perouse.

MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

Hall on Loss of Blood, 8vo. 9s.

Southwood Smith on Fever, 8vo. bds. 14s.

Christison on Poisons, 1 vol. 8vo. 16s.

Pinney's Code of Health, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.

Alcock's Lectures on Practical and Medical Surgery, 12mo. 10s. 6d. bds.

St. John Long's Discoveries, 8vo. 5s. bds.

LAW.

Wellesley on the Court of Chancery, 8vo. 5s. 6d. bds.

Dance on Law Expences, 1s.

Strange's Hindu Law (revised edition), 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

Life of a Lawyer, by himself, 8vo.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bertha's Visit to her Uncle in England, 3 vols. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Colman's Random Records, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s. bds.

Country Curate, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l, 1s.

Domestic Economy (Lardner's Cyclopædia), 1 vol, 8vo, 6s.

Adventures of an Irish Gentleman, 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d, bds.

Excitement, or a Book to make Boys read, 18mo. 4s. 6d. hf. bd.

M'Kenzie's Manual of the Weather, 12mo. 3s. bds.

Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties, part 8th of Library of Entertaining Knowledge, 2s.

Senior's Lectures on the Cost of obtaining Money, 8vo. stitched.

Goldsmith's Remarks on the Civil Disabilities of British Jews. 8vo.

Maunder's Treasury of Knowledge and Library of Reference.

Forby's Vocabulary of East Anglia, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s.

POLITICS.

Last Days of the Portuguese Constitution, by Lord Porchester, 8vo.

Inquiry into the Impediments to a Free Trade with India.

Forsyth's Political Fragments, 12mo. 5s.

POETRY.

Satan, by Montgomery, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.

Charity Bazaars, 2s. 6d.

Ball's Creation, 8vo.

Miss Hatfield's Moments of Loneliness, 1 vol, 7s.

Bradfield's Atheniad, 1 vol. 8vo.

Castalian Hours, by Sophie Dixon, 1 vol. 8vo.

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THE
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Art. I.—*Poor Laws in Ireland, considered in their probable effects upon the Capital, the Property, and the Progressive Improvement of that Country.* By Sir John Walsh, Bart. 8vo. pp. 124. London: I. Ridgway. 1830.

In this pamphlet Sir John Walsh has summed up all that may rationally be opposed to a scheme for the introduction of Poor Laws into Ireland. He is resolute in his hostility to such a project. His opinions are, however, entitled to respect, as the patient deductions of a judicial enquirer,—not to be distrusted as the accidental or interested prejudices of an advocate. The argument is conducted with ability and clearness; the writer has competent information; and, upon the whole, we consider this brief work as a most exemplary specimen of that sort of tranquil and candid discussion, which, with the greatest expedition and certainty, elicits the true merits of any debateable question.

Those who are prepared to resist any proposal for extending Poor Laws to Ireland, possess an almost exhaustless magazine of defense, in the history of the operation of these laws in England. This writer is, naturally, but little disposed to disguise the calamities which they have produced, and he bestows great pains and some rhetoric on the description of those evils. Nevertheless, he is borne out, to a great extent, by the reality; and nobody, we believe, who has had the opportunity of witnessing the working of the Poor Laws throughout their details, as they are administered in this country, can object to the truth of the following picture. Speaking of the effects of these laws on the agricultural and other mere labourers, Sir John Walsh thus describes them:—

'That they have not diminished, but added to, the sum of poverty and misery; that they drag, continually, fresh portions of the community into their vortex, that they have kept down the wages of labour, and acted as a premium upon improvidence, are facts, which are sufficiently notorious. They have exercised a deteriorating influence upon the moral character of the peasantry, they have prevented the improvement of property, and the increase of wealth, which would otherwise, in its natural circulation, have substantially ameliorated the condition of the poor. They have called into existence, and they are still creating, a redundant population, for whose labour there is no adequate demand, and who will always, by their increase, prevent the amount of human misery, occasioned by poverty, from being diminished by the direct relief this compulsory provision affords but on the contrary will add to it. They weigh, with a heavy and unequal pressure, upon the landed interest. They form one great item of the peculiar burthens upon the English agriculturists, from which our neighbours upon the continent are free, and are therefore a principal cause of the necessity which exists for protecting the former against the unrestrained competition of the latter in our markets. How one false step draws on another. The duties on foreign corn are a monopoly, as far as they go, to indemnify the land owner in part for the unequal and impolitic charges with which he has been saddled. Thus, in addition to all their other mischievous effects, the Poor-Laws re-act upon the whole community, by keeping up the price of bread, and consequently, the cost of production.'—pp. 31, 32.

The writer proceeds to shew, that in a state of society deprived of the many advantages which that in England peculiarly enjoys, the operation of the Poor Laws would be still more calamitous. He believes that the increase of poor's rates, rapid as it has been, has received no inconsiderable check from a certain degree of moral superiority in the very lowest orders in this country, (for which they are indebted to the influence and example of their superiors,) and a taste diffused amongst them for the comforts, and even luxuries, of civilised life. The people, here, are encouraged to be ambitious, and are taught, by the policy of our institutions, that the rewards of industry and ingenuity are boundless. The tendency, therefore, of the Poor Laws to bring the population, as it were, under their jurisdiction, thus meets with a strong antagonist principle. Again, there is a very large class—the artizans of England—which may be said to be almost wholly withdrawn from the influence of the Poor Laws, so that the conclusion is perfectly warrantable, that no part of the world is furnished with so many resources against the progress of a demoralising principle as that in which we have the happiness to live. At all events, if there be a country which can boast an equality with us in this respect, that country is not Ireland. Sir John Walsh takes upon him a superfluous task in demonstrating this truth. But he goes farther, and endeavours to shew, not only that Ireland is deficient in those means, by which the growth of the evils resulting from Poor Laws, may be checked; but that there are, in the moral and political condition of that country, the elements of assured and constant nourishment for those ills. In a comparison which he institutes between the two countries, Sir John seems to consider the great difference to lie in the influence of the middle orders in England, and the want of that link in the social chain in Ireland. The next important peculiarity of England, which Ireland certainly wants, is the abundance of capital, and our author is of opinion, that the hope of improving Ireland must almost entirely depend on the supply of these deficiencies. As to the influx of capital into that country, nothing can now prevent it, according to our author, but the disorder and insecurity which, he is pleased to anticipate, would result from the introduction there of Poor Laws. He treats the opinion, that improvement would follow the establishment of those laws in Ireland, as a chimera. Improvements, he very properly observes, must originate with the upper and middling classes. Through them alone can the mass of the inferior orders be acted on. Hence, it is not to be expected that a measure exclusively affecting the lower classes can produce that amelioration in their condition, which can proceed only from those that are above them in the social scale. Great uncertainty and alarm, our author contends, would follow the introduction of Poor Laws into Ireland, inasmuch as the owners of property there, would find themselves subjected to all the chances of a system which, once established, could not be withdrawn, and which would give rise to unnumbered and indefinite claims. Another great objection, he says, to the introduction of the Poor Laws into Ireland, is the abuse to which their administration is liable. The distribution of the poor funds would, in Sir John Walsh's belief, be a source of bitter contention in that country, and questions would be continually raised in the litigious spirit of the people, which would give rise to endless controversies, and tend to prolong that quarrelsome spirit which has been so long the bane of the Irish nation. But we will not follow our author through the details of his argument. We concur with him that the Poor Laws, *such as we now find them to exist in England,* are inadmissible in any country, still more so in Ireland. The real question after all is this,—can any modification of the Poor Laws be applied to Ireland with a probability of benefit to that country?

Sir John Walsh empties the vials of his wrath against the evils of the English system; he justifies his indignation by irresistible argument: but that Ireland would be injured by a limited introduction of these laws, is certainly not proved by the worthy Baronet, although it is boldly asserted. We have little hesitation in saying, that no man in his senses would think of subjecting any country to the same system of Poor Laws, as that which now prevails in England. Every body feels and deplores the fatal error which was imperceptibly acted on—that of extending relief to other objects than those which were particularly specified in the original Poor Law of Queen Elizabeth. For the long series of years that parochial relief, in compliance with that law, was confined to the disabled poor, no complaint was heard; and if the same principle had been since kept steadily in view, the country never would have learned to regard the Poor Laws as a grievance. But those laws were made to administer to the promotion of population; they were intentionally directed to that object, it being ignorantly assumed, that, to increase the number of the people, was to add to the wealth of the country. We are astonished to find that this delusive doctrine was honoured by the support of no less distinguished a person than Mr. Pitt, who wished to make it the policy of the nation, that "where there was a number of children, relief should be made a matter of right and honour, and that those who had *enriched* their country with a numerous offspring, had a claim upon its assistance for support." To give relief to able bodied paupers who chanced to be out of work, became then a matter of course. Nay, the custom was in full force even after all its baneful consequences had been demonstrated by unanswerable reasoning. Mr. Malthus distinctly showed, that there was a tendency in population to extend itself beyond the ratio of the means of its support, and that the system of Poor Laws which gave subsistence to *able bodied* persons, who could find no profitable employment, very considerably stimulated this law of population. We have literally nursed and petted this class of paupers with the most preposterous spirit of indulgence. Instead of leaving them to the operation of those natural checks which would restrain their accumulation, and, consequently, prevent the necessity for extended relief, we have, by means of philanthropic justices, and tender-hearted overseers, established, to our cost, a host of *sinecure* paupers, which, but for this cruel clemency, never would have existed. The folly did not end here. The race of able-bodied paupers was still further pampered by the parochial legislators. If corn rose in price, the allowance to the poor was proportionably increased. The vicissitudes of times and seasons affected not their abundance: the approach of a famine even had no terrors for them: whatever befell the rest of the world, the parish would take care of its paupers, and see that they had the luxury of an ample meal; whilst some of the persons, perhaps, who contributed to find it for them, thought half a one an indulgence. It is upon record, that so far did this blind indulgence proceed, that labourers, during the periods of scarcity which marked the close of the last century, received, in many instances, parish allowance, far exceeding in amount what they used to earn in a given time when fully employed. But as if this mode of administering the Poor Laws, was not sufficient to multiply paupers; as if the overseers were absolutely alarmed lest a plentiful succession of destitute claimants on the public should be wanted, what in addition did they do? In a great part of the kingdom they singled out those paupers who had the good luck to have bred up fresh paupers to "enrich the state," as objects of especial favour; so that between two able bodied persons, engaged in parish employment, whenever a difference in the amount of the allowance took place, it was not made in favour of him who did most work, or did it best, but in favour of the married man who had most burdens to support! Mr. Strickland in his *Discourse on the Poor Laws*, observes, "that so successfully have labourers been taught, that when married they have a right to demand work, wages, and a house, or parish support in some other shape; that when a single man is refused by the overseers, subsistence, or work, it is not unusual to hear him declare that he *will marry and fix them then!*" With such scenes before him, who would condescend to remain an industrious, hard working peasant? Who would not rather aspire to the rank of a married pauper, to be supported in indolence, to be exempted alike from the chances of a suspension of profitable work, or from the effects of a rise in the price of provisions?

Such is the nature of that fatal misunderstanding of the Poor Laws, which has been the source of so many monstrous regulations, so many vicious customs, destructive of the moral character of the lower classes in England. By it have the objects of want and misery been incalculably augmented: by it have the earnings of the honest and industrious been handed over to the idle and profligate: by it has a vast confiscation of property been, from time to time, effected, to the loss of the most deserving, and the aggrandizement of the most worthless. How, then, can a rational man be calumniated by the imputation, that he entertains the hope of seeing any country put under the ordeal of the Poor Laws, such as they now are executed in England?

But if we are satisfied that had no such perversion of their principle, as we have described, taken place; that had the substantial injunction of Elizabeth's act been exclusively followed, then the Poor Laws would have operated beneficially for the country; if we are satisfied of this as regards England, we certainly cannot but desire to see the same simple principle applied to Ireland in the assurance that its adoption will be followed by the best consequences. It is, then, in plain language, for no more than a legal provision in Ireland for those who are naturally disabled from providing for themselves, that any person pretending to judgment and experience would contend. Let us ask those who, like Sir John Walsh, hold up their hands against a Poor Law in any shape in Ireland, as if they would avert a national curse, if they are aware that already a virtual poor law is in existence in that country, and has been in operation from time immemorial? Do they know that an immense number, or, to use the language of Mr. Sterne Tighe, in his examination before a Committee of the House of Commons,—a number, "quite inconceivable," of the Irish population, subsists on private charity alone? This is the fact: the poor there are as regularly and unremittingly furnished with necessaries from the spontaneous bounty of the comparatively affluent, as though the supplies had been extorted through the medium of a legal assessment. All the substantial characters of a Poor Law are actually established in Ireland; the pecuniary burden is certainly felt there; all the hazards arising from providing idleness and profligacy with a resource in time of need, exist there. Then there is abundance of squalid misery in that country; its population far exceeds the number to whom food, as the product of their own labour, is accessible: the repetition of improvident, thoughtless, and, in their effects, deplorable marriages, is unparalleled; a shadow of moral courage or manly independence is not to be heard of amongst the lower classes. We do not hesitate to say, that no sense of *a claim of right to relief* on the part of those classes, could add any thing to the tendency existing at the present moment in Ireland, to an increase of the destitute population. What then, in the name of common sense, is there to be apprehended from the introduction of Poor Laws into Ireland, particularly in the modified form of which we have spoken? Nothing evil, we are sure, is to be feared, but some probable advantage, as we will endeavour to shew, to be anticipated.

The Poor of Ireland, we have seen, are supplied at the expense of the other inhabitants, not with rates, but with those things which rates are given them to purchase. Is there any power of superintendence over the paupers so as to limit their demands and ascertain their wants? None whatever. It is obvious that the charity which prompts a man to give relief, will prevent him from being over nice in scrutinizing the merits of the object. In point of fact a great deal of charity is bestowed in Ireland, sometimes very superfluously—often very mischievously, with reference to its consequences. And this must be the case where the poor are supplied upon impulse, without any concert amongst the donors, and without any investigation: great impositions must take place on the one hand, and great individual sacrifices on the other. How can such a state of things be corrected except by the institution of some tribunal which will be able to detect and expose unjust claims; which will be able to fix the most proper objects of benevolence; which will give some sort of useful system to that heedless charity, which, by its precarious flow, too often defeats its own most cherished purposes? Again, on whom does the burden fall of maintaining the poor in Ireland? On all alike--that is to say—on every inhabitant according to his means? No such thing. In most districts the whole weight of supporting the poor falls exclusively on a few. The "Beggars" very speedily ascertain those residences in their neighbourhood where they are likely to meet with a favourable reception, or where they may be almost sure of a disappointment. With just attention to an economy of their time, they never fail to avoid the one, and to frequent the other. They have a vast resource, too, in the moral and religious feelings of the substantial farmers in Ireland, which is the class most of all preyed on by the mendicant race in every country. Amongst that agricultural order in Ireland, there exists a traditionary pride of hospitality, which the Beggars find of extreme practical utility: its members are, more or less, under the immediate influence of a religion, which sets a high value on the giving of alms, on the clothing of the naked, and the feeding of the hungry. As every affluent person is not of the same kind disposition, and may not be induced, from feeling or calculation, to act with the same liberality towards his needy fellow-creatures, it is evident that the supply of necessaries to the poor, must be very different from different persons. Is it fair, then, we ask, that the support of the poor should be charged in this partial way? Is it right that one man shall gain an exemption from a certain expense, because of his hard-heartedness, and another be made perhaps the victim to it, because of his benevolence? A burden shared by numbers becomes light to individuals, but placed on the shoulders of a few, it is a disproportioned weight, and must be permanently oppressive.

Neither does this tax, directly or indirectly, ever reach the head-landlord; it falls not upon the land, but upon the occupier exclusively; it is never contemplated when the amount of rent, which a tenant will have to pay, is fixed; no allowance whatever is made for it, as there is for legal charges, such as tythes, government taxes, county rates, &c. Here then is another signal motive why the law should interfere, to redress the uneven pressure, to extend its inconvenience to all, and to equalise the contribution—since the obligation to contribute is equal—for the maintenance of the disabled poor.

We have a fourth reason for thinking that a legal provision, substituted for the present indiscriminate aid afforded by private charity, would be extremely politic. No matter how far individual benevolence may go in relieving the wants of the poor, the *ostentation* of poverty is still kept up in most parts of Ireland in all its disgusting obtrusion. The traveller, who walks the streets of Dublin, or indeed who visits any of the towns or considerable villages in that kingdom, has generally to make his way through a double file of human deformities in the character of supplicants: their appearance revolts him less than their impudent solicitations; compliance will undo him; the smallest token of an intention to capitulate will give heart to his assailants; they will hunt him, until he at length resolves, in his despair, with half the wealth he has at command, to buy off his fetid pursuers. All who have not visited Ireland must of necessity set this down as an exaggerated description, but in truth the features of the original are mollified in the picture. The grievance of vagrant mendicity is a national one in Ireland; it is permanent; it is nearly universal; it would be endured in no part of the world except where habit had subdued the elastic human mind to its use. In France and Italy, we are well aware, the chariot of the tourist is often surrounded at the *postes*, with a crowd of squalid beggars. But this is a concerted thing; the few vultures of those foreign kingdoms congregate in the quarters where the wealthy prey is wont to make his flight;

there alone they are seen, to these spots alone they confine their hungry vigilance. But in Ireland they are alike busy in every parallel of latitude; in the waste as well as the city, in the tumult of the fair or the solitude of the bog, the unwearied Irish beggar still groans out his unmitigated woes. Is it not a wrong, a gross injustice, to those who have done so much by their purses to stifle the cry of want in Ireland, that their senses should be so constantly assailed by the teasing complaints of poverty and infirmity—poverty which they have actually redressed, and infirmity which they have relieved? If there were a law to raise a maintenance for the poor in Ireland, would not that law, to be consistent with itself, take care that the poor should be satisfied with the provision which it gave them? Would it not abolish vagrancy? Would it not secure to every contributor to the pauper fund, as a return for his payment, the freedom of his own door-way, the liberty of the streets, the right of walking in the open air unmolested? The case of Scotland very forcibly illustrates what we are now contending for. In that country, the poor are supported by voluntary contributions; a sum is generally collected first at the parish kirk, and if that be not sufficient for the wants of the poor, the heritors or proprietors meet together, investigate the extent of the indigence which they propose to relieve, and separate upon the mutual understanding that each will supply a sum proportioned to the interest he has in the parish. Here, then, is something like organization: if a Poor Law were in force, it could not provide more effectually for the equalization of the burden of supporting the poor, and for the distribution of relief to necessitous objects alone. Now, what is the reason that no such practice exists in Ireland, easy, and convenient, and important as it obviously is? The answer, we think, is an overwhelming one. It is because there is a *dormant Poor Law in Scotland,* which the heritors dare not for their lives to evoke from its slumbers; they know right well that measures *could* be taken to extort relief from them, and that, too, to no very limited an amount; they are aware that the Courts of Law would not fail, if called on, to establish the right of even able-bodied labourers, "who represent themselves to be in a state of destitution," to relief; and that for the procuring of such relief, not only real, but personal property, in Scotland, is rateable. The Scotch are a far-reaching people; and seeing, that to open the Book of Statutes relating to the poor in their country, would be as bad as raising the lid of Pandora's box, they sagaciously anticipate an appeal to the law, and hence, in consulting real prudence, they are reputed to be most generous, and in practising downright economy, they win admiration for their benevolence. How different is the situation of Ireland. There, no man who is indisposed to relieve the poor, can be compelled to contribute for that purpose; the whole burden, therefore, is left to be sustained by the individuals who are not sufficiently hard-hearted to see themselves surrounded with starving numbers.

But, supposing we had no arguments of this kind to adduce in favour of the application of a modified system of Poor Laws to Ireland, we should say that whatever influence it was which was capable of producing in the upper classes a solicitude for the fate of the lower, ought to be welcomed in that kingdom. Ireland has been made an exclusively agricultural country, infinitely more by artifice than it has been by nature. From powerful moral and political causes, the population was altogether absorbed in rural pursuits, and land, in consequence, became the staple article of internal traffic. The most wretched hind that ever plunged a spade into the side of a mountain, was susceptible in Ireland of one step farther in degradation beyond what was known in any other part of the world—that was, to be destitute of "a bit of ground." The sacrifices which the poorest peasant constantly makes in order to possess "a little spot of his own," would not be credited outside the country which witnesses them. What was the natural consequence? Vast competition, and that produced inordinate rents. The men who laid on these rents were what are called Middle-men; they lived in the same district with their tenants; they never got anything like the promised rent, but they took all that the tenant had to give them; his labour, the labour of his children, his pig, his corn, every thing but about as much potatoes as kept the wretched dependent and his family from starving. This is the real state of Ireland for the most part; and this condition, in spite of all that Sir John Walsh says to the contrary, will continue until there is infused into the immediate landlord, some way or another, a sympathy for the suffering peasantry. The worthy Baronet informs us, that the race of Middle-men is fast decaying in Ireland. We have great doubts that so agreeable a prospect is opened for that country. We are too well aware of the nature of the leases which were habitually granted to this class of persons, to believe that any great progress can be made, for a long time, in their extinction. We are satisfied that any plan of improvement requiring for its execution the absence of the class of Middle-men must signally fail. To legislate for Ireland effectually, the permanency of this class must be recognized; we may modify their influence, but we cannot hope to remove it. Let us, however, permit Sir John Walsh to speak for himself:—

> 'I have a sincere conviction, founded upon many opportunities of personal experience in Ireland, that the majority of its landed proprietors are actively engaged in forwarding, by the best and most judicious means, the improvement of the people. Absenteeism is certainly upon the decline. Very few of those in the possession of health and exertion neglect the increased facilities which enable them so readily to visit their estates. Even the great body of English proprietors atone in a great measure for the disadvantages of their continual subtraction of their rents by their liberal

> promotion of improvements, and by their exemption from local prejudices and party spirit. The immense estates of the Duke of Devonshire, of the Marquises of Lansdowne and Hertford, and of others of the high aristocracy, are more distinguished by judicious ameliorations, and the tenantry more thriving and prosperous, than upon those of the generality of Irish resident country gentlemen.'—pp. 95, 96.

Again the worthy Baronet writes :—

> 'I feel the strongest conviction, that Ireland has improved, and is at this moment in a state of the most rapid advance.
>
> 'The great augmentation of her population is a proof, as I have elsewhere remarked, that however rude and wretched is their manner of life, *they have not felt the pressure of any great degree of want and suffering. In confirmation of this, we may remark the general robustness, and muscular strength of the people.* The testimony of impartial observers establishes, that even in the memory of the present generation, their modes of life have changed for the better, and their tastes for its comforts extended. In their cabins and clothing there is a sensible amelioration.
>
> 'If seven millions are supported now in better circumstances than less than three millions were, fifty years ago, this fact alone, argues a great augmentation of the wealth and resources of the country. In a population of seven millions there will be a greater positive number of distressed persons than in three millions. The actual sum of misery and wretchedness in Ireland has probably increased, but I am well convinced that it has decreased as compared with the total of the population.
>
> 'I have already dwelt upon the change of system in the letting of lands, which is calling into existence a race of small farmers, and I recur to it as a most important improvement in the history of the country. It lays the foundation of a gradual amelioration of the habits and condition of the lower orders. We cannot introduce the altered tastes of a more advanced state of society to a whole people at once, but we may act successfully upon the better portions of them. The farmers are in that intermediate position, which allows of their being the most easily influenced by us, and reflecting that influence with the greatest force upon the peasantry. I may appeal to the considerable increase in the value of lands, to the improvements in husbandry, to the quantity of acres brought into cultivation, to the amount of her exports and imports, all proofs of growing prosperity. If she has advanced, there are many additional reasons why she should continue to advance with a still more rapid step. Within the last few years, the use of steam, the abolition of the vexatious restrictions upon the trade with the other parts of the empire, the steadier and more impartial system of government, and, finally, the settlement of that perpetual source of irritation and party spirit, the Catholic question, have removed great obstacles from her path, and communicated a fresh momentum to her course.'—pp. 118, 119.

Why it is that the estates of the Duke of Devonshire, of the Marquises of Lansdowne and Hertford, are distinguished by ameliorations? Not certainly because these personages are absent from the country, but it is because they extend to the tenants on their estates that consideration which a good landlord ought to give; they allow these tenants fair encouragement, by leaving to them such a portion of the proceeds of their labour, as will secure them the comforts of life. If a Poor Law were introduced into Ireland, the probability is, that the estates of these Noblemen would not be subjected to one shilling of rate in the year. But let any man pass beyond the boundary of any of those estates, and what are the scenes which are exhibited to him? The contrast is admirably described in a work entitled "Sketches in Ireland," published in Dublin not long ago. The writer states, that during a tour in Ireland, he wandered to the confines of Kerry. After descending one of the mountains which divide Cork from Kerry, he came to the banks of a river, which forms the boundary between the estates of the Marquis of Lansdowne and those of the University of Dublin:—

'I observed,' he continues, 'as I drove slowly along, that his lordship's lands were much better cultivated, the farms better stocked, the cabins fewer, more grass land, what houses appeared were of a better description than on the Collegiate lands, and on alighting to walk up a hill, I entered into chat with a poor sickly-looking fellow, who was going towards Nedeen. There is no countryman in Ireland so easy, or I would say, so polished in his address and manners, as a Kerryman—I was really surprised as I passed through the county, to receive answers and procure directions fraught with civility and intelligence, superior much to what I have met elsewhere. With the man in question I had a good deal of conversation, as he was going my road. "Are you, my good friend, a tenant of Lord Lansdowne?" "Ah, no, Sir, and more is my loss! No, Sir, if it were my luck to be under the great marquis, I would not be the poor naked sinking crathur that I am—his lordship allows his tenants to live and thrive—he permits no middlemen to set and re-set over and over again, his estate—he allows no Jack of a Squireen to be riding in top-boots over the country, drinking and carousing on the profits of the ground, while the poor racked tenant is forced, with all his labour, often to go barefooted, and often to live and work on a meal of dry potatoes. No, Sir, look across the river there—look yonder at that snug farmer's house—there the man's forefathers lived, and there he himself and his seed after will live and do well, paying a moderate rent, and there's no fear at all of their being disturbed." "Well, but my friend, on your side of the river is it not the same? To be sure, I see not so much comfort, I see many, very many poor cabins." "Oh! Sir, how could it be otherwise? There are twenty landlords between the College and the man who tills the ground—the land is let, re-let, and sub-let—it is halved and quartered, divided, and sub-divided, until the whole place will become a place of poverty, and potato gardens. I have four acres of land, how can I live, and rear my children, and pay thirty shillings an acre off that? and I am subject to have my pig, or the bed from under me, canted by one, two, three, four—och, I do not know how many landlords—and now I am going to Nedeen, to get some physic from the poticary, for the dry potatoes, master, agree but poorly with my stomach in the spring of the year. Och, then its I that wishes that the great College that does be making men so larned and wise, would send down some of these larned people here, just to be after making their own poor tenants a little happier and a little asier."'—pp. 405—408.

With respect to the second extract, which we have cited from Sir John Walsh's pamphlet, we have a few words to offer. The Baronet takes for granted that, as the Irish population has increased, they could not have felt the pressure of any great want. If the writer means that feeding upon the mere potato, a peasant cannot be said to want, he is perfectly right. The man who has been accustomed to nothing but potatoes, will not be restrained from bringing up a numerous offspring because he has nothing but potatoes to give them. We may at last till every acre in Ireland with potatoes, and thus maintain not seven, but twenty millions on that food alone; yet these twenty millions, according to Sir John Walsh, could not be said to feel any great degree of want and suffering. Then, as to the 'robustness of the people,' and 'their muscular strength,' we should be delighted to find that Sir John spoke from his own experience. Let him only read the evidence appended to the Third Report of the Emigration Committee. He will there find Mr. Marshall stating, that having a great work to carry on in banking from the sea, hundreds of labourers flocked to the works for employment, and that the generality of them were so weak, that he was obliged to feed them for six weeks before they could execute men's work! A healthier or more powerful workman is not to be found than an Irish labourer in a month or two after he settles in England. The reason of the change is easily accounted for. Let us not deceive ourselves respecting the condition of Ireland. The grievances of the lower part of the population are referable to no religious feuds—to no party distinctions; Catholic as well as Protestant landlords are alike involved in the iniquity of having sunk the peasantry into their present debased condition; the remedy must come from the upper classes; the labouring poor have not the means of self-regeneration; they must be indebted to those on whom they are dependent, for improvement, first in their worldly circumstances, and that will be a certain step towards their moral advancement.

If the social frame in Ireland could be so re-adjusted as that the self-interest of the landlord would be enlisted in the cause of the tenant; if a system could be established which would make a state of easy and comfortable competency of the latter, the very best security which the middle man could have for his own prosperity,—would not that be gaining a vast advantage? Is not such a benefit likely to be the result of a limited Poor Law? The middleman at present grinds his tenant to the earth during the healthiest portion of his life, and then leaves him unassisted and unpitied to the miseries of a helpless old age. Let us only imagine that a provision is established by law, from which the destitute sexagenarian is to be relieved; that the middleman bears the burden of that provision; what is more natural to be expected than that the latter will so deal with his tenant, during the course of their relation, as to supersede the necessity of that tenant seeking foreign aid when helplessness comes upon him? Having the opportunity of bettering his circumstances, the poor man only requires a taste for improvement; a reciprocal action springs up between the means and the desire of advancement, and the peasantry are ultimately raised in the moral scale. And this is the very condition of the humblest class, which the resident landlords are stimulated, by the most attractive premium, to bring about. To regulate the habits of this class, to use them to comfort and independence, are the necessary steps towards that cultivation of their minds, which, after all, affords the only chance we have, for a restraint being put to the excessive increase of population beyond the increase of food. The hope, therefore, that we entertain from the introduction of a Poor Law (always modified be it remembered) into Ireland, is founded upon the firm belief, however paradoxical the belief may seem, that, as it has done in Scotland, the bare establishment of such a law will do away with the necessity of its own execution. We have every reason to believe that neither in England nor Ireland, certainly not in Scotland, will parochial or public relief ever become congenial to the feelings of the people. Notwithstanding the flagrant manner in which pauperism has been literally forced in England; notwithstanding the temptation which is held out to every humble man, to abandon the rugged path of industry for the ease and plenty of a pauper's life; notwithstanding a disposition has been manifested in favour of the poor, to an extent that threatens to make every man of property in the kingdom a mere trustee for their use—still the native integrity of the people has not yet been completely overthrown. Witness the number of Savings Banks scattered throughout the country; witness the still greater, and increasing number of Benefit Societies that are around us. Do not these manifold institutions at once proclaim the independent pirit of the people, and shew that they are alive to the ignominy of Poor Law protection? The legislature acknowledged this feeling of the lower orders, and when it took upon itself the superintendence of Savings Banks and Friendly Societies, it was avowedly to release those orders from the yoke of the Poor Laws.* Since the establishment of those institutions in 1817, nearly sixteen millions sterling have been paid into them. No reasoning, however ingenious, can trace this important fact to any other source than that self-respect on the part of the humbler classes, which requires only that it should not be interfered with, in order to work its own amount of good. The sixteen millions sterling, then, we may regard as a hostage for the good faith with which the working classes have relinquished all reliance on the succour of the Poor Laws.

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* The Preamble to the Act passed in 1817, for the further protection of Friendly Societies, commences in these words:—"Whereas the habitual reliance of poor persons upon parochial relief, rather than their own industry, tends to the moral deterioration of the people, and to the accumulation of heavy burthens upon parishes; and it is desirable, as well with a view to the reduction of the assessments made for the relief of the poor, as to the improvement of the habits of the people, that encouragement should be afforded to persons desirous of making provision for themselves or their families, out of the fruits of their own industry," &c. &c.

It will be seen, from what we have now stated, that a Poor Law, not in name indeed, but in substance, exists, and has been long felt in Ireland; we think we have shown that the burden of affording relief to the poor in that country falls, with most unjust oppressiveness, upon a comparative few, whilst those who ought to endure a portion of it, may exempt themselves from its inconveniences at pleasure; we have shown that in the indiscriminate and unthinking manner in which charity is supplied under present circumstances, it is likely to be absorbed by unworthy objects, and, also, that it may produce mischiefs of a serious nature; we have, lastly, seen that those private sacrifices—to which individuals submit in Ireland, for the purpose of removing from their residences and places of resort, the disgusting forms which mendicancy assumes, in order to excite pity—have completely failed of their end. As a remedy for all these evils, we have ventured to suggest the legalization of a general provision for such of the poor as are unable, on account of age or infirmity, to provide for themselves. We are satisfied, also, that the establishment of such a system, would have the still more valuable effect of creating, for the first time, in the breast of the landlords, some consideration for the state of their humble tenantry. This great work accomplished, we see, in the future, many and many a blessing for Ireland. We see, at no distant period, her labouring myriads, or rather her myriads that desire to labour, merged in a permanent and profitable course of industry; we see her barren mountains and wastes *colonized* by her ingenious and indefatigable children, instead of beholding them embarking for a distant country, in pursuance of some wild and absurd scheme of emigration; and we see them, under the influence of a gradual and healthy system, brought into employment,—a system which, whilst it amply meets existing wants, is not likely to be the fertile creator of new ones—a system, therefore, superior to any of these temporary expedients into which timid and miscalculating governments alone will be led, in order to force a market for labour.

Art. II.—*The Bengalee: or Sketches of Society and Manners in the East.* 8vo. pp. 466. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1829.

We have had, of late years, many works which treated of our dependencies in Asia, in a historical and topographical point of view. Some of these have made us acquainted with the antiquities of India,—some with the warlike exploits of which that country has been the bloody theatre,—some with the fruits and flowers which it produces, as well as the animals by which it is inhabited, the mountains by which it is diversified, the noble rivers by which it is watered, and the colours, superstitions, and social habits of the native tribes by whose hands it is chiefly cultivated. In all these works we have in vain looked for an account of the way in which our own countrymen, who emigrate to that region, usually spend their lives. We were curious to know something of their usual actions, to sit down with them at the breakfast table, and to accompany them through the remainder of the day, in order that we might understand in what sort of business or amusement they ran through the sands of their hour glass. Generally speaking, there is a vague idea amongst us, that English men and women in India have little to do, except to shield themselves, as well as possible, from the rage of the sun, to avoid the cholera morbus, and to amass riches. But as even such an outline of life as this must be filled in with numerous little varieties, we have often wished to know what these were, and whether they retained much or little of the phlegm of our northern island climate.

'The Bengalee: or Sketches of Society and Manners in the East,' thought we, is exactly the book for our purpose. Here we shall surely find the very knowledge of which we have been so long in pursuit. And, to some extent, we may say that the cloud of darkness, which has hitherto rested upon the Anglican quarters of India, has been irradiated by our Bengalee. But his promise of sketches of social manners is much too parsimoniously performed to entitle him to the praise that would be due to the author, who should boldly execute that task. We say "boldly," because it requires no common nerve to remove the veil which has so long been carefully suspended between Englishmen at home, and Englishmen in the East. The mass of iniquity, which has for years been thickening behind that veil, calls aloud, if not for vengeance, at least for reformation. We have heard of scenes enacted in our Asiatic dominions by British emigrants, than which nothing more depraved is to be found in Pagan or Mahometan annals. Indeed, the general standard of morals in those regions is so debased, that vice has ceased to be fashionable, only because it has become almost universal.

The agitation which at present prevails upon the question of the India Company's monopoly, is likely, we should hope, ultimately to lead to important ameliorations besides those of a commercial character. In a social point of view, it is impossible not to see that the present system, which prevents the settlement in the Company's territory of any person who has not received their express permission, is highly objectionable, inasmuch as such permission is accorded exclusively from motives connected with their mercantile interests. As long as that is the case, so long will the number of female emigrants continue to be enormously disproportionate to that of the other sex, the consequence of which must be the continuance, or rather the increase of that depravity which now prevails in the Anglo-Indian community. Matters would be greatly altered for the better, if our overgrowing population were as free to settle in Hindostan as in Canada. Many would, doubtless, prefer the former, as it possesses an abundance of that which our other colonies want, viz. manual labour upon moderate terms. But other opportunities will most probably soon offer for entering somewhat at large into this important subject.

The volume before us is composed of a number of papers, some of which have already appeared in Indian periodical publications. They are written in a dilettante style; they treat of many miscellaneous subjects, and, in addition to some information as to the state of 'society and manners in the East,' they afford, occasionally, topics of more permanent interest. Our author declares himself, at the outset, an old Bachelor, or, at least, a single gentleman, who, in consequence of a refusal given to his first proposal, has determined never to make another. He feels all the misery of his condition, but, to do him justice, we must add that it does not seem to have at all embittered his temper. His 'satires,' of which he has given us some half dozen, if not much distinguished for their poetical merit, are at least free from malevolence. Witness his chapter on "Humbug."

'Never, indeed, was Humbug, or Humbugging, (I know not the correct term for the essence of this virtue, and Dr. Johnson unfortunately does not apprise us, though he ably announces and instances the character Humdrum,) never was it more splendidly patronised than in the provinces of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa; with the other districts, countries, and principalities, in and without the happy code of the Bengal regulations. Very nearly with us all, from the highest to the lowest,—from prince to peasant,—the civilian, the soldier, the bar, the learned professions, the duftukhana, the outcry, or the counter, Humbug is the aim of all our acts,—the leading star of our efforts; and if I bound my field of its daily practice and existence here, and include no further objects in the outstretched circle of its votaries, it is only that I, the Bengalee, am most busy myself in the goodly employment of Humbugging. For while one of my main objects is to exhibit myself as a quiet, inoffensive, industrious, and good sort of creature, would it not be ruinous to mar the toil and set countenance of years, merely to give a luckless hit at those, who can strike harder, methinks, than my poor wit may do?

'Is not Humbug in India reduced to a science? Look at the saintly frequenter of Churches, (an unfrequent character *this*, I admit;) the abstainer even from smiles on a Sunday; if Rupees but gleam upon his sanctity, his conscience is ——— where? If he chance to be an agent or a merchant, he will talk of liberality by the hour, and affix his name, with princely benevolence, to the subscription for the family of some poor ruined devil of an adventurer; perhaps of a constituent, an Indigo Planter, or country captain, whose bankruptcy has been sealed by the accumulating charges of interest upon interest, bond upon bond, life insurance, forced consignments and commission; with other glorious pickings for the agent, which enrich and fatten him, till he gravely doles out his post-obit munificence, and grants a poor portion of the plunder to the pennyless widow of his victim.

'Lo! yonder Prince of Smiles and Hospitality! How affably he hails his guests; how he patronises the humble applicant, and "breathes bland favour" upon every friend! 'Tis all Humbug! He cares not two straws for the wide worldfull of us all. If a second deluge were inflicted, he would enact Noah without a sigh; and millions might drown beside his ark, so *it* were safe, and *he* in the calm enjoyment of his hookah!

'And yonder fair Coquette, how she plays with the young soldier, and trifles with the best feelings of the boy! Does she love him?—Not a whit: she has no love for two hundred and fifty rupees per month, and a bungalow. She likes *him*, it is true; nay, has affirmed it often to himself, and wonders at his fears and idle jealousy of yon bilious and antique Judge of Appeal. But she ruins the peace of the deluded youth, that she may dance quadrilles with a good partner; aud finally accepts the Civilian, that she may live in a palace, and spend four thousand rupees *per mensem*.

'My once friend and contemporary, Will Woodby, next my superior here, and now member of Parliament at home, is a happy instance of the successful and unceasing practice of Humbug. He arrived in India with a tolerable person, a ready quickness of manner and remark, which passed for ability with many; and with a real northern ambition of standing well with all around, still better with all above him. He was restless, busy, and ambitious; and yet as intrinsically idle at heart, as the merest loiterer, or Beau Fribble of his standing. There was no College, fortunately for him, in those days; for fag, at that period, he could not. But if a College had existed, he would have contrived to make as much show of hard study, as the steadiest. Persian and Arabic would have been the leading themes of his open admiration; and ten to one but the Examiners would have passed him through the languages, simply from the seeming fame and asserted extent of his attainments. He was at first appointed an assistant in one of the public offices of the Presidency, when he was oftener absent, than in attendance on the public duties; and if seriously inquired into, it must have been detected that he performed truly and positively nothing. Yet business was ever in his mouth, and if you met him at outcry, or at morning visits, or the shops, the livery stables, or the riding school, (a favourite lounge in that day,) Will was always in a hurrry, always *going* to office. At his house too, Will played the same good game; he was ambitious of the character of being clever and literary. This cost him more pains than his own inclinations would willingly have subscribed to: true, he had no particular want of modest assurance; he could speak on all occasions like a Hume or a Hunt; but he wished to *seem* to speak well, and subjects unfortunately could not be prepared and selected without some trouble. Reading he liked a little, but it was the light and easy style of Fielding, a Smollett, or the romances and tales of a circulating library, which captivated his fancy. Nevertheless he purchased a collection of standard works, and moreover a most splendid and stately reading desk: here he ever displayed a volume of the Classics, with marginal notes in his own pencil; and to avow his admiration of ancient lore, he would mouth away a few lines of Homer, and acquired by heart the leading verses of half a dozen books of Virgil's "*Æneid*," with as many stanzas of a few of the odes of Horace. These he could at any time recite with good effect.

But if you dropt in upon him cleverly and unawares, you would surprise him stretched on his couch with Roderick Random, or something not quite so good, claiming his delighted attention; and probably Herodotus, announcing itself in proud and eminent display on his reading desk, but untouched and unthought of, by its unassuming possessor.

'From Reviews he culled forth the character and titles of different works of our literature, and oftentimes selected a subject for bold descant at a dinner party. And strange to say, this *took.*—"Do you know Mr. Woodby?" said a Member of Council one day, "he is remarkably clever, and, I predict, will rise in the service."

'And rise he did. Of his registership I never heard, for he was then in a different part of the country; but as an acting Judge, when little more than four years resident in India, his fame rang loud in every part of it. He was indefatigable in Cutcherry, from sunrise to evening; he gave more business to the circuit than a dozen other districts, and if you believed himself, and he did not assert it unfrequently, *his* district was in better order, and more clear of decoity than even Kissenagur, under old John Elliott himself, of thief-taking notoriety. Ye powers! how he once held forth at a dinner in the Barrackpore Lodge, on the occasion of a January's meeting. *His* Police,—*his* Serishtadar,—*his* Omlah,—*his* Cutcherry,—*his* Jail and Kydees; like *Bayes* in the "*Rehearsal*," it was all "*his* Thunder!"* no wonder we soon heard of him as confirmed Judge of Hooghly; and next as an acting aspirant in the Judicial Secretary's office, conducting its labours, nay looking forward in a brief period to the Secretarial Sceptre itself!

'Now it was that Will began to shine as an orator. If a great man had occasion to renew a portion of his liver, and meditated a voyage to Europe; lo! it was the signal for a meditated speech on the part of Will Woodby! He would write out fair manuscript oratory for every occasion and event, and learning the whole diligently by heart, let but the glimpse of an opportunity present itself, Will was on his legs at the Town Hall, or elsewhere, with a two hours' specimen, *ad captandum vulgus;* and I must add, most religiously, *ad laudandum magnos!* When great men, however, failed him, he would "do" a little benevolence, and hold forth in advocacy of a free, or a Charity school; or, in fact, of any such object for eloquence. He was, in a word, the most public-spirited, the kindest, the charitablest, (as far as speaking went,) and the most laudatory of any man of the three Presidencies.

'Well, virtue ever meets its reward, and a very few years saw Will Woodby at first Judicial Secretary, then Chief, and from his fame and high standing with the Court of Directors, he at length had "the honourable' prefixed to his name, and the honour of fingering the still more honourable stipend of a Seat in Council. My intimacy, of course, had long since ceased with him, but he was always "delighted" to see me to the last; at least he always said so, and most smilingly patronising and encouraging when we met. It is many years since he retired to England, and though he failed in his canvass for the Direction, yet his interest soon obtained him a seat in Parliament. But, somehow, in that house he defeated the hopes of all his Indian admirers. He spoke, once or twice, it is true, in his best style; but whether they had a distaste for eastern claptrap, and nabob oratory, or whether the field of Humbug was all pre-engaged, or whether, as my wicked acquaintance Frank Touchem has often asserted, "they *smoked* him there;" I knew not. Certain it is, his exertions in that assembly, and in his new sphere, have since been confined to a silent assent in favour of some great man, or in swelling the steady majority of some omnipotent minister of the day.'—pp. 100—106.

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* Our lively Bengalee forgets:—poor Dennis, not Bayes, was the author of "my thunder."—*E. M. R.*

It is pleasing to dwell upon the character which our Bengalee gives of the late Marquess of Hastings, whose reputation faded from the memory of some high personages amongst us with such mysterious rapidity. That nobleman, it seems, could find time, amidst his severest political labours, to devote to literature and its interests. The following letter, which he wrote to our author upon the subject of a hymn which he addressed to 'Intellectual Beauty,' evinces not only his condescension, but the tact and accuracy of taste with which he could perform the office of critic, and define an idea which to most minds would appear to be intangible.

'" *Gorruckpore, May* 19, 1818.

'" I regret that having been uncommonly occupied, in preparing Despatches for the Court of Directors, it has not been in my power tó answer your Letter earlier. Your verses on Gratitude are very good. They are free from the objection which exists to those contemplated by you as a model. In the poem to which I allude, there are many excellent thoughts well expressed, though somewhat disfigured by the adoption of an antiquated usage, in making the final syllable of the participle present a substantive rhyme. But the mind feels an uncertainty as to what it is that the poet is addressing. There is no personifying Intellectual Beauty. Gratitude is a quality or feeling of which the action is precise, as well as common to all men; therefore a statement of it presents an image immediately and universally recognised. Intellectual Beauty cannot be the active impulse; it is the perceived fitness of conduct, of preferences, of selection, of relations, of mechanical exhibitions of objects; and all this is to be squared by standards which will vary in different persons. Whether taste refers to Ethics, or to sensible objects, it is confessedly unsettled, and liable to controversy in its application. Now Intellectual Beauty can be only the conception which moral taste frames on a particular point, so that it is in its very nature disputable, and thence incapable of furnishing the same idea to every one.

'" In the eighth line of your first Stanza, there is an evident misprint; 'its pleasing power' answers to no other line, yet what you are likely to have written does not suggest itself to me.

'" I have the honour, Sir, to remain,
'" Your very obedient Servant,
(Signed) '" HASTINGS."'

'" *Lieutenant* ———."' pp. 92, 93.

We are tempted to subjoin to this masterly piece of criticism a few stanzas from the composition which gave birth to it, and which, it will be seen, are at least fitted for a favourable comparison with some specimens of verse, dignified with the name of poetry, at this side of the Ganges.

'The awful shadow of some unseen Power
Floats, though unseen, amongst us,—visiting
This various world with as inconstant wing,
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower;—
Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain shower,
It visits with inconstant glance
Each human heart and countenance;
Like hues and harmonies of evening,—
Like clouds in starlight widely spread,—
Like memory of music fled,—
Like aught that for its grace may be
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

'Spirit of BEAUTY! that doth consecrate
With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
Of human thought or form,—where art thou gone?
Why dost thou pass away and leave our state,
This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate?
Ask why the sunlight not for ever
Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain river,
Why aught should fail and fade that once is shewn,
Why fear and dream, and death and birth,
Cast on the daylight of this earth
Such gloom,—why man has such a scope
For love and hate, despondency and hope?

* * * * * *

'Love, Hope, and Self-esteem, like clouds depart,
And come, for some uncertain moments lent;
Man were immortal and omnipotent,
Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,
Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his heart.
Thou messenger of sympathies,
That wax and wane in lovers' eyes;
Thou; that to human thought art nourishment,
Like darkness to a dying flame!
Depart not as thy shadow came
Depart not,—less the grave should be,
Like life and fear a dark reality.

* * * * * *

'The day becomes more solemn and serene
When noon is pass'd;—there is harmony
In autumn and a lustre in its sky,
Which through the summer is not heard or seen,
As if it would not be, as if it had not been.
Thus let thy power, which like the truth
Of nature on my passive youth
Descended, to my onward life supply
Its calm,—to one who worships thee,
And every form containing thee,
Whom, Spirit fair! thy spells did bind
To fear himself, and love all human kind.'—pp. 93—96.

The reader will perhaps think that the critical powers of the Noble Marquess were but ill bestowed upon such verses as these. If so, the tone of forbearance and encouragement in his letter, must only be the more admired. The picture given of that great statesman in his study, is in good keeping, as the artists say, with the letter which we have just read.

'I forthwith despatched a note to the Aide-de-camp in waiting at the Barrackpore park, and laid horses at Cox's Bungalow for the purpose of following it myself the next morning. On reaching Barrackpore, I took the opportunity of visiting Colonel Jhootboll, a very ancient acquaintance and ally of mine; most renowned for his extraordinary shots, and marvellous escapes from tigers, wild hogs, and elephants, with more of eastern adventures, mishaps, and miracles, to his share, than any man in the army. At his hospitable quarters I got a very warm welcome, and most excellent breakfast; and found waiting for me a reply from the Aide-de-camp, appointing the hour for my attendance at Government house. It need not be mentioned that I was punctual at the hour stated. On entering the Government residence at the park, and ascending the stair-case, I was met by a gentlemanly young officer, who very civilly led me to the centre room, and begged me to be seated, until he should proceed to his Lordship's study, or writing apartment in the north-west wing of the building, and ascertain if the Marquess was at leisure.

'Perhaps there are few things less enviable than those moments of anxious suspense and trepidation, experienced by a doubtful suitor to patronage, when on the very point of introduction to the presence of rank and power. While hastily pondering over and conning an introductory speech, and nervously planning the best mode of prefacing the wished-for subject,—how devoutly the suitor wishes himself with Captain Parry at the North Pole, or with Mr. Buckingham at Jericho, or any where, rather than in his present situation of most uncomfortable nervousness. As for myself, I had seen his Lordship but once at a Levee; was known to him publicly, it is true, but still too slightly for so serious an intrusion. However, my state of suspense was not allowed to be very tedious; the Aide-de-camp returned to present me, and in a moment I found myself standing before the Governor-General in person. His lordship had risen at my entrance, and moved slightly forward to receive me; politely pointing to a chair near himself for my reception. My eye glanced for a moment upon the Governor-General,—on the noble ruler of British India, the late conqueror of its central empires. How little is sufficient to soothe and tranquillise the heart of a suitor; how intimately the eye scans, in a single glance, the very mind and feeling of its patron! I felt at once assured that I was in the presence of kindness and condescension!

'I soon became myself, and capable of observing: his Lordship had on a plain silk undress coat, having relieved himself from his wonted general officer's uniform, for the purpose of writing more at ease. On the table before him were several boxes containing papers or despatches, with some large thick quarto letter paper for his personal writing. Some of the boxes were open; and at his right hand was one closed, but with a narrow opening in its lid, like a post-office panel, for the admission of closed and sealed letters. Various Secretaries' consultation boxes, containing recent reports, minutes or despatches in circulation for the perusal of the members of Government, were on a side table, awaiting their early turn for consideration. The punkah * was moving by some simple mechanism, so as to obviate the intrusion of a servant, and the whole scene betrayed the study and retirement of an indefatigable, ardent statesman, but one necessarily systematic and methodical in the otherwise overwhelming magnitude of his public business. After one or two affable, almost kind enquiries, which proved that the Bengalee was remembered even after the slight introduction of a previous year, I was at once emboldened, without farther trespass on his Lordship's time, to enter upon my solicitation for Mr. Aylmour. I stated the public grounds of my application; adverted briefly to his own recommendatory introduction, as I believed, from home to his Lordship; touched upon the young man's assiduity, and knowledge of the Oriental languages, and then dilated on his peculiar talents for the department to which he aspired.

'At this moment his lordship bowed to me, as in apology for the interruption, and rising up, proceeded to a drawer, and took out from it a small coloured plan, with the name of *A. F. Aylmour, Lt.* in the corner; "this, I believe, is by your young friend, and a very creditable performance it is; Mr. Aylmour is not unknown to me." His Lordship then informed me, that some months ago, struck by the name, which was that of a Major also, once well known in America, and a personal friend during that unhappy conflict, he had been induced to make enquiry; and was already in possession of some favourable particulars regarding the Lieutenant, who had proved to be a grandson of an early brother soldier.

'On hearing this, I hesitatingly ventured on an appeal to the well-known generous and somewhat romantic part of his Lordship's character, too often abused by others, as many have sighed to think! and apprised him of Lieutenant Aylmour's situation with the Alport family. I faltered and paused, at first introducing the subject, but his Lordship listened to me with such politeness, such evident kindness and attention, that I briefly detailed the whole circumstance. Never shall I forget the playful smile which illumined his benevolent and noble countenance, when he at length interrupted me by saying, "The young man's happiness then seems in a fair way of realization, for I have already handed, I believe, a memorandum to the proper office for his succeeding to the first vacancy in the desired department; and I apprehend a vacancy has occurred within these very few days." Thanks were not permitted me,—I was immediately pressed to stay that afternoon to dinner at the Government house, and the bow that acknowledged the grateful acceptance of the kindness, seemed to me as a signal to retire.'—pp. 150—154.

These interesting anecdotes of Lord Hastings have beguiled us away from the chief object which we had in view in opening this volume. The Bengalee thinks that we in England entertain very erroneous notions of "Life in India," and that we imagine that every British pauper there who is allowed to prey upon the natives, is sure to return home a Nabob. Whatever may have been our notions formerly on this subject, we apprehend that they are now essentially changed. Frequent experience has proved that the greater number of our youthful adventurers to the East, either find a premature grave there, or are obliged soon to return home with broken constitutions. Doubtless exceptions to this rule occur now and then, but these only make the truth more apparent. The Indian rage is by no means so prevalent amongst us as it was twenty years ago; nor is it likely to be increased by our author's description of the career which too often awaits the civil, military, or commercial adventurer in that quarter.

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* A large fan suspended from the ceiling, for the purpose of keeping the apartment ventilated.

' "Life in India" is, however, fairly to be estimated, as found in the different avocations that it presents,—the Civil and Military Services of the Honourable Company, and the mere adventurer. So far as rank and consequence are concerned, the first of these holds out the great prizes of the Honourable Company, and is the great object of ambition. These prizes are necessarily limited to a few lucky sons of fortune; and they are, therefore, the higher esteemed. With a Writership in his pocket, the child of the first man in England, even at this day, fancies his fortune made; looks to a short and merry "Life in India";—a long and wealthy one in England. Out he comes, always what I should call a genteel-looking boy;—somewhat slightly built in general, for encountering any of the rude blasts of the world, and having a goodly smattering of his mother's drawing-room hanging about him. His manners,—I speak of the general race of young Writers,—always please me; there is something very English about him,—by which I do not mean very rough, but a happy mixture of that independence of mind, and amenity of manners, which constitute the true English character. When these embryo rulers are collected together, before merging from the Buildings, there is, no doubt, to be seen also not a few of an Englishman's peculiar faults and weaknesses: but these are such *raræ aves* over the Services in general, that there is nothing I enjoy more than an evening in the Buildings. "Life in India" is then, with my old recollections and feelings, something like to what I remember *was*—Life in England. There are good manners, and honourable and high feeling;—articles, however, which, I must warn their young possessors, require the utmost care to preserve in this climate, and which are always best just on importation. It may appear finical, when I add, that there is an English way of putting on his clothes about a young Writer, before he is launched to rusticate in the Mofussil, which I like; as in the company of a dozen of these dandies, I am reminded of the respect, in this particular, which I once,—once alas! paid myself to the article of dress, when I was glad at the idea of pleasing a mother, a sister, or a still dearer creature,—a sweetheart. In short, the only scene in the drama of "Life in India," that is like Old England, is to be found in the Buildings. Once out of them,—once banished to a country station, where Englishmen are scattered some hundred miles distant from each other, or where, if they congregate, it is on the artificial graduated scale of Judge, Magistrate, Collector, Register, Assistant ditto, Doctor,—and all that is English is found to be on the wane. By the time the writer comes back to the Presidency, a Judge, or something as great or greater, he has been converted into the most anomalous of all human beings. There is still something English about him, it is true;—he is generally proud enough; but it is an Asiatic, not a European, bearing of consequence. He seems to expect that all that are in his way should hurry out of it, that the path may be left for him alone. He has been so long accustomed to measure his own humanity by the standard of a conquered and degraded race around him, that he fancies he has risen proportionably above every other class of mankind, with whom he may afterwards chance to come in contact, as above his Omlahs and his Chobedars; and his own countrymen are but *Hindoos* in his estimation, however much they may transcend him in every thing like intelligence, honour, and common sense. I remember, when I was a youngster, once encountering one of these *Burra Sahibs* in company: the conversation turned on the nature of landed tenure in India, and having at that time been reading Paton, Colebrooke, Rous, and a host of other writers on the subject, I fancied myself qualified to say a word on it. Accordingly, I ventured, with all the diffidence an Assistant, in the presence of a Member of the Board of Revenue, may be expected to feel, to say something in opposition to the great man's views of the matter, about the Sovereign having *allodial* possession of the soil. "*Allodial!*" exclaimed the Burra Sahib, with a look of ineffable contempt and triumph, "*allodial!* there is no such word in the Regulations!"

'If those at home, who are so ambitious of sending out a son in the service of the Honourable Company, would look at the few who live to return to their native country, and remark the change that has come over them, I cannot help thinking that they would feel less anxious about procuring a Writership or a Cadetship, for Master Edward, and Master Tom. I was long ago a sojourner in old England, and had an opportunity of comparing some old folks, who had started from school together,—the one to rough it through Life at Home,—the other to plod his weary way through "Life in India."—Comparison there was none between the manliness, contentedness, and good humour of the home-bred Englishman, and the hauteur, restlessness, and discontented demeanour of the old *Koee-Hy*. Unhappy and displeased at every turn he took, the Old Indian found every corner sharp enough to ruffle his temper and destroy his happiness;—while the honest English 'Squire swore a big oath at the hindrance, brushed past it, and thought no more of it. I make all manner of allowance for the bile and bad liver, which reward the toils of a "Life in India:" but these natural evils would be surmounted, were it only possible to avoid the moral contamination, arising from cohabiting with a race, between whom and an Englishman there is no sympathy:—and I am borne out in my theory, if it please the Reader to call it so, by the fact, that this moral contamination is found to exist most unequivocally, and to the greatest extent, among those who have been most withdrawn from European society, and who have spent the greater part of their "Life in India" amidst the native population.

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'Let me, however, take a view of Military "Life in India;"—a fair-haired young lad has escaped from school, and its confinement, at the early age of sixteen; and, after the annoyances of a four months' voyage, has reported himself at the Town Major's Office in Fort William. He puts on his scarlet uniform, and looks round, on passing every sentry, for homage and salutation to his new military character. The first few weeks are but a series of disappointed hopes, and comfortless, pleasureless attempts at Indian enjoyment. He makes himself sick, in essaying to smoke a bad hookah,—and then barely survives a pucka fever, in having tried his new double-barrelled gun, which he bought on credit, at an exorbitant sum, and with which he toiled for hours under a burning sun, in the vain hope of hitting a few snipets or sandlarks. He has a relation, perhaps, in the Buildings, and madly attempts to rival him in extravagance: and though the Soldier's means do not go beyond a second-hand buggy for his driving, and an undersized stud galloway for the saddle, yet his humble endeavours have plunged him into debts, which hang upon his Indian career for years, and make him miserable for ever!

'He joins his corps,—he has become a man now,—wanders about in the morning without his cravat or jacket,—smokes cheroots by whole bundles,—drinks brandy-paunee, curses his own folly for more faults than one, and lingers through the early and best years of his manhood in tasteless dislike of the little regimental duty that falls to his share, and in gloomy despondency amidst the blighted prospects of his youth. From his brothers and young relations in Europe, he seldom hears, and their letters would be but wormwood to him. They have toils there, it is true; one is at College, another at a desk in a Merchant's office, a few are fagging for professions, or existing on subaltern's fare in country quarters: but are they not at home?—aye, and in that one word,—HOME, lies all the earthly happiness, which an exiled Soldier sighs for, and hourly pines in vain.

'But he has outlived his brethren in the subaltern ranks around him; has followed hosts upon hosts to the scattered tombs of our up-country Cantonments: he is a Field officer now, and with the attainment of higher rank before him. What boots the rank or increasing pay? He is a martyr to a broken constitution, and his yellow and wasted cheek, the sunken and gleamless eye, give token not only of withered health, but accumulating care! He is alone in the world; his native country has long ceased to hold out charms for him; he is unknown there, and the circle of his friends have either ceased to exist, or care for the expatriated soldier in the East! Is this a gloomy picture? The Bengalee could point out many who might sit for it, and who, ere they give their bones to moulder beneath the sun of Hindoostan, would feelingly bear testimony to the truth of its description,—yet this is "Life in India!"

'But the Adventurer—he surely is exempt from the evil. His sojourn in India is brief, luxurious, and profitable. He transacts the business of the day with the punkah waving its cool breath unceasingly above his desk. He drives home from office luxuriously in his open chariot, and quaffs his iced claret, with his gay friends ever assembled around his evening table. These are his daily enjoyments: but in the glad hour of holiday release from the office, he sails away in some tall pinnace to the far retreats of Chinsurah and Hooghly. But alas! his pleasure becomes tasteless and unblest; his eye has rested upon Serampore by the way, and he knows not how soon it may be his scene of refuge, and the dull close of his ruined adventures. He tries to remember *how many* of his brethren have retired to enjoy their thousands in their own country,—he can soon reckon over the scanty few; and then he dwells upon the outstretched list of the disappointed, the deceased, or the bankrupt, still within the East; the number appals him!—and this is "Life in India!"'—pp. 215—223.

The Bengalee's description of his return from India appears to have all the merit of fidelity. It is, however, at best, but a dull concern, the journal of months of weariness on board an Indiaman, although our author has endeavoured, in his half humourous way, to infuse into it a portion of his own vivacity. A little incident, the death of a fine boy, who was on his way to England with his widowed mother, is told in natural and affecting language.

'Alfred was just three years old, but appeared at least a year older, and there was a bold, frank, and winning manner with the child, that, ere he had been ten days on board, he was a general favourite; not only with the passengers, but every soul in the ship, from the Captain, down to the little gunner's boy, who would slily secrete ship-biscuit, or other rough delicacies for his little pet, wherewith to entice him from the Quarter deck, and lure him forward for a few minutes among the admiring and coaxing sailors. The little urchin was in a fair way of being spoiled; his independence of manner, and fearlessness of movement must have cost his doating young Mother many an anxious thought. And although she endeavoured to keep him in her sight as much as possible, yet it seemed cruel to confine the poor boy to her scanty Cabin, and she was thus obliged to trust him to others more frequently than she could have wished, and to allow him to rove upon the decks more freely than was consistent with her fears.

'How often have we watched the poor little fellow, almost springing from the ports of the Quarter-deck, in his anxiety to follow the movements of the flying-fish, when they rose boundingly from the sea, as the ship alarmed them in it's course, or the hungry boneta scared them from their own element to seek a momentary protection in the air. How often have we seen him mimicking the hearty pull and rough song of the sailors employed in working the ship, till the busy crew would unbend their harsh features into smiles, and prognosticate, with their wonted complacency for their own profession, that the boy would prove a true tar, and thorough sailor in his day.

'But when the heat on board became more oppressive on our approaching the Equator, the poor child shewed evident symptoms of its disagreeing with him. In a day or two he appeared languid and weary, with less inclination to play about with his little companions. It was apprehended that this was greatly owing to the misplaced kindness of the many friends on every side, who proffered him marks of their good will, and were ever loading him with sweetmeats, cakes, or other such little dangerous temptations to a child's sense of moderation. But although they may have assisted the attack of fever which now plainly evinced itself, yet the heat and confinement of the ship itself must be considered as the main and leading causes. By the time we were becalmed under the Line, than which nothing could have been worse or more aggravating for sickness of any description, the dear little fellow was a prisoner to his cot, and pronounced by the Surgeon of the vessel, to be in a very dangerous way. On shipboard, a sick fellow passenger is necessarily an object of commiseration with most; but, in this instance, it is beyond description, the interest that was excited in the minds of every soul in the *William Scott*. The Doctor, a good enough sea-fearing son of Æsculapius, but who would rather have had fifty rough seamen to attend to, than so delicate and unusually tender a patient, was hourly beseiged with enquiries after the little favourite; while it was apparent, from his anxious manner and the hesitation of his replies, that his own alarm could have afforded no relief to the trembling anxiety of the poor Widow herself, when she breathlessly hung on his looks, at each frequent visit of his to the cabin of the sick child. It was strange to witness the unusual stillness and silence that pervaded the cabins and passenger portion of the vessel. Not an unnecessary sound or voice was heard; and in the dead hour of the mid-watch at night, even the tread of the officer on duty was suppressed, and scarcely reached the ear, while the only sounds stirring were the occasional movements in the Widow's cabin, of those who sleeplessly watched by the couch of the sufferer; or, perhaps, what was more dreadful still to the feelings of those around, the frequent faint cries of the child itself, as it every moment piteously implored for water," *Paunee, Mama, Paunee!*" in the nursery language of the East, so interesting and touching, as its accents either of entreaty or pain ever sound from the lips of children.

'If the secret prayers of every human being on board,—if the fervency of the agonised petitions to the throne of mercy, from the lips and breaking heart of the young Widow, could have arrested the all-wise and inscrutable decree of Providence,—there might yet have been hope; but the fiat was gone forth, and all worldly essaying to avert it was but vain and idle,—the boy died!

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'Silence, unbroken, breathless silence, was still reigning throughout the ship. There were few of the sailors, who were not attired in their Sunday and best suit of clothes; the decks were cleared, the Ship's colours mounted half-way to the mizen peak, the bell at the forecastle mournfully tolling, in imitation of the knell of a Church, everything betokening the approaching ceremony of a Funeral at Sea. Near the starboard gangway, supported upon a raised hatch, were the remains of the departed little innocent, enclosed in a decent, nay, almost handsome coffin, which the zeal and kind exertion of the Carpenter and his gang had, during the night, contrived to make for their deceased favourite. At the present moment, the coffin was partly exposed to view, for the ship's ensign, which was lying upon it, and is always designed on these occasions to act as a pall, was a little raised, that the many wistful and anxious gazers from among the crew, might witness the respect which, even at so short a notice, had been endeavoured to be rendered to the remains of one so generally beloved by them, and one who had rung from their hearts so unusual a share of their rough affections.

'At length the bell ceased tolling. The Captain, and all the Officers of the Indiaman, appeared in their full uniforms and side arms, and approached the gangway; the Captain carrying with him a prayer-book of our Church. The head of every one was immediately uncovered, and while the first words of the commencement of the funeral service were issuing from the lips of the Captain, the eyes of all were suddenly turned, in distressing astonishment, to the after-hatchway, for, ascending from thence, with the assistance of some weeping ladies, who had vainly endeavoured to dissuade her, appeared the Widow herself! There was no seeming effort on her part to assume the firmness which almost unnaturally steadied her step, and made her wish to decline the aid they were feelingly desirous of affording her. Her feet seemed unconsciously, and yet without a symptom of weakness or failing, to move forward on the Deck, towards the spot appropriated for the ceremony; and on every eye being turned in intense and wondering pity upon her, her's alone,—yes, I may say alone, of *all* around her, glanced fixedly before her on the scene, without a tear to moisten it. She was in her usual dress of deep mourning, and the only sign of life or intelligence that she betrayed, beyond the mere act of approach towards our group, occurred when she had taken her place beside the Captain, and when with a convulsive shudder, she seemed first to discover that, over her wonted dress, some friend, ere she quitted her Cabin, had thrown a shawl. It was a faded shawl, of little value, but one lately employed during the illness of her lost infant in at times protecting its feverish frame from the air, and any undue exposure. On perceiving it, its present use about herself seemed strangely unpleasing to her, and she hastily attempted to take it off, and on their removing it, she followed it with a speaking glance of pain and agony. They now proceeded with the ceremony, but it did not seem to touch her. Her looks were frequently turning with an enquiring and fearful expression towards the Ensign, which by this time, pall-like, completely concealed the Coffin, as the hatch stood partly supported on the gangway itself:—she started, however, at one part of the service, and her glazed eyes opened, if possible, wider and more strangely, when they prepared to move the hatch; and when the word was uttered to consign the corpse to the deep, and they commenced lowering it, her soul seemed to awaken to a sense and full conception of the scene before her, and she suddenly bounded forward to prevent the act. They caught and supported her, and never shall I forget the sudden though harrowing look and attitude of intense listening, which she then wildly assumed, while her soul seemed to hang for an instant on the noise of the descending Coffin. In spite of every care of those employed, it sunk into the waves with a slight plunge,—then followed immediately a cry, or shriek, piercing as horror itself, from the Widow, as she caught the sound! They immediately conveyed her below in a breathless and death-like swoon, which, at the same instant, had overpowered her; and it is almost unnecessary to add, that this poor afflicted young woman quitted not her cabin for the remainder of the voyage. But, though unseen by us, she was not less an object of our deepest pity, and sincerest sympathy.'—pp. 393—399.

England in sight once more, all the Bengalee's feelings of joy are summoned to the scene. Landing at Deal, he pursues his way to town, and gives in his own proper person a highly amusing picture of a newly returned Nabob.

'We were soon clear of the town, and in a fine open country. While among, and near to, the houses, at Deal, their first strangeness and seeming novelty had worn off, and on leaving it, ere we had proceeded a few miles,—whether the long torpid series of reminiscences were beginning to recover themselves in my mind I know not, but suddenly it seemed as if there was an awakening within me from a long dream-like sleep of absence and estrangement; and the whole character of the scenery before me, the cottages, fields, trees, living and other objects, burst upon my almost overpowered recollection, as things familar, well-known, and fondly welcome to me!—I laughed outright, joyously and audibly, though with a feeling of pleasureable fulness at my heart, which almost wildly resolved itself into a fit of tears at the very same moment. Every turn of the road, every little village, barn, or clump of well remembered description of trees, now wrung from me new bursts of childish delight. Every cart and team that passed us, I put out my head to watch and welcome it as an old friend. The post horses and boys of our chaise were all matters of glad and admiring wonderment; and the first stage-coach that flew past us, with its crowd of passengers, capital cattle, and corresponding equipments, forced from me so evident and loud an exclamation of joyous and astonished recognition, that they all looked back, and stared on me as on a person demented; though, I must say, the good natured, sympathising, yet, at the same time, undisguised amusement of the Captain by my side, made him look like anything rather than my keeper.

'At Canterbury we breakfasted, and what with the ride and lateness of the hour, I managed to eat more heartily than was consistent with the proper sensibility, methinks, of a returned exile; but the first buoyancy of my feelings was beginning to subside into calm, continuous, and joyous happiness, at finding myself once more truly and positively on shore in my own native land. Nothing particular occurred after quitting Canterbury; till, in less than seven hours and a half, we reached London, from Deal, a distance of seventy-two miles, which piece of celerity in travelling, including in it very nearly an hour's delay for the breakfast, was no small matter of astonishment, after my most leisurely Indian habits of locomotion. But I soon found that wonder and admiration were to have no respite. As we approached the Metropolis, every new turn of the road brought with it a new succession of novelties to allure my gaze,—such hosts of *Europeans!* (for thus my Asiatic mode of describing my countrymen, presented those here also to my view,) such numberless well-dressed maidens, with their roseate and blooming cheeks; though, by the bye, I must observe that this last distinguishing trait of my countrywomen at first struck me as unpleasing and excessive. For after the pallid, tintless features of my sister exiles, which I had for so many years been accustomed to in the East, the present bloom and ruddiness around me seemed almost painted and unnatural. The various equipages, the large, strong, and well-made cattle on the road, the ceaseless frequency of passing stage-coaches, the thronged pathways, and continuity of the buildings and houses by the way side, as we still nearer advanced to town, all had a full share of my constantly attracted view; till, at last, the Post-chaise pulled up at the Captain's own residence, at the distance of a mile or two from the bridges. Under his late amusement at all my wild and unrepressed enjoyment of the new scenery thus brought before me, I had begun, for the last stage or two, to discover a share of excited eagerness and impatience also in my fellow traveller himself. He was thinking of the rapturous and happy reception now awaiting him, in the house of his wife and family. As we pulled up, he waited not for the post-boy to alight and release him from the chaise, but flinging open the door himself, he bounded out with almost the lightness of youth: —his own street-door was as quickly opened for him; –a joyous-looking face or two were seen rushing away from the window for the stairs, and, ere a servant had taken away the portmanteau from the chaise, I caught a glimpse of a glad group of female forms and children, clinging wildly and affectionately around my worthy friend!

'God bless him! I ejaculated, as alone and solitarily I left his door, after desiring the post-boy to drive me to the Bath Hotel, in Piccadilly. It is meet, thought I, he should have some bright moments to repay him for the many, many annoyances of his little-enviable command of an Indiaman, and of his perpetual separation, in a sea life, from those he loves.

'I would not, at this time, allow my thoughts to pursue this subjec farther, and reflect that I, alas! like too many of the old, isolated sojourners of the East, had not, like him, a house or welcome to receive me on my return at last to the spot of my birth. And yet, at that moment, when I gave the order for my conveyance to an Hotel, I could have sighed deeply, aye, deeply indeed, at the houselessness and seeming state of desertion that now awaited my old age, on this its escape from the far scenes that had wasted away and consumed its manhood.

'On reaching the Hotel, I was led to believe, by the attention, and bustle, and respectfulness, which marked my entry, that I was esteemed a person of no mean consequence; and yet I almost conjectured that I discovered the sly signal of an inter-communicating glance between the two waiters, while my ear half caught a remark in the passage, which sounded much like "yellow Nabob." I looked in the mirror; alas, the character was there too evident; but I did not remember at the same time, also, the chain of intelligence kept up in these matters by the post-boys on the road, where our over-liberal payment at each stage to these gentry, served to sanction and confirm the unhappy and expensive distinction of "just arrived from Ingee!"

'The Bill of fare was soon handed to me for dinner; "Why, let me see," exclaimed I, while examining it, "'a turbot,'—of course,—some 'salmon,'—yes, yes, some salmon also, and oyster sauce, and lobster sauce, and shrimp ditto."

'"Would you like all, Sir?" demanded the waiter, looking at me.

'"If you please: and, what meat have you? 'mutton,'—pshaw! too much of that on board:—'poultry,'—quite physic to me;—'wild ducks,' --give me a couple of these;—'Beef,'—aye, a sirloin of beef! and some beef steaks!"

'"Both Sir?" enquired the man; "and pray, Sir, what vegetables?"

'"Why, Sir, of *all* kinds, that you have in the house," was my Asiatic and *en prince* style of reply.

'"Very well, Sir," said the waiter, and away he went, but returned in an instant with a fresh enquiry, which he thought very necessary, of "How many covers am I to lay, Sir?"

'I stared at him.

'"How many gentlemen dine with you, Sir?"

'"None; I dine alone," was my answer. And the man went off in evident astonishment, mingled with his apology of "Oh! I beg pardon, Sir."

'Too tired to go out before dinner, I amused myself at the window. All the world seemed to me to be travelling, or on the move. Stage-coach after stage-coach, at the different coffee-houses and hotels in front; and the many private carriages, with their tall, handsome cattle, and appointments; so superior to our Indian equipages, with their pigmy, though certainly beautiful Arab horses. Then the hackney-coaches, my old, old friends; the very identical drivers, the very same old crazy vehicles, it seemed to strike me, of my thirty and more years' recollection. When the dinner made its appearance, in an hour or two, I soon found myself un-

> able to attack, or touch even half of the contents of the crowded table. Either my appetite had failed me, or the excited nature of my nerves and feelings had induced a state of feverishness that utterly incapacitated me for enjoying the *first* English dinner that greeted me, after so long a portion of my life. I could not help smiling, when I looked at the table, and recollected how often in India, and on shipboard, during pauses of idleness and listless conversation, with others as idle and listless as myself, we were wont to fancy what should be our chosen viands for dinner after landing. And now, like the toys of boyhood, or the many hapless realizations of manhood's hope, and anticipations, the often wished-for means of enjoyment were before me, all uncared for and untouched! My dinner, in its quality and selection, was not much dissimilar to one I have since heard of, which was ordered by four gentlemen, who disembarked at Southampton from India. They each agreed to order their respective dishes. Thus, in the fish way, there was a huge salmon before one, soles in front of a second, cod a third, and turbot the fourth. Then followed separate joints of meat, for they agreed in no single description,—a round of beef, a fillet of veal, a quarter of lamb, and a haunch of venison. An equal variety and abundance betrayed itself in the game and pastry; as also in the fruits, wines, and dessert, till at last there was not a person about the hotel, from the landlady down to boots and the helper in the yard, who did not contrive to steal in, to peep at the newly arrived foreign gentlemen, at their plenteous and diversified repast.—pp. 427—433.

We have not thought it necessary to pay attention to several of the poems which this miscellaneous and entertaining book contains. One of these entitled the 'Cadet,' of considerable length, and in the Don Juan style, may, however, be recommended to those of our readers who are in a humour for laughter.

Art. III.—*La Monäca di Monza.* By Giovanni Rosini. 3 vols. 8vo. Pisa. 1829.

The unprecedented rapidity with which the Romance of Giovanni Rosini, published last spring, ran through eight editions, and the sensation it has caused, induce us to give a more particular account of this work, as showing the progress lately made by the Italians in those minor prose works, (wherein they were hitherto little skilled, and indeed almost wholly unpractised,) which, in the absence of superior compositions, shine like their "*luceoli*," in the night, shedding likewise, as fire-flies, a glittering and uncertain light. Far, very far, during past years, have those portions of the continent, favoured in so high a degree by climate and stirring recollections, departed from their former glories; and comparing present northern activity, with the inert state of the presses, in lands so fertile in brilliant reminiscences, we do not think the figure too strong, or entirely unmerited, when we term the South of Europe the dead sea of literature.

It certainly appears strange, that in a land so rich in fitting matter, so abounding in beautiful and corresponding scenery, so few good romances have hitherto seen the light; hardly any, worth quoting, can be named, and it would seem the musical genius of the South has, in a measure, obliged all tellers of legendary tales or fictions, to betake themselves to poetry and metre; but the transcendent success of those historical romances, which have wafted the fair fame of that eminent person, who first framed their model, to the four quarters of the globe, in addition to calling forth sympathy and admiration in Hesperia's sunny clime, summoned up there the spirit of rivalry; and Manzoni of Milan, whose literary reputation deservedly ranks high in Italy, first boldly took the field with "I Promessi Sposi," in four volumes. After due breathing space, and having allowed astonishment at the novelty to subside, affording also ample opportunity for the properly comprehending, digesting, and criticising its various faults and merits, both to "I Signori Cruscanti dell' Accademia," and to foreigners,—Giovanni Rosini, Professor of the University of Pisa, more modestly followed with 'La Monäca di Monza,' in three 'volumetti.'

The Pisan Professor, timidly distrusting, as it were, his proper force at the outset of the undertaking, and resolved not to deviate rashly from the new path his illustrious forerunner in the race had so fortunately struck out, begins by imitating Manzoni so closely, as to adopt for some of his *actionis personæ*, the characters of the former, and select as his heroine the Nun of Monza, whose history is in the "I Promessi Sposi," slightly outlined in episodean form. Rosini's introduction shortly repeats the leading features of this precedent narrative, which may be thus still more concisely detailed. In 1628, the youngest daughter (Gertrude) of a noble Spanish family, resident in Milan, is forced to take the veil:—whilst in the convent, in consequence of the facility of communication afforded by a garden, she becomes engaged in an amour with a young Bergamot, (Egidio,) at whose instance she afterwards assists in placing Lucia (the heroine of the "I Promessi Sposi") in the power of the "Nameless." Immediately subsequent to this, Rosini, aided by a manuscript of the 17th century, takes up the continuation of her history, and opens his tale. Egidio prevails on Gertrude to escape from the convent, but, when on the eve of departure, receives a challenge from her brother. In the second chapter, we have a description, after the fashion of Sir Walter Scott, of the duel, which, in the minute manner of recounting its circumstances and conduct, rather reminds us of that author's guerric style, although the idea, we are told, in a note, was originally taken from the fatal meeting between Lovelace and Colonel Mordaunt, at the end of Richardson's "Clarissa Harlowe:"—

'Prince Frederick (as Gertrude's brother was entitled) was already on the ground, accompanied, like the other, by two bravos, and Egidio secretly rejoiced on perceiving them inferior in appearance to his own; not that he desired to use unfair means, but because he was anxious to feel secure from treachery being practised towards himself. Prince Frederick eyed him on his approach with a wild and disordered glance, token of strong mental agitation, which presaged unfavourably for the result of a single combat, where skill and coolness have such decided advantages over rage and fury. Egidio, as one who, certain of himself, wished to conquer him in courtesy, was the first to salute: the other scarcely returned to it, but speedily preparing himself, and motioning his companions to retire, drew his sword. The chances, however, were unequal. Prince Frederick had been reputed the first swordsman in Milan, so that whosoever should measure weapons with him might consider his doom fixed. Hence, having the greatest confidence in himself, he had, for some time past, neglected the foil, and retained not that agility so necessary before an active adversary. Egidio (which Frederick had no suspicion of) was not only equal, but far superior to him; and preparing to engage in a combat whence one alone, by the conditions, could depart alive, regretted that he was thus forced to bathe his hands in the blood of Gertrude's brother, but there appeared no alternative.

'He uncloaked calmly; signed likewise to his followers to withdraw, and unsheathed his rapier; but lowering the point and turning to his adversary, said, "My presence here may prove to you that I'm no coward, and your being alive (since three days past your threats were known to me), may shew that neither am I the wretch you call me; but if we are to combat on generous terms, I command my followers, should I fall by your hand, to let you depart in peace, and to keep silence until you've safely past the confines of the Duchy; if it so please you, I pray you do the like by me."

'"Villain," fiercely replied Frederick, "my vengeance shall but anticipate justice; but should you kill the son of Prince ———, save yourself as best you may;" this said, he stept forward to his guard. The Prince was strong limbed, powerful, and muscular, but inclining to that fulness of body which precludes the long continuance of any great personal exertion; Egidio, tall, well proportioned, and of great agility. Frederick's first thrusts, therefore, were bold and resolute, those of Egidio, dexterous and quick; the former had the advantage in strength, whilst the latter, more skilful, always intent on parrying the thrusts, and wielding his weapon with matchless dexterity, watching an opportunity when he deemed his opponent sufficiently exhausted,—assumed the offensive. But Frederick, at that moment pressed on so desperately, that he would have past the steel through and through Egidio, had not the other, by a fortunate movement, received the point in the fleshy part of his right side, wounding the Prince, at the same time, in the left arm. Then commenced a new assault, in which the first, too much weakened to renew as he began, sought, by defending, to repose himself; but Egidio, redoubling his attack, and advancing with a home thrust, catching Frederick's sword under his arm, planted the point in his breast with such dexterity, and rushed forward with such violence, that on his enemy's falling, it appeared as if he, ungenerously profiting thereby, had purposely fallen upon him. The Prince's bravos ran quickly to separate them; Egidio's also came up; but the former seeing him arise, and draw forth his sword reeking with blood from his adversary's body, were witnesses of the fairness of the combat and of their master's miserable end. Egidio, turning to his companions, said, guard the body; watch diligently that neither of these two stir hence till midnight; then return to execute my orders. You, (addressing the others) will bear testimony that I came here summoned, and that the contest was fair, and honourable; take these pieces for your trouble; and, giving them some money, he slowly pursued his way to Monza: when he reached the town, the bells were knelling for the dead.'—vol. i. pp. 44—48.

Egidio and Gertrude, accompanied by Anguillotto, (a trusty follower of the former), fly the Milanese territory, cross the Po with difficulty, and, after incurring many dangers, and constantly alarmed by the dread of being overtaken, or recognized, pass from Bologna to Florence. Here Egidio represents himself as a Mantuan Count, travelling with his lady, enters into society, sees every thing worth notice in the city, and visits the studios of the artists; in the house of one of whom (Pietro Tacca) he meets with Carlo Dolce, who, young as he then was, had already begun to excite attention.

'At the same moment a modest youth, apparently not more than twelve years old, entered silently with downcast eyes, bashfully hesitating to advance. He held something under his coat.

'"Come, come forward, my little Carlo," said Tacca; "take courage, and do not be alarmed at these gentlemen who make allowance for your age. Your picture of Signor Giovanni dei Bardi was somewhat stiff, the one of Ximenes better, and I trust you'll always go on improving."

'"An it please God and the most Holy Virgin, pains shall not be wanting on my part."

'"What novelty have you?"

'"Here it is, Signor Pietro, but I am ashamed to shew it to a great man like you;" and he displayed on a small piece of canvass, *the Adoration of the Wise Men.*

'When Tacca had examined it, "Bravo, little Carlo," said he, "Bravo, you deserve a cup of chocolate."

'"I'm greatly obliged to you; but these luxurious beverages are not for a poor boy like me."

'"Study, work on, and you'll become as great as Signor Giovanni was. And for whom is the picture?"

'"For his highness, Prince Leopold."

'"And what price do you intend to ask him?"

'"Do you think five-and-twenty crowns too much? I have been two months about it."

'"No, it is not too much; but don't ask more, for I'm certain his highness will make you a present. Moderate prices please the *dilettanti;* and giving reputation to the artists keeps them always employed, whilst high prices create distaste, and prejudice them."

'Having listened attentively and bowed assent, Carlo was about to take his leave. "Don't go away, little Carlo, wait for the chocolate (and as he wished to excuse himself)—no, no, he added, I insist on your staying, so sit you down."

'The chocolate came; little Carlo, who held the picture in one hand, and his hat in the other, was at a loss what to do with either. Coupling the hat and picture, he held them in his left hand; but his embarrassment increased, when cakes being brought with the cup, he found it was necessary to manage both. Chocolate he had never tasted, for he was poor, and left an orphan with many brothers; he seldom went out; and except his master, fellow pupils, and some Benedictine monks, knew no one in the world. He placed the hat upon the floor on one side; the little picture behind his back on the chair, and took the chocolate; but, on beginning to sip it, he burnt his mouth.'—vol. i. pp. 235—238.

In the subsequent introduction to the famous Galileo, the Professor has shewn much tact and cleverness:—

'They entered the chamber with the silence and veneration suited to a holy place. The window was a little closed; but the light, though faint, shone on the countenance of that venerable old man; who was sitting up in bed, dressed in a close vest of dark cloth, a loose furred gown, whose lining of celestial blue time had somewhat faded, thrown over it, and a white kerchief round his neck. His majestic forehead was uncovered, never even in the depth of winter was he accustomed to sleep otherwise; his eyes sparkled with the most brilliant lustre, although the sinking eyelids began to indicate what nature threatened; the bed covering was of green serge; green also were the bedstead and the frame-work above the pillow. On the left they heard the ticking of a pendulum clock, that pointed to the hour with an arrow; to their right was a telescope on a box-wood stand, placed on the top of a large chest; and at the head of the bed, hung a picture, beautifully representing Jesus in his mother's arms; a present from his dear friend Cigoli. His hands rested on the bed covering, whereon lay an open book; while Pandolfini, introducing Egidio, was repeating the phrases usual on presenting a stranger to a man of merit, the latter admired in extasy the imposing features of the sublime searcher into nature's mysteries; the cheeks a little fallen from age, the forehead furrowed by long study and deep thought, the eyes used to gaze upon the heavens, the lips whence flowed, as from a perpetual fountain, eloquence and science. Egidio, next turning his attention to the plainness of the bed in which he slept, the unfurnished state of the apartments, and the humble chairs around it, mentally exclaimed; "How insignificant appear here the most gorgeous vanities of the earth."'—vol. i. pp. 272, 273.

Egidio visits the Signora Barbara Albizzi, wife of a Florentine gentleman, whose fame he had heard highly extolled, and of whom, after the first interview, he becomes suddenly and deeply enamoured. Persevering in this new and hopeless passion, which arouses Gertrude's jealousy and makes her miserable, he is waylaid on returning late one night from the Albizzi palace, by assassins sent in quest of him by her father, and taken up for dead; he is confined by his wounds, and tenderly nursed by Gertrude, until the plague (for the professor obsequiously stepping in Manzoni's track must needs introduce the plague) breaks out in Florence; when she is taken ill and conveyed to the Lazzaretto, where Barbara Albizzi is also lying. They both recover, and Egidio and Gertrude are obliged to remain in Florence during the singular quarantine, which, under the immediate direction of the Grand-duke, succeeded the termination of the plague.

'Scarcely had the sun mounted the horizon on the morning of St. Roch, when twelve heralds, on horseback, setting forth from the Petti Palace, proclaimed with their trumpets, throughout the six districts of the city, the strict beginning of the quarantine, and the severest punishments to those who broke it. All houses were shut up, the churches closed, commerce suspended, the magistrates no longer assembled, public places abandoned, streets left desolate; the feeble echo of the distant trumpets, and the trampling of the cavalry, alone were heard; these dying away, and a long and universal silence succeeding, the great and populous city appeared forsaken and deserted. In vain, columns, statues, and monuments, attested the works of man; and whosoever should have then arrived, would have imagined himself traversing the streets of Herculaneum or Pompeii, had not sounds from that holy instrument which, from the tower's height, marks the duties of religion, and the wants of society, given token of life. At those sounds, hundreds of carriages, starting from six stations, and spreading through the city, carried food to the imprisoned inhabitants. Stripped of their silk and velvet cushions, the most elegant equipages, so oft subservient to luxury and show, had been generously appropriated by their owners (the Grand-duke setting the example) to the public use. Two gentlemen in every street were appointed to keep order; six of the most distinguished senators presided in the six districts over the duties of the gentlemen. The distribution begun, the Grand-duke, affording a memorable instance of paternal charity, descending, surrounded by his courtiers, visited each quarter, watched everywhere,—everywhere animated the zeal of his deputies in labours so meritorious and novel. He stopt at the poorest houses, spoke courteously and pleasantly, re-assured by his firmness, and consoled by his commiserating kindness. The distribution to the people being finished, at a fresh sounding of the bell were opened the shops furnishing the necessaries of life. During the short period set apart for the purpose, one person from each house, having a certificate of health, wearing a waxed garment, and forbidden to hold intercourse with the sellers, was permitted to go out and purchase. At the third stroke houses and shops were again closed. The regulations of the first day were renewed for forty others, without variation; only the order and rapidity of distribution increased with practice, as did the diligence and zeal in the hopes of success.

'And that, to the supplying the necessities of humanity, the succours of religion might not be wanting, the priests went about on festivals, and heard the sacramental confession upon the thresholds; the sacrament for the devout and sick followed shortly after. The former assembled at the tinkling of the little bell, and the latter were brought in the arms of their relatives to receive it in the street. Mass was then celebrated in the principal and inferior thoroughfares, and from the doors and windows all listened attentively; but each day, a little before sunset, the priest, the ministers, and curates of every parish, forming in procession, and halting at the heads of the streets, called also, with their little bell, the faithful to the Rosario.

'At the windows of every habitation, as well from the sumptuous palaces as from the humbler dwellings, great and small, servants and masters, were seen kneeling with uplifted hands; and when the ministers of the Lord, after having preached upon the mysteries of the Redemption, and applied them to the case of the present scourge, began to pray,—responses thundered in chorus from the entire population. Spectacle extraordinary and unique! to behold at the same hour, in every part thereof, a whole city, converted into a temple under the vault of Heaven, communicating with the Deity by prayer.'—vol. iii. pp. 146—150.

Egidio lingers in Florence, and Gertrude, suspecting Barbara Albizzi to be still the cause, consults a reputed sorceress, which leads to their servant being stopped at one of the city gates, and finally to their arrest and discovery. Egidio is thrown into prison, and Gertrude sent to a convent, there to await the sentence of the church. Gertrude's father, whom death has, meanwhile, deprived of every other member of his family, urgently prays the Archbishop Borromeo to intercede for her; and orders arrive, requiring them to appear in Milan. Egidio, crossing the Apennines, is rescued by Anguillotto and the bravos, with whom he plans to liberate Gertrude from her escort, at the moment of their crossing the Po, and the catastrophe approaches.

'At that moment a musket-shot is heard, and a small bark with three armed men on board, is seen sailing towards them. Gertrude then raising her eyes, and seeing Egidio, who stood foremost, in eagerness to board, gave a shriek, which echoed in his inmost heart. Their mutual miseries, their common dangers, and their hopes, united them, and both at once remembered the night passed in the ferryman's cottage. The shot having alarmed the horses, the Swiss, holding the bridles by the left hand, grasped with their right the carbines slung across their shoulders, and, called to arms by their officer, prepared to sustain the reputation of Swiss courage. At the signal fired, a four-oared boat from the opposite side, without any appearance of containing more than the rowers, bounded rapidly over the water in the same direction as the bark. Francesco first perceived it, but doubt and fear keeping him silent, the Swiss who faced the bark had no intimation of the other danger, until Anguillotto, when within pistol-shot, springing up with Siboga and his companions, cried out to them to surrender; and catching hold immediately afterwards of the ferry-boat, during the confusion of the Swiss, distracted by the horses and Egidio's threats, afforded Gertrude the opportunity of rushing towards her lover; who, holding a pistol in his right hand, and a dagger in his mouth, was in the act of boarding. The Swiss commander, being the nearest, aimed a mortal thrust, which would certainly have slain him, had not a shot from Anguillotto's pistol stretched the unfortunate Helvetian on the deck. The mules of the Lettiga rearing at this juncture, and one of the Swiss having turned to assist his officer, while the other two were engaged in defending themselves from Egidio (who, however, abstained from using his fire-arms, for fear of injuring his followers), Anguillotto succeeded in seizing Gertrude, half dead with terror, and letting her fall, rather than descend, into the boat beneath. But the Swiss, finding his officer dead, and doubly infuriate at Gertrude's escape, heedless of peril, threw himself on Anguillotto; and clinging to him, shouted to his companions to kill him. Anguillotto, twisting like a snake, disengaged himself; but, stooping to recover a poniard he had dropt, was again more firmly grasped by the other; whereupon, seeing no readier way of freedom, he jumped into the river, dragging the Swiss along with him. Surprise, the shock, and fear, made the Swiss loose his hold; and the water, filling the cumbrous dress, and adding to the weight of a heavy, clumsy person, ignorant of swimming, he quickly perished.* Not so with Anguillotto, who, swimming lustily, kept himself above water. But when, raising his head, he waved an arm to his comrades, they were already distant. All hastened to his assistance; Siboga in the boat which was nighest, the rest more slowly in the bark. Egidio, on the prow of the latter, was directing and exhorting them to save Anguillotto; but on the boat's nearing, and his successfully grasping, first an oar, and afterwards a hand, which Siboga, leaning over, had extended,—a discharge from four carbines proved fatal to Egidio, and he fell, mortally wounded, into the river. The unhappy youth had not even time to look on Gertrude, or utter a single exclamation; whilst she, reckless of the firing, kept her eyes fixed on the spot where the body, overwhelmed and carried away by the stream, crimsoned in bloody streaks the waves that buried it. Anxiety to save him was more powerful than her despair, and she continued, with desperate shrieks and gestures, to urge the rowers; when a second discharge stretched Siboga at her feet, and by a third, she herself fell, stricken in the arm. Meanwhile, the swiftness of the current bore far away her lover's mangled corpse. From the flash and report of the first fatal volley, she had suffered the terrors of death, previously to losing her senses from her own wound. And opportune, indeed, was that unexpected succour. The two first discharges came from four Spaniards, who, journeying to the Po in order to receive Gertrude from the Swiss, chanced to arrive at the moment of the contest, and instantly embarked to aid her escort. The last shots were fired by the two Swiss remaining in Francesco's ferry-boat.'—vol. iii. pp. 299—303.

A parley is held, and Anguillotto learning for the first time that his mistress is a fugitive nun, delivers her up without further resistance. The wound proving slight, she is conveyed to Milan, and taken to the palace of the archbishop, who, finding her sincerely penitent, administers consolation, and listens to her confession: this is unexpectedly interrupted by the sudden entrance of her proud, unnatural, but now aged and broken-hearted parent.

'Hearing the laboured footsteps of a person slowly advancing, she lifted up her head, and half looked round; but when Gertrude saw, and recognised him who approached, starting up with the lightning movement of one that flies a dungeon, she gave a cry, more piteous and terrible than speech; and with her arms thrown back in the most expressive attitude of repulse, her head rolling like a maniac's, she rushed through the nearest door, and closing it violently, seizing and dragging along, in the wildest phrenzy, and with supernatural force, whatever her hand laid hold of, she barricadoed herself within. The prince, stupified and powerless at the action, and leaning almost breathless on his staff, eagerly gazed on the archbishop, expecting, with that hope which never abandons even the most guilty, a word of consolation, or of pity. But (now that all is known) did he deserve it from the world? and had he not been long undeserving thereof in the sight of heaven? Borromeo also was moved, and calling to memory the means employed to influence the youthful mind of Gertrude by her father, elevating his voice with that accent which speaks from the heart:—"Dost thou return again, O miserable man," he said, "to lie before the minister of Him whom it is impossible to deceive? And with one foot on the borders of eternity, how shalt thou dare to front the awful passage? how wilt thou sustain that angel's aspect who weighs in the golden balance the duties of fathers towards their children? Thou hast heard from her mouth, O barbarous parent, the cry of outraged nature, but hast not comprehended all its dreadful import, for on thy head it calls down the punishment of seduction; on thy head the crimes committed; on thy head the sacrilege; on thy head the blood of thine own son, slain by the hand of her guilty lover."

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* See Burley's death in "Old Mortality."

'The wretched old man, overcome by this denunciation, swooned, and fell. The archbishop ordered the assistance humanity required to be afforded him; whilst, in the state to which he was reduced, the hand of God was plainly visible.—The manuscript which has hitherto guided me throughout this tale, ending here, it is uncertain whether the prince embraced his daughter before his death; but with regard to her, it is known, that, placed in a convent of the strictest discipline, the Heavenly mercy granted her long life, that long might be her repentance.'—vol. iii. pp. 319—323.

The productions of Manzoni and Rosini, undoubtedly form an era in what may eventually become an extremely amusing part of Italian literature; as such, their authors are entitled to our praise and thanks, and we heartily trust they will be prompted to fresh and, we hope, prosperous efforts; but we could wish them in future to take a loftier flight, and let their genius soar upon a nobler pinion; for assuredly, times in which lived a Sforza, a Giovanni Visconti, or the Borgios,—times abounding in romantic incidents of the most picturesque and striking nature,—would furnish scenes and characters more generally and deeply interesting, and worthier subjects for the pens of men possessing first-rate qualifications.

ART. IV.—*Random Records.* By George Colman the Younger. Two volumes. 8vo. London: Colburn and Bentley. 1830.

WITH infinite truth hath George Colman "the younger,"—though not much younger we suspect, than any other living person of his name,—entitled this precious piece of autobiography, 'Random Records.' If to write at random, mean to wander from one subject to another, to jump from infancy to age, and back again to infancy, and to stop, occasionally, half way at manhood, and diverge, *ad libitum,* to every point in the circle of life,—the "younger" of all his race hath accomplished his purpose, in the fullest sense,—indeed in the greatest latitude which can be given to that expression. George thinks nothing of taking his reader up, in one page, at the year 1770, and setting him down in the next at 1830. His work is a sort of steam carriage, which dashes over the road at the rate of a hundred miles in a minute. Up hill, down the precipice, through the town, through the country, by the sea,—on he goes, a panoramist of the first order, who sets all the rules of chronology and system at defiance.

Now, this sort of license which our "younger" friend assumes may be very well for him; it may be very poetical, and very dramatic, and perfectly convenient, particularly as he well knows that the slightest approach to order would only betray the nakedness and barrenness of the land. The fact is, that George, having little to tell, or rather—little that he would wish to tell, has a great deal to say. He talks against time, or rather against the printer. He must compose two volumes, and whether he fills them up with nonsense or wit, with prologue or epilogue, botany or burletta,—signifies to him not one jot. Contrary to the doctrine of Milton,

—"Thy words at random
Argue thy inexperience,"

our autobiographer's 'records at random,' display the fruits of worldly wisdom, which he has gathered in his "younger" days; for he candidly confesses that he prints them, because he accepted 'a very good offer from his bookseller,' a reason, which, he thinks, 'influenced most of his predecessors.'

Who doubts it? Not we, at least, for we have had too much of auto-biography from the prolific machinery of Messrs. Colburn and Bentley, not to know that this line of literature has been, and still is,—and, until we destroy the nuisance, will continue to be, driven as a mere matter of trade,—a speculation of mere pecuniary profit. In the ordinary course of things, men of accomplished intellects write, because they write to communicate to the world, thoughts, which, in their own opinion, are calculated to enlighten, instruct, or amuse mankind. But, in the extraordinary state of trade in which we live, many literary mechanics are employed to indite, because booksellers wish to get money, The true and only legitimate end of publication, considered as its main object,—the improvement of mankind, is altogether merged in the sordid love of gain. It would, even, seem that discrimination as to the real value of a new work is altogether out of the question. The object seems now to be,—production, publication, sale, no matter of what sort of trash, provided it have an attractive name, and a spice of novelty. George Colman the "younger" lets the cat out of the bag. 'I write,' he ingenuously proclaims, 'because I have accepted a very good offer from my booksellers!'

We can easily imagine George not a little frightened when first this golden temptation came in his way. "What!" he may have questioned his inner soul, "am I expected, in consideration of the sum of 500*l.*, to make a real history of my life? If to my share 'some venial errors fall,' am I to expose them to the world; am I to season my pages with all the scandal that I know, with every scene, before and behind the curtain, in which I performed a part? Am I to bring, again, upon the stage dramas and farces, which I fear everybody has forgotten, and to make persons figure upon it, whom I have no particular desire to remember? Am I, in short, to tell where and how I lived since I became George Colman the Younger?" Consulting with his booksellers, he would, at once, be told that he was born in the year one of the new Augustan age; that these were all exploded notions of the darker centuries; that he might make his mind perfectly easy,—just disclose as much as he thought fit of his life, gather together all the recollections of men and things which were floating in his brain, give the thing a selling name, and by no means to forget, in the title-page, that he was George Colman "the Younger!" With this *carte blanche* in his pocket, off he sets to his lodgings, works harder than he worked before, since he departed from the Haymarket, gets into a fever, gets out of it, resumes his pen, freshens up a few incidents of his early life, admits one or two of his slightest "venial errors," glosses over the others with a roguish laugh at your folly for expecting even an apology, and, having accumulated quires of foolscap concerning all things, and a great many other things, he sends them to Burlington Street, and gets his money. "People may say what they like concerning my production," thinks the 'Younger' slyly to himself, "but there are the two volumes, and here are my five hundred pounds,"—no small consideration, certainly, for a work which, exclusive of the paper, is worth about one shilling and four-pence!

The reader, after this exordium, may feel pretty well assured that we are not going to give him that full, true, and particular account of George Colman the Younger, which the said George has declined giving of himself. As well as we can calculate, the fabricator of that droll composition called "The Mountaineers," must be now somewhere about his seventieth winter. It were wonderful, indeed, if, during so extended a life, he had not beheld a great variety of faces, and heard innumerable small anecdotes. He, accordingly, begins with his first schoolmaster, and the said schoolmaster's wife, who once held the rod of empire over Mary-le-bone Seminary,—Dr. and Mrs. Fountain,—in the sunshine of whose favour George did not often bask, he having been a most incorrigible idler. From this school we trace him, through the mist of many pages, to Aberdeen, whither he was exiled for being too fond of the green-room of his father's theatre. A few terms at Oxford completed his education, when he was called to the administration of the Haymarket, by the sudden incapacitation of his progenitor; what he has since been, and what he has done, all the world knows, at least, all that part of the world which has the least curiosity to know any thing about 'George Colman the Younger.'

Three or four passages, selected, with difficulty, from the mass of small talk with which these volumes are overloaded, will be sufficient to save the reader from the trouble of turning over their pages in the search after novelty or entertainment. We must confess, that when that exceedingly stupid work, called "The Connoisseur," first fell into our hands, we had no idea of the facility with which its dissertations were produced. It seems, however, that the "currente calamo" has been left as an heir-loom in the family.

We own, that we could not refrain from a smile, at the reflection which our autobiographer makes upon the frail humanity of Bonnell Thornton, the associate of his father in the above-named periodical.

'On starting this publication, the authors were pledged, as is usual in periodical writings, to produce a certain quantity of letter-press, on certain days; and when the *onus* fell upon Thornton to provide materials, he *waddled out*, like a lame duck in the alley; that is, he was delinquent, after having promised to be punctual, and, at almost the very last moment, his partner was left to supply his deficiency. On one of these occasions, the joint authors met, in hurry and irritation, to extricate themselves from the dilemma; my father enraged, or sulky, Thornton muzzy with liquor, the Essay to be publish'd on the next morning, not a word of it written, nor even a subject thought on, and the press waiting; nothing to be done but to scribble helter-skelter. "Sit down, Colman," said Thornton, "by od! * we must give the blockheads something." My industrious sire, conscious of obligations to be fulfill'd, sat down immediately, writing whatever came into his head, *currente calamo*. Thornton, in the mean time, walk'd up and down, taking huge pinches of snuff, seeming to ruminate, but not suggesting one word, or contributing one thought. When my father had thrown upon paper about half of a moral Essay, Thornton, who was still pacing the room, with a glass of brandy and water in his hand, stutter'd out, "Write away, Colman! by od! you are a bold fellow! you can tell them that *virtue is a fine thing*;" implying that my father wrote nothing but mere common-place, and instructed his readers in what every body knew before.

'This somewhat recondite sarcasm came ludicrously enough from a man who, through his own default in moral principle, was pushing his partner to save both their credits, at a minute's warning.

'I believe that, after this joint concern, the intimacy of the colleagues, though they were always upon good terms, was not kept up; nor was it likely to be, with two persons of such different habits, except in their pursuits of literature. I have no recollection of having ever seen Thornton at my father's house. Not long before his (Thornton's) death, these two quondam co-partners had occasion to meet in London, on some business, at a tavern; their interview was at *noon*, and Thornton came half drunk! During their conversation upon the business which had brought them together, my father observed to his old friend, that he regretted to see he by no means appear'd in good health. "Health!" said Thornton, "look here!" and he pointed to his ancles, which were alarmingly swollen; can't you see? 'tis the dropsy? by 'od! I'm a-going:" and he *was* going, for he died shortly afterwards.

'When Thornton was on his death bed, his relations surrounding it, he told them that he should expire before he had counted twenty; and, covering his head with the bed clothes, he began to count—"One, two, —, —, —, eighteen, nineteen, twenty." He then thrust out his head, exclaiming, "By 'od! its very strange! but why aren't you all crying?" "Teach my son," said he to the by-standers, "teach him, when I am gone, his A, B, C; I know mine in several languages, but I perceive no good that the knowledge has done me; so, if you never teach him his A, B, C, at all, it don't much signify." Within an hour after this, poor Bonnell Thornton breath'd his last. This is dreadful! To see a man of learning and genius lost and besotted, at an age when his talents and experience should have elevated him to many years' enjoyment of the world's admiration and respect, to see him on the brink of a premature grave, looking down, like an idiot, into the " narrow dwelling," and beholding it with fever'd levity!—can there be a more mortifying picture of frail humanity?' —vol. i. pp. 140—143.

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* By od!" was his favourite apostrophe; he spoke inarticulately, and *lipp'd* many of his words.

George's first night in his rooms at Oxford is not badly described.

'My spirits had been flurried during the day, from the revolution in my state:—launched from the School-dock into the wide Ocean of a University, matriculated by the Vice Chancellor in the morning, left by my father at noon, dining in the Hall at three o'clock, unknowing and almost unknown, informed that I must be in the Chapel next day, soon after sun-rise, elated with my growing dignity, depressed by boyish *mauvaise honte,* among the Sophs, dreading College discipline, forestalling College jollity,—ye gods! what a conflict of passions does all this create in a booby boy!

'I was glad, on retiring early to rest, that I might ruminate for five minutes over the *important* events of the day, before I fell fast asleep.

'I was not then in the habit of using a night-lamp, or burning a rush-light, so, having dropt the extinguisher upon my candle, I got into bed, and found, to my dismay, that I was reclining in the dark, upon a surface very like that of a pond in a hard frost. The jade of a bedmaker had spread the spick and span new sheeting over the blankets, fresh from the linendraper's shop, unwash'd, uniron'd, unair'd, " wiith all its imperfections on its head."

'Through the tedious hours of an inclement January night, I could not close my eyes; my teeth chatter'd, my back shiver'd, I thrust my head under the bolster, drew up my knees to my chin, it was all useless, I could not get warm; I turned again and again, at every turn a hand or a foot touch'd upon some new cold place, and, at every turn, the chill, glazy clothwork crepitated like iced buckram. God forgive me for having execrated the authoress of my calamity! but, I verily think that the meekest of Christians, who prays for his enemies, and for mercy upon all " Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Hereticks," would, in his orisons, in such a night of misery, make a specific exception against his bedmaker.

'I rose betimes, languid and feverish, hoping that the customary morning ablutions would somewhat refresh me, but on taking up a towel, I might have exclaim'd with Hamlet, " *Aye there's the rub!*" it was just in the same stubborn state as the linen of the bed, and as uncompromising a piece of huckaback, of a yard long and three-quarters wide (I give the usual dimensions), as ever presented its superficies to the skin of a gentleman.

'Having wash'd and scrubb'd myself in the bedchamber till I was nearly flay'd with the friction, I proceeded to my sitting-room, where I found a blazing fire, and a breakfast very neatly laid out, but again I encounter'd the same *rigour!* The tea equipage was placed upon a substance which was snow white, but unyielding as a skin of new parchment from the law stationer, it was the eternal unwash'd linen! and I dreaded to sit down to hot rolls and butter, lest I should cut my shins against the edge of the table-cloth.

'In short, I found upon inquiry that I was only undergoing the common lot, the usual seasoning, of almost every Freshman, whose fate it is to *crackle* through the first ten days or fortnight of his residence in College. But the most formidable piece of drapery belonging to him is his new surplice, in which he attends chapel on certain days of the week; it covers him from his chin to his feet, and seems to stand on end in emulation of a full suit of armour. Cased in this linen panoply, (the certain betrayer of an academical *débutant*), the new comer is to be heard at several yards' distance on his way across a quadrangle, cracking and bouncing like a dry faggot upon the fire, and he never fails to command notice in his repeated marches to prayer, till soap and water have silenced the noise of his arrival at Oxford.'—vol. i. pp. 300—303.

The only poet whom the embryo dramatist knew was a poor devil named Harding, whom we must introduce to the reader.

'Had my rage for scribbling, by the bye, broken out before I quitted Oxford, I do not recollect any rival (the professor of poetry always excepted) whom I should have encounter'd in the whole University, but poet Harding.* This man was a half crazy creature (as poets indeed generally are), and was well-known in most of the Colleges. He ran the Bell-Man hard in composition, but could not come up to him in rank, or in riches; living chiefly upon what he could get from the under-graduates, by engaging to find, instantaneously, a rhyme for any word in the English language; and when he could not find, he coined one, as in the case of *rimney* for chimney, which he call'd a *wild* rhyme. To this *improvisare* talent, he added that of personification; sometimes he walk'd about with a scythe in his hand as Time, sometimes with an anchor as Hope. One day I met him with a huge broken brick and some bits of thatch upon the crown of his hat; on my asking him for a solution of this *prosopopoeia*—"Sir," said he, "to-day is the anniversary of the celebrated Doctor Goldsmith's death, and I am now in the character of his '*Deserted Village*.'"'—vol. i. pp. 306, 307.

What a pity it is that Foote does not rise from his grave, to lecture our country gentlemen upon the currency!

'In giving sumptuous dinners to the first society in Edinburgh, his mode of preparing for these entertainments was a strange kind of satire, by contrast, upon "Scotch economy." Jewel told me, that while Foote remain'd there, he paper'd up the curls of his wig, every night before he went to bed, with the one-pound notes of Scotland, to show his contempt for promissory paper of so little value, which was not then in English circulation; and that when his cook attended him next morning for orders, not orders for the play, but orders for dinner, he unroll'd the curls on each side of his head, giving her the one-pound notes to purchase provisions, *ad libitum*, and then sent her to market in a *sedan-chair*.

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* Oxford was better stock'd with poets in previous times, as appears by the following distich:—

"Alma novem genuit celebres Rhedyeina poetas,
Bub, Stubb, Grubb, Crabb, Trapp, Young, Carey, Tickel, Evans."

'Even in England, Foote was ostentatious and vulgarly fine before his guests. It was his custom at his own table, as soon as the cloth was removed, to ask "Does anybody drink port?" if the unanimous answer happen'd to be "no," he always call'd out to the servants in waiting, "*take away the ink.*"'—vol. ii. pp. 69, 70.

George is rather more communicative upon the subject of his dramas than upon any other part of his personal narrative. As those famous compositions are so well known, and so universally admired, the reader must be curious to become initiated in their secret history, and especially in the general rules for dramatic writing which our great author lays down.

'Shortly after my return to College, I sat down to write my *First Play;* and *boy's play* I made of it! trusting, at the beginning of my fable, entirely to chance for a middle and an end. I had no materials for a plot, further than the common-place foundation of a marriage projected by parents, contrary to the secret views and wishes of the parties to be united; and which, of course, is to be obviated by the usual series of stratagems, accidents, and equivoques. Alas! what those stratagems, &c. were to be, or how the second scene was to be conducted, I had not any idea, while I was writing the first: but, having finish'd the first, I hurried on into the second, with as little forecast about the third; and so on, from scene to scene, spinning out stage *business* (as it is term'd) as I went along, and scribbling at hap-hazard, "as humours and conceits might govern," till I came to the conclusion of *Act One.*

'One act completed, enabled me to proceed somewhat less at random, in the two acts to come, by obliging me to consider a little about the means of continuing, and then unravelling, the perplexities I had already created; still I persevered, as to whole acts, in the same want of regular plan which had mark'd my progress, in respect to scenes; at Christmas, however, I found that I had flounder'd through two-thirds of a three-act piece, which I call'd a Musical Comedy, under the title of "*Two to One,*" and which I have already mention'd in the fourth chapter of this volume.

'In this improvident way I have written all my dramas, which are not founded either on some historical incident, or on some story or anecdote, which I have met with in print; and, of those thus founded, I never made out a scheme of progressive action before I began upon the dialogue.

'The historical incidents to which I have been indebted have, of course, help'd me, in some measure, to see my way in the formation of a plot, but they have not been of a nature to furnish me with materials for a whole play; no more have the fictitious stories, except one,* so that, even when I have borrowed a little, I have coin'd a great deal, and have coin'd (to use a common phrase) *off-hand.*

'It is out of my power to ascertain in what manner all poets buckle to their task; but if Bayes's question of "*how do you do when you write ?*" were put to every living dramatist, I doubt whether any two of them would answer alike; at all events, I presume to think that not one of them goes into training for the undertaking after Bayes's own original receipt; "If," says he, " I am to write familiar things, I make use of stew'd prunes only, but when I have a grand design in hand I ever take physick and let blood."

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* "Things as they are, or the Adventures of Caleb William, written by William Godwin." This novel is best known by its second title.

'Æschylus, we are told, took a directly opposite course—drinking deep before he could flash his poetical fires, or thunder his dithyrambicks; his style was, in consequence, so very vehement, that Aristophanes call'd him a mad bull, and Sophocles said to him (but he was a rival, remember) that his tragedies were produced by the wine, and not by the poet. I know not whether any modern bards may follow the bibacious Grecian's example, but certainly some of them indulge in flights which are none of the soberest, while several, on the other hand, if they be water-drinkers, have resorted to Hippocrene, less than to any other fountain, for their potations.

'I have heard of an indefatigable author, whose method was to write five-and-twenty acts, and then to reduce them to five, by paring down his exuberances; of another, who so matured his plan, that he always wrote his last act first; and of a third, who was so plagued and puzzled in making *denouements*, that he was for abolishing the last acts of plays altogether. Various, indubitably, are the modes of going to work upon a theatrical entertainment: but if I were to start afresh as a dramatist, (*quod Dii avertant!*) I would so far profit from experience as to abide by the few following resolutions:—

'*First*, To draw up a *prospectus* of the story and the stage business, previously to beginning to write the Play. This I believe to be the practice of most authors. My father made an outline, of the above kind, (which I have publish'd,*) for the comedy of "The Clandestine Marriage," under three different heads; namely, "Idea of Principal Characters;" "Rough Draught of the General Scheme;" and "Loose Hints of Acts and Scenes."

'*Secondly*, To avoid much precision, and detail in the prospectus; for, by filling up the outline too minutely, there is danger of fettering fancy and checking further invention, while writing the Play. When an author is contented with what he has specifically set down for himself to do, he is less likely to warm with the subject as he proceeds;—it is natural for him to go plodding on, without eliciting such new matter as is sometimes happily produced from the spur of the moment.—Criticks have been pleased to observe, that it was a good hit when I made Inkle offer Yarico for sale to the person whom he afterwards discovers to be his intended father-in law;† —the hit, good or bad, only occurr'd to me when I came to that part of the piece in which it is introduced, and arose from the accidental turn which I had given to previous scenes; as it is not in the original story, it would, in all probability, *not* have occur'd to me while coldly preparing an elaborate prospectus; and such a prospectus once made, it is ten to one that I should have follow'd it mechanically.

'*Thirdly*, In choosing to strike out a Drama from some historical fact, or ready-made tale of fiction, always to select a *short* and single one;—

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* See "*Addenda* to Posthumous Letters to the *Colmans*."

† '"The incident of Inkle's happening to make the offer of Yarico for sale to the Governor of Barbadoes, his intended father-in-law, without knowing him, is a very happy idea."—*Biographia Dramatica*.'

by single, I mean free from complications. A scanty subject which requires to be amplified, both stimulates the imagination and gives it *elbow-room.* Hence, new characters are engrafted upon the original stock, new incidents grow out of the appropriated ground; and the dramatist obtains greater credit when his own creative muse has assisted in laying out a patch taken from the common.

'In the Play of "The Battle of Hexham" (my first raw attempt at that kind of drama) I took little more than the historical hint of Queen Margaret's adventure with the Robber;—in "The Surrender of Calais," my superstructure was raised upon the simple basis of Edward the Third ordering six French citizens to be hang'd. The "Biographia Dramatica" asserts, that I have borrow'd the plot from a novel, call'd "*The Siege of Calais*:" I have read that novel, but am not conscious of being thus indebted to it. The Opera of "Inkle and Yarico" owes its origin to a page or two in the "Spectator;" in these, and other instances,* where I adopted less limited though not extensive ground-works, I found, or fancied I found, that, (however eligible the subjects which I borrow'd) if the loans had been larger, I should have been duller.

'I had almost forgotten my obligations to the Parisian stage; but there is much adulteration in those few light dramas which I have imported from abroad; and my versions of them may be call'd, (as Sneer says in "The Critick") "not *translations*, but only *taken from the French.*"

'*Fourthly*, Which is a kind of corollary from the third resolution,—as, indeed, the third is a branch from the second; never to dramatize a novel of two or three volumes; there is so much to reject for want of room, yet so much to compress which cannot be left out, that the original is mutilated, while the copy is encumber'd.'—vol. ii. pp. 175—182.

If our readers complain, after poring over this article, that they knew as little of George Colman the Younger when they arrive at the end, as they did when they began at the beginning of it, we must avow that we are ourselves precisely in the same happy condition. We have read the two volumes, and yet we have gained no acquaintance with the author. Other volumes (alas!) are said to be in preparation, in which George will, perhaps, tell us how many cups and saucers he has, how many coats he wears in the year, and how many days in the week he dines out. If it would not be too great a favour, we hope he will oblige us so far as to add, in an appendix, his tailor's bill, and that occasionally furnished to him by his washerwoman. These would be rare documents! With a little contrivance they might be made to occupy five or six pages, and so be of some assistance towards the fulfilment of his new contract.

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* '"*The Africans*," taken from a compendious Tale in the French language, by Florian; and "*The Mountaineers*," partly from the Don Quixote of Cervantes."'

Art. V.—*Discoveries in the Science and Art of Healing, together with the Evidence upon which the Author claims the Confidence of the Country.* By John St. John Long, Esq., M. R. S. L. 8vo. pp. 111. London: Burgess and Hill. 1830.

St. John Long's Discoveries! Quis Novus hic hospes? Is it a Columbus that is revived in our day, or merely a Bruce? Is he a Parry or a Clapperton? Of what quality are the glorious spoils which he has brought home to deposit in the temple of Science? What manner of adventurous Daniel is it that has come to judgment amongst us? Has he really turned up a continent, or but added an ocean to the map of the earth; or is it of some antient stream that he has succeeded in tracing the undoubted pedigree?

To no such material pursuits has the genius of St. John Long been devoted; he aims at higher game: the noblest work of nature, the human frame, has been the worthy subject of his inquisitive research. "Awake my St. John," exclaimed his tutelary genius, in a quotation from an immortal bard, and he was quickly "up and doing," in conformity with the heart-stirring injunction.

> 'Awake my St. John, leave all meaner things
> To low ambition, and the pride of Kings.
> Let us, since life can little more supply
> Than just to look about us and to die,
> *Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man,*
> A mighty maze, *but not without a plan.*'

Need we say who this worthy is? In sober truth, he is a *Cure-monger*, the quack-regnant of his day, infinitely above Messrs. Jordan, and Dr. Eady too, as well as Mr. Speed of the Seven Dials, member of the College of Surgeons, and the Lady in Long Acre, who cures the worms. Van Butchell is not able to hold a candle to our St. John, nor would old Solomon of Gilead be fit to be his link-boy. The mansion of St. John stands in the patrician precincts of Harley-street; a pretty distinction for a man with whom it was once a toss up, whether or not he should remain, for the more dignified part of his life, in the occupation of extracting potatoes from the bowels of the earth, in the suburbs of his native town of Doneraile, which curious denomination, by the bye, Kelly, the Irish bard, has preserved in his immortal rhymes, as being a most suitable colleague for the rare but not less musical title of "Grauna waile." In short this St. John Long represents a long line of national functionaries, which has maintained itself in unbroken series from the remotest antiquity to the present hour. He is the only depository of the genuine medical secret; he holds the sceptre over the empire of disease, and having the strength of a giant to crush all manner of distempers, he yet uses not that strength as a giant, for his remedies are of the gentlest character; he is indebted to no mortal communication for the mystery that ·poses in his breast; he is a ready-formed and dried Esculapius, a doctor by intuition. Like William Salmon of ancient days, he is, in all humility, "an ordinary man, and of *no* university;" or, like Paracelsus, peradventure he may cure incurable disorders, may promise to disclose the secret of alchemy, and afterwards expire a beggar in a hospital, or may pretend to possess the grand power of longevity and die at the premature age of thirty-seven. He is, however, an inevitable healer, a very *mdecin malgre lui*—a man, irresistibly fated, as the wandering Jew once was, and bound, during his pilgrimage on earth, to the uninterrupted weeding of the garden of health. We think we hear him exclaim, from the top of a temporary hustings beneath one of the piazzas in Covent Garden, with old Partridge, the infallible astronomer,—

> "Gentlemen—I was born with a natural antipathy to all diseases whatever, as some people are to cheese and onions. I hate diseases, and diseases hate me; by the same token they fly from my presence, as 'twas observed in the last great plague, that the dogs in London ran away from the great City dog-killer. Neither can I blame them for it, for I make it my constant business to destroy them, root and branch, wherever I meet them. But, gentlemen, don't misunderstand me; though I kill the disease, I do the man no harm—like lightning that melts the sword and never injures the scabbard."

Old Baynard, the scourge of quacks in his day, has given, in his peculiar style, one of the characteristic marks of this order of persons. "He is the forward, bold, positive, Corinthian thruster on; swoln with the poison of his own opinion as if he were the acmé and top branch of the profession, and right or wrong, go on; if for want of aim of steady hand, he should hit the wrong mark, and kill the patient instead of the disease, it should no more trouble him than if he had fired at a flock of geese."

There is nothing in our St. John to distinguish him from his predecessors. He has yielded, indeed, to the taste of the times, in not putting up the sign of the golden ball; he has hoisted no spirally painted pole over his door; we doubt even if he so much as powders the collar of his coat. But then there is the contour of the man continually conversant with the grand and mysterious processes of nature; there is the appalling gloom of the brow, the searching electricity of the eye, the rapidity and precision with which an estimate is formed of the mischievous force of the disease with which the doctor has to contend. He will find out a fever as quickly as a Bow-street officer used to detect a thief; he knows the haunts of every distemper in the body, he pursues them from thorax to abdomen, and can as easily gripe them in the auger-hole of a *lacteal*, as he can in the high road of the large intestines. It is not always that a cure-monger aspires to the credit of an author. There are precedents, however, of book-making amongst the order. Salmon, of whom we have already spoken, made the press groan with his unceasing labours. These invaluable tomes he dedicated to kings and queens, and others of his royal cotemporaries. St.

John, in imitation of so great an example, puts forth *his* modest volume also, but is contented with the humbler patronage of a baronet, to whom he inscribes it. In the contents of this curious piece of literature we shall be able to trace numerous points of identity between St. John and the chief quacks who went before him. The most striking deserves to be first attended to.

> 'The object of this work is to lay before the Public the successful results of my researches on some of the more important diseases of the human frame, particularly in the cure of consumption and mania, and prevention of the fatal consequences of small-pox, measles, and hooping-cough, or other analogous inflammable disorders, to which I shall subjoin my reasons for departing from the established rules of medical practice.
>
> 'To point out a new and heretofore unassigned origin for various deviations from the standard of health, *whether hereditary or contracted, and to show that these depend on a certain acrid matter or fluid pervading the system while in a state of disease.*'—p. 1.

The theory is still further explained in the following passage, with which the author commences what he calls his 'Observations on the Origin of Consumption, and other Diseases:'—

> 'If by removing the *acrid matter* and *inflamed qualities* of the body, so that when the case is far advanced a *substance* or *liquid* so withdrawn be *visible*, and that, by such means, the patient be freed from every symptom of disease, it must follow, that cure can be best performed by the removal of such acrimonious matter; and as I find every class of disease yielding to this mode of treatment, I cannot but esteem it as superior to all others.
>
> 'This *acrid matter* is inherent in the human frame, and is first apparent under the form of *small-pox* and *measles*, &c. The susceptibility of these diseases originates with man's existence, and according to circumstances is operated on, and brought into action at different ages. But although many persons may altogether escape exhibiting the usual external symptoms, yet the peccant substance is more or less in the system. In those cases, a portion of the acrid matter must have exuded from the system, still leaving a sufficient quantity to operate in future time, and under a new form. I have frequently taken acrid matter from the skin of patients, who complained of no disease of the lungs; and here I beg leave to differ from Dr. Jenner in his theory, namely, that it is good to counteract a disease by the inoculation of another less formidable; for he literally multiplies ailments; because the original acrid matter still exists, notwithstanding it does not make its appearance.
>
> 'Now under these circumstances I contend, that the virulence of *both* these diseases remains in the system, and frequently terminates in consumption, scrofula, fever, &c.
>
> 'In the earliest age I remove this *acrid matter* by the most gentle means; I THEREFORE PREVENT the occurrence of measles, small-pox, hooping-cough, consumption, and the more desperate descriptions of fever, and avoid leaving any mark upon the skin, for the acrid matter exudes from the body in the form of perspiration.'—pp. 12—14.

Here we see the great characteristic of the Quack most strikingly developed; the miracle of his multitudinous cures being the work of one omnipotent remedy. Gout and consumption; diarrhœa and the mumps; scrofula and the heart-ache, all retire at the bidding of the grand operator, when he commands the acrid humour to come forth. We have had the Balm of Gilead, the metallic tractors, the pleasing influence of animal magnetism, in turns, like thorough servants, performing the duties of a variety of functionaries at the same moment. This has been the case from time immemorial. The quacks have had but one idea each; and one remedy per doctor, is as much as nature can, possibly, in her economy, permit. Baynard, whom we again quote with pleasure, tells us, that the empirics of his day, with their mono-remedy each man, reminded him

> " Of a whimsical fellow, that so doated on *buff*, that they called him *Captain Buff;* for nothing could please him but *buff; buff*-shirt, band, beaver, boots, &c. all *buff;* and dwelt in a *buff*-budget, like Diogenes in his tub; and could eat nothing but tripe, because it looked like *buff;* and I doubt we have too many of these *Buff Captains*, in the now *prostitute* and *degenerate* profession of physic. One for example, Dr. Stewtoad, sets up for *miracle* and *mystery*, and always makes honey out of a dog's rectum: this martyrs more toads, than popery has heretics, and crams his patients with *bufo*, instead of beef: (for a toad is as innocent as a fish,) though the Pulvis Ethiopicus, as they call it, has no more virtue in it than the powder of *pickled herring;* and yet these *Sir Positives* will be no more stirred than a *mill-stone;* and in consultation, they are always moved with a *lever;* they are too heavy and unwieldy, to be stirred from their own opinions."—pp. 256, 257.

To advert, however, to the logical powers of our author, as they are displayed in the passage last cited from his work, let us note what he says in the first paragraph of this quotation. 'If,' observes St. John Long, 'by removing the acrid matter, the patient be freed from every symptom of disease, it must follow, *that cure can be best performed by the removal of such acrid matter.*' There never was a more irresistible argument than this; and if our St. John only contrives to keep exclusively to such logical weapons as these, we promise that few will be disposed to encounter him in the field of reasoning. What can be more clear and conclusive than the point made by him; if by the administration of some two pounds of nicely dressed beef, in which the relative quantities of fat and lean are poised with exquisite science, the appetite of a hungry man is best satisfied; why, it follows, that a hungry man's appetite is best satisfied by a couple of pounds of unexceptionable beef! Our author, with an unmerciful incivility towards the dead, proclaims his dissent from a supposed theory of Dr. Jenner's, to whom he imputes the opinion, 'that it is good to counteract a disease by the inoculation of another less formidable,' and then our author contends that the virulence of both these diseases—to wit, small-pox and cow-pox—remains in the system, notwithstanding.

What does the venerable St. John, may we ask, mean by counteracting one disease by another? Jenner never imagined such a project; he certainly proposed to supersede small-pox, by inoculation for cow-pox, being, for some reason or another, of opinion, that by pre-occupying the human constitution with the innocuous poison of the first, he rendered it invulnerable to the mischievous, and often fatal attacks of the latter. If by introducing cow-pox then, small-pox be effectually excluded from the body, how is it that Jenner can be said to multiply ailments, and how can the virulence of that disorder, which never affected the system at all, be stated to remain in it? These, however, are collateral considerations. The substantial point for attention is Mr. Long's system, which consists in neither more nor less than a removal of the *acrid matter*, which is the cause, remote and immediate, of most, if not of all distempers. Every class of disease, he says, yields to this treatment; he can effect the removal of this troublesome inmate of the human frame in the earliest age, and thus make it proof for all time to come against the invasion of measles, consumption, &c. &c. Why, dipping in the river Styx was a jest compared with this. When Thetis plunged her illustrious son into the salutary waters, which rendered his body impenetrable to all human weapons, a vulnerable heel was still left, as a resource to the enemies of Achilles. The proprietor of the modern Insurance against Sickness, is far more copious in his powers of protection; by his cunning, he has discovered, that disease from without can never successfully assault the constitution, unless it be seconded by a treacherous confederate from within; dislodge the disguised foe from the citadel, exclaims St. John, and you may bid defiance to the open enemy.

We have, then, this mighty conqueror of distempers irrevocably committed upon the nature of his system. The existence of *acrid matter* is the cause of disease—its removal is the only remedy. How, then, are we to reconcile such statements as the following, with this theory, which is so often and unequivocally repeated by Mr. Long?

> 'When the absorbent vessels on the inner surface of the intestines perform their functions imperfectly, or the mesenteric glands become obstructed, the nutritious parts of the food are no longer conveyed into the system, but pass off by other channels; and fever, general irritation, and emaciation of the body supervene. The lungs, now deprived of their usual healthy nourishment, suffer in their structural arrangement, and inflammation and tubercles follow. There is, however, strong reason to suppose *that tubercles exist at a very early period of life, especially in persons having a predisposition to consumption,* and that the evolution and growth of them proceed from the causes just now assigned.'—p. 15.

Here there is not a word about acrid matter, being the cause of the disease pointed out. Is the failure of the mesenteric glands the result of the presence of acrid matter, or is it wholly indepen- nt of this mischievous humour? This is a point to which we would direct the particular attention of Mr. Long, because if the existence of consumption arises from acrid matter, and if, as he tells, this acrid matter be inherent in the human frame, how the deuce is it, that there can be in one individual, a "predisposition to consumption," which is not to be found in another? Acrid matter is common to all—acrid matter is the cause of consumption—ergo, the cause of consumption is common to all. If St. John Long can invent a deobstruent by which he can pass this syllogism peacefully through the seat of his intellect, we shall worship him as a seer to whom nothing is difficult. Again he says,—

> 'Diarrhœa and dysenteric affections arising in persons not labouring under consumption may be traced to other causes, particularly to cold, irregularity of diet, and extreme heat, or vicissitude of climate. Cholera morbus, especially when it does not assume an epidemic character, is produced by similar causes.'—p. 18.

So here are cold, irregularity of diet, extreme heat, and vicissitude of climate, coming in for a share of the honour of abridging human life, after we had made up our minds, on St. Long's authority, that acrid matter enjoyed the monopoly of the process.

And is it possible that the revelation of a simple, sure, and by no means repugnant remedy, for the cure of all disorders, should be made to a man so utterly destitute of mental powers, as the person now before us? Can providence have set its face in so marked a manner against superior intelligence, against cultivation of mind, against a persevering, an earnest, but humble, search into the mysterious economy of nature, as to select a clod, a boor, a full grown innocent, a creature, whose mind has been in fallow since the hour of his birth, a being, without one legitimate claim upon the admiration of his fellow-creatures—to select we say, such a living antithesis to all that is noble, and meritorious in our nature, as an object of preference and confidence, as a privileged agent for its benevolent dispensations? The thing is absurd. To justify, in some measure, these charges, let us have recourse to proofs. We quote the following specimen of Mr. St. John Long's physiological profundity.

> 'The stomach, the great receptacle for the various species of animal and vegetable food by which man is supported, was formerly supposed to aid in the digestive process by the contraction and attrition of its sides; but later and more accurate inquiries and experiments have discovered that this important functional duty is performed by means of a fluid secreted by the stomach itself, and which possesses the extraordinary and wonderful power of assimilating, and as it were amalgamating, either the simple or more varied and incongruous articles of food, which the real or artificial wants of man require. This process being accomplished, the digested mass is propelled into the intestinal canal, where it soon intermixes with the secretions of the liver, and that viscus known by the name of the pancreas. The bile and other fluids secreted by these organs again materially contribute towards the completion of the process of nature,

until, finally, the food is reduced to one homogeneous mass. In this state it is found in the smaller intestines, on the inner surface of which are placed innumerable minute vessels, that perform the functions of absorption and the carrying of the nutritious parts of the food, denominated *chyle*, to certain glandular bodies situated on the surface of the mesentery, or that membrane connecting the intestines together. The chyle, after being detained here for some time, is finally brought, by innumerable channels, towards one ultimate recipient or vessel, which anatomists have named the *thoracic duct;* this again pours its contents into the general mass of blood: and thus the nourishment and accretion of the body are accomplished.'—pp.14, 15.

This is exactly the description which we would expect from St. John Long. It is to be presumed that a man who offers himself to the world, as one capable of exercising sovereign sway over the human empire of solids and juices, would endeavour to provide himself with some little acquaintance with the character, rank, and relative positions of his subjects. We should expect St. John then, to be very well aware of some general facts touching the animal economy; we should find him to have squeezed out the substance of some two-penny publication, and to talk very knowingly about chyle, and pancreas, and the thoracic duct. In this way he is likely to astonish the ladies in particular, together with all the old women that are to be found amongst the other sex. But to detect and expose the impostor, it is only necessary to try his knowledge upon minute points, such as professional men only can be expected to be acquainted with, but such, too, as professional men cannot possibly be ignorant of. The gastric juice, we are told by this enlightened philosopher, in the paragraph just quoted, possesses the wonderful power of *assimilating* the various articles of food received into the stomach, 'and this process,' (the assimilation of the food in the stomach,) he adds, 'being *accomplished,* the digested mass is propelled into the intestinal canal.' St. John Long, we take the liberty of saying, utterly mistakes the matter; the process of assimilation merely commences in the stomach, nor is it accomplished until portions of the nutritive food have been passed from the intestines, to become perfect blood in the lungs. St. John, in the same passage, commits a still greater blunder than this. 'The bile,' he says, 'and other fluids, materially contribute towards the completion of the process of nature, (what process of nature?) '*until, finally, the food is reduced to one homogeneous mass.*' Here we have the cunning leech apprehended in the meshes of his own net. How foolish in him to embark on the high sea of science, without rudder and compass! The true course of the digestive process is this: food of whatever kind is converted, in the stomach, after a given time, into one homogeneous mass. The moment it leaves the stomach for the small intestines, a separation commences, and steadily goes on, as the mass proceeds along the course of the intestines, until a complete division of its elements is effected. The bile and other fluids which mix with it, instead of assisting to form a homogeneous mass, as Dr. St. John Long declares, actually do the very contrary; they serve to resolve the mass, and to disunite its parts from each other. It is a blunder, therefore, of the most disgraceful kind, to affirm that the food is found in the form of a 'homogeneous mass' in the small intestines. We see, then, how limited is the scientific ambition of the illustrious cure-monger of the nineteenth century; a smattering of information is all he desires, or perhaps is able to attain—just as much as will carry him through the little coterie which he cultivates, of persons nearly as ignorant, but infinitely less knowing than himself. Another specimen of that easy union of confidence and ignorance which characterizes this absurd book remains to be exposed. Mr. St. Long thus unburdens his mind of some of its loose accumulations:—

> 'That poison, or medicines of a poisonous and deleterious quality are administered in almost all cases cannot be denied, and of this truth the hundreds of prescriptions I have in my possession furnish ample proof. It must also be acknowledged, that it is equally illogical in deduction as it is unphilosophical in principle, to argue that good should be derived from evil *or that nourishment and healing properties are to be educed from poison and acrimonious acids(!)* Affinities are not to be generated from contraries; nor is it reasonable to suppose, that any medicine whose quality is that of irritating the body should have the properties of healing it.
>
> 'What healthful union can there be between mercury, prussic acid, henbane, digitalis, acetate of lead, sulphuric acid, nitrous acid, and flesh and blood?
>
> 'In most instances blood-letting produces more ultimate injury to the system than any temporary relief it may afford; because it does not remove the deteriorated *qualities* of the blood, but *quantity* from *quantity*, not *quality* from *quantity*; *therefore the blood that remains in the system must be the same as that taken away*; but, on the other hand, if it be contended that blood is always pure, and incapable of contamination, how happens it that the solids, which are derived from this pure fluid, fall at any time into a state of disease? or why should the blood at any time be interfered with, as the removal of it does not remove the disease of the solids?
>
> 'Besides, I am opposed to the abstraction of blood from the human body, as being the primary source of life and nutrition, and I am of opinion, that each time it is intermeddled with or abstracted, a portion of the principle of vitality is removed.'—pp. 3—5.

Does not the very utterance of such trash as this, at once stamp the man as a simpleton? To hear St. John Long discoursing about logic and philosophy, is quite as distressing as to hear, we should think, a *certain authority* quoting Scripture. How can good be derived from evil? enquires the Theban of Harley-street. We ask, in return, in what does the evil consist? Is it in mercury, henbane, or any of the medicines mentioned in this catalogue *per se*? Assuredly not; but it consists in the *quantity* of those medicines which may be administered. Thus, if we give a drachm of Prussic acid to a man, the extinction of life will be the instantaneous consequence; but let that man be labouring under pulmonary consumption in its early stage, and let him persevere for a given time in taking doses of some few minims, the result, in all probability, will be, complete relief from the disorder, and the prolongation of the patient's life. What element, what principle, is it in nature which is capable of doing us good in one of its modifications, that is not also potent to do us evil in another? If we take pure wine in moderate quantities, the effect is highly salutary to the animal state; let it be drunk to excess, and arsenic is not more deleterious. Fire consumes the body; but is the temperature which burning coals communicates to it of no importance to its health? Well, then, may we not say, after the manner of St. John Long, what healthful union can there be between the juice of the grape and flesh and blood; between devouring flames and the combustible body of man? We are come to a pretty pass indeed, when the task of exploding the most valuable agents for restoring health that we have devolves upon such a clown as this! The ignorance, or rather the rustic simplicity, betrayed by the quack, in the first part of the above quotation, is altogether put into the shade by the stupid blundering of the second part. Blood letting, says St. John Long, is injurious in most instances, because it does not remove the deteriorated *qualities* of the blood; what remains in the system, after blood-letting, will be of the same quality as that which has been abstracted; so that it is only the taking of *quantity* from *quantity* that can be effected by venesection. A notable discovery of St. John's! But what medical man, we beg to know, ever advanced such a reason for blood-letting as that imputed to the faculty by this writer? Who ever dreamed, but this stupid person himself, of taking away the deleterious qualities of the blood by venesection? The object of such an operation is obvious and simple. It is well established, that in cases of ordinary inflammation, there is an unnatural impulse of blood towards the inflamed part. To lessen the action of the blood becomes an object of undoubted necessity, and that object cannot be better attained than by lessening the stream which is poured round the body. It is, therefore, for the purpose of taking quantity from quantity, not under the empirical pretence of extracting its *acrid* qualities, that blood is ever proposed to be removed. We shall waste no more argument upon a person who seems utterly incapacitated even to understand it.

St. John Long is an inveterate plagiarist. He gives us an 'Outline of his general mode of Treatment,' which we can assure the reader is neither more nor less than a combination of the choicest morsels in the hand-bills of his predecessors. He varies indeed the phrase occasionally, so as just to evade the legal offence of piracy; but throughout it is easy to see that his 'Outline' is framed on the models we have just alluded to. The following comparison ought to satisfy the most unreasonable. Quoth Long—

'In my practice, I adopt the following rules. I never reduce the strength of my patients. I have no recourse to any surgical operation, and avoid risking life on any chance or experiment whatever; nor do I make use of mercury, or any other poisonous substance. My general practice consists of applications, and certain fumigations, so innocuous and gentle in their nature, that they may be employed either by myself or the patients, without producing any unpleasant effect whatsoever. I administer nothing internally, which would not afford nourishment; and when I apply the same remedies externally, they are perfectly harmless and healing—nothing in small quantities which might not be taken to any extent without injury—nothing to adults that would hurt children; and as an unquestionable proof of the safety of my treatment, patients, who were cured by me, have tried the experiment of attending my practice, and making use of the same means which they had employed while labouring under their malady; and the only effects produced were of an invigorating nature. The properties of these remedial means, immediately impart to the entire frame a healing quality, which regulates the secretions, strengthens the nervous system, and, directing itself with peculiar effect to the stomach, to the digestive organs, gives that vigour and energy, which promotes the healthful action of the whole body. Thus it not only causes the removal of tubercles from the lungs, but has a powerful tendency to eradicate other diseases; such as abscesses on the liver, bronchial and asthmatic affections, &c. If my plan of treatment were adopted in the incipient state of consumption, I am convinced that none would fall a sacrifice to it; for I can extract from the system latent diseases insidiously lurking and sure to undermine the constitution, unless seasonably counteracted. *Obsta principiis*, is one of the most important of the aphorisms of the great father of physic. These facts I daily prove by my tests, which at once discover whether there does or does not exist inflammation; and many persons at the earliest age, in whom consumption was hereditary, have applied to me, and were thus saved from the whole train of evils that must otherwise inevitably have ensued.

'Several ladies who came to me with diseases of the lungs and liver, bronchial and asthmatic affections, had uterine diseases also, which they at first, through a misconceived feeling of delicacy, concealed from my knowledge.

'When their lungs were healed, and their general health restored, these diseases were also removed; and where the sight and hearing were defective, these senses were invariably improved. In fact, all diseases which happen to be in the body, are influenced at the same time.'—pp. 38—40.

Now follow the extracts from the elder oracles of health, which we shall take the liberty of combining together, without any reference to the respective authors. Partridge, and the celebrated Signor Doloso Euprontorio furnish the principal parts:—

'Gentlemen, my medicines are the quintessence of pharmaceutical energy. The cures I have done are beyond the art of the whole world. Imprimis, I have an excellent hypontical, captical, odoriferous, carmonative, renovative, corroborating balsam of balsams, the true Pantemagogon of the triple kingdom, which works seven several ways, and is seven years preparing, which being exactly completed secundum artem, by fermentations, fumigations, sublimations, putrefactions, rectifications, quodlibifications in Balnea Mariæ, in the crucible, becomes nature's palladium, health's magazine, one dram of which is worth a bushel of March dust, for if any of you chance to have your heads cut off or your brains beat out, ten drops of this, seasonably applied, will recall the fleeting spirits, and, in six months, will restore the life to its pristine vigour, with all its functions, vital, rational, and animal.

'To qualify myself for this noble profession, I never troubled my head with reading Hippocrates, Dioscorides, Celsus, Galen, and other reverend blockheads of antiquity, neither did I think it worth my while to lose any time in perusing the modern coxcombs, for so I may justly call them. No, gentlemen, I went a wiser way to work; instead of turning over old musty Pagan volumes, I have walked over every mountain in England, Scotland, and Wales; I have enquired into the nature of every plant and vegetable; I have examined every moss, grass, herb, and flower, and, by virtue of thirty years observation and upwards, have forced them to confess their respective virtues and qualities.

'I have been thirty years contriving my anti-tussient pills, which are compounded of those admirable balsamic ingredients, that the party taking them may lie up to his chin in water for a fortnight together, or cover himself all over in snow, as when he came first into the world, and if he coughs forty years afterwards, I am content to lose my ears. Shew me a fellow that has got as much water in his abdomen as will fill the tun of Heidelberg—shew me, I say, such a fellow if you dare; I would willingly ride two thousand miles, at my own expense, to see such a sight. Now, you will say, what will you do with him when you have got him? Why, before you can answer me, what's this,—I'll tap his abdomen, and set him to rights. Shew me a son of Bacchus, who, by his indefatigable lifting up of his hand to his head, and his nocturnal industry, has acquired as many pimples in his face as there are jewels in Lombard-street, nay, whose phiz is so fiery and rubicund that it would put the last conflagration out of countenance: I have a water that in a moment shall extinguish all those volcanoes, and make him look as fair as a sinner newly come out of the powdering tub, or, if you please, as pale as a guinea-dropper when he's carried before a worshipful justice. Shew me a man so pitted with the small-pox, that his face looks like the map of Switzerland, with the hills and vallies in it; with my Lympha Cosmetica, or Levelling Drops, I'll make it as even as a bowling-green.'

From St. John Long's history of his own pretensions, we turn to the catalogue of his performances, as they are described in sundry epistles, familiar and otherwise, all of them the spontaneous effusions, he tells us, of his grateful patients. There was a Lord Girdlestone once, who was induced from peculiar reasons to undertake the difficult and tedious task of investigating, personally, alleged cases of wonderful cures, the supposed patients themselves being the attesting witnesses. The record of this anecdote adds, that his lordship found, during the inquiry, that upwards of two-thirds of the persons asserted to have been cured, had died almost immediately after they experienced the benefit of the sanative process! We do not mean to insinuate that St. John Long has established any thing like the same rate of mortality amongst his confiding acquaintance. We will indulge the gentleman as far as even his modesty may choose to draw upon us. We yield obedient credit to his appendix of correspondence; we raise no objection to the documentary testimony which he has adduced, although there is, occasionally, we confess, an intermission of dates and places of address, which exceedingly scrupulous people might make matter of grave observation, but which, we are willing to believe, may be satisfactorily explained. We take it, then, for granted, that Mr. St. John Long has cured an abundance of patients, not, however, any thing near the number which has been effected by Dr. Eady, or the Messrs. Jordan, or any of the thousand empirics, that lift themselves for a time into profitable fame amongst the ignorant. The success of a quack is not a thing of yesterday; from the beginning of the world impudent pretension has been the creator of unbounded confidence, and the instances are not a few, in which, after the appliances of rational physic have failed, the mummeries of a merry Andrew have been attended with a signal triumph. It is impossible for inexperienced persons to believe the vast agency which the imagination exercises over the animal frame. John Hunter has cured an epidemic by administering pills which the patients were assured would infallibly cure them. The wonderful remedy consisted of nothing but crumbs of bread! We believe that the London lady is not yet extinct who removes every description of disease merely by *wagging her thumb* over the patient. She absolutely has netted a thousand a year. When we consider the state of hope or rather of confidence to which a young, and, from long suffering, a very excitable female, for instance, is wrought by the presence of an imposing and disciplined cure-monger, it will not be difficult to explain the cases of apparently wonderful cures which it is always the care of these traffickers in credulity to promulgate. Then how many instances are there, in which the empiric is called in at that critical moment when the germ of health has just sprung into imperceptible existence in the patient's frame, the result of the former treatment. But, however we may account for those apparent victories of quackery, there is one feature of its history which, if any thing can, ought to open the eyes of those who are yet not fully sensible of the wickedness of enduring it. How comes it, that the self-same disease has yielded to one description of application in the hands of a quack at one time, and, at another time, to a remedy of a totally different character. Nothing is more certain than that nostrums, essentially opposite in their nature, operations, and effects, have been attested to produce the removal of the same disorder. Consumption, for example, in the like stage, has been proved (so far as the compurgators of the quacks can prove any thing) to have been cured in turns by acids, by alkalis, by narcotics, by stimulants, by making this patient live high, and making that patient live low; it has been completely removed by animal magnetism, which puts the sufferer into a charming sleep;

and now we are told that the extraction of *acrid matter* from the lungs, can alone effect a cure! Instead, then, of believing that it is by any mysterious agency of medicine that all these quacks have been able to restore health, seeing how different their respective remedies are for the same distemper, how much more reasonable is it to suppose that their success depends on that description of influence which is common to them all, namely, the influence arising from an assumption of superior knowledge and of an infallible power of dissipating disease.

But there is one description of encouragement to which quacks are almost always chiefly indebted for such temporary fame, and its consequences, as they enjoy. We allude to the patronage and support which they are almost certain to procure from some person of their own quality in point of intellect, but to whom accident has assigned the advantages of birth, station, and opulence. There is a singularly uniform tendency in two fools to come together; no matter how much asunder in rank circumstances may have placed them, they are instinctively driven to take a prodigious interest in each others fortunes. In chemistry, the strongest acid will be induced to quit its connection of an hundred years, and will be attracted into an inviolable union with some alkaline *base*, towards which, at the very first opportunity, it betrays the most violent predilection. This sort of natural combination is only a type of that sympathetic alliance which we often observe to take place between members of the two extreme classes of society. A Duke, sometimes, and a footman will be marvellously well paired in intellect. Perhaps the two principal protectors of Mr. St. John Long, whom we are about to name, will think it no incivility to them, if we assume that it is upon some such principle of mutual aptitude as to their mental structure, that they have been inclined to advocate the claims of that speculator, 'to the confidence of the public.' Of Sir Richard Jodrell, Baronet, to whom the 'Discoveries' are dedicated in suitable strains, we remember that he was distinguished in early life, at the university, for an extraordinary facility in the composition of 'nonsense verses;' and if his mind, in its maturity shews any thing at all like the reality of its juvenile promise, then would we maintain him against any man in Christendom for absurdity. The other more powerful, we dare say, and apparently more sanguine patron of St. John Long, shall be allowed to speak for himself. He is the eldest son of Earl Talbot, his name is the *Lord Ingestre*, he is arrived at his twenty-sixth year, but whether or not at the years of discretion, is a point upon which much may be said on both sides.

'5, Mansfield-street, 20th June, 1829.

'Sir,—As I am leaving England for some time, I wish to send you some letters from persons that have been under your care; and you have my permission to make use of them in any way, provided you have that also of the individuals themselves. These letters, as you know, were written to me by persons whom I had requested to make known their cases to me in writing, that I might form a judgment of your system. *I am willing to bear ample testimony to the fact of your having extracted a fluid like mercury (! ! !) from the head of one of your patients in my presence, on one or two occasions;* and I think it but justice to add, that in the various cases I have seen under your hands, it is my conviction, you effected cures of many, benefited most, and at all events did harm to none.

'If these remarks can be of any use to you, as being those of an eye-witness, and of one who has studied to arrive at the truth, I hope you will make what use you please of them.

'I am, your obedient servant,

'St. John Long, Esq. 'INGESTRE.'

A fluid like mercury! and from the head too! Well, if St. John Long be not the trustee of the downright philosopher's stone, we cannot even guess at his secret. More improbable things, let us tell Lord Ingestre, have been undertaken, than a scheme such as 'Mercury in the head,' instantly suggests, for the meridian of the Royal Exchange. But what raptures must the friends of the young nobleman experience at the prospect of being able, one day or another, to reconnoitre the interior of his lordship's cranium. We should be curious to know for which of the precious metals it is, that nature has provided a place within the interesting sphere of his lordship's head. Let us entreat of St. John Long to repay the kindness of his noble patron, by extending his 'discoveries' to the unattempted field of Lord Ingestre's cerebellum. A flow of mercury, to be sure, may not reward the toils of the medical engineer—but metals are now more numerous than ever—and if we might venture to express our opinion, the means adapted to the extraction of *leaden* ore would be by no means amiss upon this occasion.

But we turn from this levity to the deplorable fortune of such a country as this, where a sort of influence that is in its origin and usual operation, so natural and beneficial, should be perverted to the most mischievous ends. The example of the higher orders of society is of great authority upon those below them. How lamentable, then, to find such an influence as the upper ranks possess, employed in abetting the most vulgar and injurious prejudices of the ignorant; employed, not only in the depreciation of sterling merit, but in sustaining presumptuous incapacity. The immortal Harvey nearly lost his practice after his invaluable discovery of the circulation of the blood, defrauded, whilst living, of that crown, which it remained for a more discerning and equitable generation to award him. Jenner died almost of a broken heart, after having left to the world the means of saving many a heart from being broken. Perfectly in harmony with this neglect of such men is the cherishing, by the same part of the public, of imbecility, of ignorance, of spurious systems, of rash speculations on the public health, of which we have so many instances. Shame upon those, who, having the power to lead the minds of society, exercise it to the end of setting up unlettered impudence upon the destruction of despised genius, and learning and character.

ART. VI.—1. *Insect Architecture.* 12mo. pp. 420. London: Knight. 1830.
2. *The Natural History of Insects.* Vol. I. 12mo. pp. 313. London: Murray. 1829.

As often as, in the course of our reading, we chance to light upon volumes connected with the lower animal world, our astonishment is renewed, that the wonderful subjects of which they treat, receive so little attention from the mass of mankind. There have been, in all periods, a few persons, the chosen priests of nature, who have worshipped her with a holy enthusiasm, who have explored her mysteries through all her favourite haunts, and claimed, for her productions, the admiration to which they are so abundantly entitled. But from the days of Pliny, to the present hour, naturalists have made but a partial impression upon the minds of men, in seeking to attract them for a while from the busy paths of life, to the wilderness and the mountain, the forest and the river,—there to see not only innumerable proofs of the active superintendence and power of an Almighty BEING, but also models of ingenuity, which, if properly attended to, might be turned to practical advantage in almost every branch of science and art.

Few of our readers, who have not made themselves conversant with the history of insects, will, perhaps, believe, that among them are to be found miners, masons, carpenters, and upholsterers, who were perfect in their different trades six thousand years ago! The common spider has made everybody familiar with his proficiency in the art of weaving; a similar insect, who has taken up his abode in the water, might have suggested the idea of the diving-bell many centuries before it was discovered: and if we had our senses about us, when wandering in the fields of a fine evening in summer, the honour of inventing the air balloon would not have belonged to the French; we might have derived the principle of it from the little spider, who lifts himself into the air upon his tiny web of gossamer, an elevation which he could not otherwise have any chance of attaining. The bees have, perhaps, been more frequently observed and watched in our gardens, than any other creature of the insect race. Yet how few have followed them into the hive, and there learned how much may be done in a given time by division of labour; how, by ingenuity of contrivance, many mansions and store-houses may be erected with the greatest possible economy of space, and how, by mutual assistance and general subordination, thousands may live together in affluence and peace. Before Babylon was thought of, the social tribes of ants had constructed towers, and cities, and domes; had raised fortresses, and built covered ways, with all the art of an experienced engineer. The vulgar idea is that these insects feed upon corn. They do no such thing. They take it to their habitations, and break it up amongst the other materials of their edifices, but their food is of a much more select description. Some of the ant tribes feed chiefly upon liquor, which is yielded to them by the aphis, whole flocks of which insect, if we may use the expression, they appropriate to themselves, tend and support, as we do our flocks of sheep and our herds of cattle. But what, perhaps, is not the least surprising passage in the history of ants is this, that there are races of them which have their negro slaves; regular whites, who, reposing in indolence themselves, compel the less fortunate nation of blacks to do for them all the drudgery which they require. The wasp, who is pursued with unrelenting hostility by every body that sees him,—the terror of all nurses,—is, nevertheless, a most industrious and most excellent manufacturer of paper.

These are a few of the curiosities of history, belonging to insects, which would repay, in the way of amusement, the attention of the most careless reader. But the transformations which insects undergo, furnish materials for reflection of a still more important kind. A deformed, leaf-devouring, loathsome looking thing crawls along our path in the spring, and, if we do not extinguish the little spark of life that warms him, he sports about our garden before the summer is over, in the form of a beauteous butterfly, decorated with a pair of wings so tastefully painted, that no artist can rival the splendour of their colouring. There is in the south of Europe an insect called the ant-lion, which, though apparently the most helpless of all creatures, has a most formidable appearance. It contrives, by laying pit-falls, to live the life of a murderer for two years, during which period it resembles a wood-louse. This, however, is but its state of probation, as a larva. When the appointed time arrives, it repents of all its former habits, and retires into the earth, where it surrounds itself with a case, the inside of which it ornaments with a pearl-coloured satin, of the most exquisite delicacy and beauty, the produce of its own silk and loom. In this elegant hermitage the penitent remains about two months, when not only his form, but his nature, is completely metamorphosed; he puts on four wings, and re-visits the world, a creature of purity, innocence, and gaiety, as a fly of a very brilliant description. Assuredly there are, in these changes, a pledge and a warning for man, of that great transformation which awaits him when his appointed moment arrives. If it be said that this death and burial and resurrection, under another form, of insects, be necessary to the propagation of their race, we must only therefore the more admire the goodness of HIM who has ordained such a law, from which man cannot fail to derive the hope that he, also, after descending to the earth, may rise a newly-formed and purified creature, and destined for higher worlds than that from which, in *his* larva state, he now draws his support.

There are a few, and but a few, technical expressions which the reader should make himself master of before he plunges into the history of insects. It will be no harm to him to know that the word itself is borrowed from the Latin *Insectum*, or *Intersectum*, that is "cut between," the bodies of these animals being apparently divided into two or more parts or notches, held together, as it were, by ligatures. In some,—the bee, for instance,—the mouth is elongated, and called a proboscis. Almost all insects have two *Antennæ*, or feelers, the utility of which, says the history published by Mr. Murray, may be doubted. We are surprised that the intelligent author of that work should have fallen into such a mistake. The *Antennæ* serve not only as hands, but as the organs of language among bees and ants, whereby their labours are often directed, and all extraordinary incidents, as the death of a queen, or the invasion of a formidable enemy, is communicated. The first state of the insect is the egg; the second, the larva, which means grub, worm, or caterpillar; the third, the chrysalis, aurelia, or nymph, in which the insect is sketched out in the shape which becomes fully displayed in the Imago, his fourth and perfect state.

The paramount object of the insect world is to propagate their species; the care with which they attend to their eggs, and to their young, is, with many races of these animals, more a passion than an instinct. Though the wasp is by no means popular with us, it is impossible not to feel an interest in the affectionate wariness with which even the most solitary of the tribe, endeavours to preserve its egg from destruction.

'In September, 1828,' says Mr. Rennie, the author of the very delightful volume on Insect Architecture, 'a common species of solitary Mason-wasp (*Odynerus*, Latr.) was observed by us on the east wall of a house at Lee, in Kent, very busy in excavating a hole in one of the bricks, about five feet from the ground. Whether there might not have been an accidental hole in the brick, before the wasp commenced her labours, is unknown, as she had made considerable progress in the work when first observed; but the brick was one of the hardest of the yellow sort made in this neighbourhood. The most remarkable circumstance in the process of hewing into the brick, was the care of the insect in removing to a distance the fragments which from time to time she succeeded in detaching. It did not appear to suit her design to wear down the brick, particle by particle, as the furniture beetle (*Anobium pertinax*) does, in making its pin-hole galleries in old wood. Our wasp-architect, on the contrary, by means of her strong *tranchant*-toothed jaws, severed a piece usually about the bigness of a mustard seed. It might have been supposed that these fragments would have been tossed out of the hole as the work proceeded, without further concern; as the mole tosses above ground the earth which has been cleared out of its subterranean gallery. The wasp was of a different opinion; for it was possible that a heap of brick chips, at the bottom of the wall, might lead to the discovery of her nest by some of her enemies, particularly by one or other of the numerous tribe of what are called *ichneumon* flies. This name is given to them, from the similarity of their habit of destroying eggs to that of the little animal which proves so formidable an enemy to the multiplication of the crocodile of Egypt. They may be also denominated *cuckoo* flies, because, like that bird, they

> thrust their egg into the nest of another species. These flies are continually prowling about and prying into every corner, to find, by stealth, a nidus for their eggs. It might have been some such consideration as this which induced the wasp to carry off the fragments as they were successively detached. That concealment was the motive, indeed, was proved; for one of the fragments which fell out of the hole by accident, she immediately sought for at the bottom of the wall, and carried off like the rest. It was no easy matter to get out one of the fragments, as may readily be conceived when the size of the insect is compared with that of the entrance, of which this (●) is the exact size, as taken from the impression of a bit of dough upon the hole when finished. It was only by seizing the fragment with her jaws, and retreating backwards, that the matter could be accomplished; though, after the interior of the excavation was barely large enough to admit of her turning round, she more than once attempted to make her exit head-foremost, but always unsuccessfully. The weight of the fragments removed did not appear to impede her flight, and she generally returned to her task in about two or three minutes.
>
> 'Within two days the excavation was completed; but it required two other days to line it with a coating of clay, to deposit the eggs, two in number, and, no doubt, to imprison a few live spiders or caterpillars, for the young when hatched,—a process which was first observed by Ray and Willoughby,[*] but which has since been frequently ascertained. In the present instance, this peculiarity was not seen; but the little architect was detected in closing up the entrance, which was formed of a layer of clay more than double the thickness of the interior lining. In November following, we hewed away the brick around this nest, and found the whole excavation was rather less than an inch in depth.'—pp. 26—28.

Generally speaking, the mason-wasp trusts to his teeth alone as the great instrument of excavation; but it appears, from an experiment made by Réaumur, to whom the world is indebted for much of the knowledge that we possess concerning insects, that this little creature, when it meets with a particularly hard substance, has the power of voiding upon it a drop of liquid, which softens the material, and considerably facilitates the workman's labour. Thus the mason-wasp may have taught Hannibal the means by which he is said to have waged battle against the rocks of the Alps, which impeded his descent upon Italy.

The carpenter-wasps dig not only holes, but galleries, in timber, and, by means of the saw-dust, if we may say so, which they create in the course of their labours, they form walls or partitions between the cells required for their purpose. The art of manufacturing paper is a point of perfection, at which only the social wasps appear to have arrived. Their proceedings deserve a moment's attention.

> 'In their general economy, the social, or republican wasps, closely resemble the humble-bee, (*Bombus*,) every colony being founded by a single female, who has survived the winter, to the rigours of which all her

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[*] Ray, Hist. Insect. 254.

summer associates of males and working-wasps uniformly fall victims. Nay, out of three hundred females, which may be found in one vespiary, or wasp's nest, towards the close of autumn, scarcely ten or a dozen survive till the ensuing spring, at which season they awake from their hybernal lethargy, and begin, with ardour, the labours of colonization.

'Her first care, after being roused to activity by the returning warmth of the season, is to discover a place suitable for her intended colony; and, accordingly, in the spring, wasps may be seen prying into every hole of a hedge-bank, particularly where field-mice have burrowed. Some authors report that she is partial to the forsaken galleries of the mole, but this does not accord with our observations, as we have never met with a single vespiary in any situation likely to have been frequented by moles. But though we cannot assert the fact, we think it highly probable that the deserted nest of the field-mouse, which is not uncommon in hedge banks, may be sometimes appropriated by a mother-wasp, as an excavation convenient for her purpose. Yet, if she does make choice of the burrow of a field-mouse, it requires to be afterwards considerably enlarged in the interior chamber, and the entrance-gallery very much narrowed.

'In case of need, the wasp is abundantly furnished by nature with instruments for excavating a burrow out of the solid ground, as she, no doubt, most commonly does, digging the earth with her strong mandibles, and carrying it off, or pushing it out, as she proceeds. The entrance-gallery is about an inch or less in diameter, and usually runs in a winding or zig-zag direction, from one to two feet in depth. In the chamber to which this gallery leads, and which, when completed, is from one to two feet in diameter, the mother-wasp lays the foundations of her city, begining with the walls.

'The building materials employed by wasps were long a matter of conjecture to scientific inquirers; for the bluish-grey, papery substance of the whole structure has no resemblance to any sort of wax employed by bees for a similar purpose. Now that the discovery has been made, we can with difficulty bring ourselves to believe that a naturalist so acute and indefatigable as M. Réaumur, should have, for twenty years, as he tells us, endeavoured, without success, to find out the secret. At length, however, his perseverance was rewarded. He remarked a female wasp alight on the sash of his window, and begin to gnaw the wood with her mandibles; and it struck him at once that she was procuring materials for building. He saw her detach from the wood a bundle of fibres, about a tenth of an inch in length, and finer than a hair; and as she did not swallow these, but gathered them into a mass with her feet, he could not doubt that his first idea was correct. In a short time she shifted to another part of the window-frame, carrying with her the fibres she had collected, and to which she continued to add, when he caught her, in order to examine the nature of her bundle; and he found that it was not yet moistened or rolled into a ball, as is always done before employing it in building. In every other respect it had precisely the same colour, and fibrous textures, as the walls of a vespiary. It struck him as remarkable, that it bore no resemblance to wood gnawed by other insects, such as the goat-moth caterpillar, which is granular, like saw-dust. This would not have suited the design of the wasp, who was well aware that fibres of some length form a stronger texture. He even discovered, that before detaching the fibres, she bruised them (*les charpissoit*) into a sort of lint (*charpie*) with her mandibles. All this the careful naturalist imitated, by bruising and paring the same wood of the window-sash with his pen-knife, till he succeeded in making a little bundle of fibres scarcely to be distinguished from that collected by the wasp.

'We have ourselves frequently seen wasps employed in procuring their materials in this manner, and have always observed that they shift from one part to another more than once in preparing a single load; a circumstance which we ascribe entirely to the restless temper peculiar to the whole order of hymenopterous insects. Réaumur found that the wood which they preferred was such as had been long exposed to the weather, and is old and dry. White, of Selborne, and Kirby and Spence, on the contrary, maintain that wasps obtain their paper from sound timber, hornets only from that which is decayed.* Our own observations, however, confirm that statement of Réaumur, with respect to wasps, as, in every instance which has fallen under our notice, the wood selected was very much weathered; and, in one case, an old oak post, in a garden at Lee, in Kent, half destroyed by dry-rot, was seemingly, the resort of all the wasps in the vicinity. In another case, the deal bond in a brick wall, which had been built thirty years, is, at this moment, (June, 1829), literally striped with the gnawings of wasps, which we have watched at the work for hours together.†

'The bundles of ligneous fibres thus detached, are moistened, before being used, with a glutinous liquid, which causes them to adhere together, and are then kneaded into a sort of paste, or *papier maché*. Having prepared some of this material, the mother-wasp begins first to line with it the roof of her chamber, for wasps always build downwards. The round ball of fibres which she has previously kneaded up with glue, she now forms into a leaf, walking backwards, and spreading it out with her mandibles, her tongue, and her feet, till it is as thin almost as tissue paper.

'One sheet, however, of such paper as this would form but a fragile ceiling, quite insufficient to prevent the earth from falling down into the nest. The wasp, accordingly, is not satisfied with her work till she has spread fifteen or sixteen layers, one above the other, rendering the wall altogether nearly two inches thick. The several layers are not placed in contact, like the layers of a piece of pasteboard, but with small intervals, or open spaces, between, appearing somewhat like a grotto built with bivalve shells, particularly when looked at on the outside. This is probably caused by the insect working in a curvilineal manner.

'Having finished the ceiling, she next begins to build the first terrace of her city, which, under its protection, she suspends horizontally, and not like the combs in a bee-hive, in a perpendicular position. The suspension of which we speak is also light and elegant, compared with the more heavy union of the hive-bees' combs. It is in fact a hanging floor, immoveably secured by rods of similar materials with the roof, but rather stronger. From twelve to thirty of these rods, about an inch or less in length, and a quarter of an inch in diameter, are constructed for the suspension of the terrace. They are elegant in form, being made gradually narrower towards the middle, and widening at each end, in order, no doubt, to render their hold the stronger.

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* Réaumur, vol. vi. bottom of page 182; Hist. of Selb. ii. 228; and Introd. to Entomol. i. 504, 5th edition.

† J. R.

'The terrace itself is circular, and composed of an immense number of cells, formed of the paper already described, and of almost the same size and form as those of a honey-comb, each being a perfect hexagon, mathematically exact, and every hair's breadth of the space completely filled. These cells, however, are never used as honey-pots by wasps, as they are by bees; for wasps make no honey, and the cells are wholly appropriated to the rearing of their young. Like other hymenopterous insects, the grubs are placed with their heads downwards; and openings of the cells are also downwards; while their united bottoms form a nearly uniform level upon which the inhabitants of the nest may walk.

'When the foundress wasp has completed a certain number of cells, and deposited eggs in them, she soon intermits her building operations, in order to procure food for the young grubs, which now require all her care. In a few weeks these become perfect wasps, and lend their assistance in the extension of the edifice; enlarging the original coping of the foundress by side walls, and forming another platform of cells suspended to the first by columns, as that had been suspended to the ceiling.'—pp. 71—78.

Thus, as the same author well observes, 'the wasp is a paper-maker, and a most perfect and intelligent one. While mankind were arriving, by slow degrees, at the art of fabricating this valuable substance, the wasp was making it before their eyes, by very much the same process as that by which human hands now manufacture it, with the best aid of chemistry and machinery.' Indeed the whole passage is worth extracting :—

'While some nations carved their records on wood, and stone, and brass, and leaden tablets; others, more advanced, wrote with a style on wax; others employed the inner bark of trees, and others the skins of animals rudely prepared,—the wasp was manufacturing a firm and durable paper. Even when the papyrus was rendered more fit, by a process of art, for the transmission of ideas in writing, the wasp was a better artisan than the Egyptians; for the early attempts at paper-making were so rude, that the substance produced was almost useless, from being extremely friable. The paper of the papyrus was formed of the leaves of the plant, dried, pressed, and polished; the wasp alone knew how to reduce vegetable fibres to a pulp, and then unite them by a size or glue, spreading the substance out into a smooth and delicate leaf. This is exactly the process of paper-making. It would seem that the wasp knows, as the modern paper-makers now know, that the fibres of rags, whether linen or cotton, are not the only materials that can be used in the formation of paper; she employs other vegetable matters, converting them into a proper consistency by her assiduous exertions. In some respects she is more skilful even than our paper-makers, for she takes care to retain her fibres of sufficient length, by which she renders her paper as strong as she requires. Many manufacturers of the present day cut their material into small bits, and thus produce a rotten article. One great distinction between good and bad paper is its toughness; and this difference is invariably produced by the fibre of which it is composed being long, and therefore tough ; or short, and therefore friable.

'The wasp has been labouring at her manufacture of paper, from her first creation, with precisely the same instruments and the same materials; and her success has been unvarying. Her machinery is very simple, and therefore it is never out of order. She learns nothing, and she forgets nothing. Men, from time to time, lose their excellence in particular arts, and they are slow in finding out real improvements. Such improvements are often the effect of accident. Paper is now manufactured very extensively by machinery, in all its stages; and thus, instead of a single sheet being made by hand, a stream of paper is poured out, which would form a roll large enough to extend round the globe, if such a length were desirable. The inventors of this machinery, Messrs. Fourdrinier, it is said, spent the enormous sum of 40,000*l.* in vain attempts to render the machine capable of determining with precision the width of the roll; and, at last, accomplished their object, at the suggestion of a by-stander, by a strap revolving upon an axis, at a cost of three shillings and sixpence. Such is the difference between the workings of human knowledge and experience, and those of animal instinct. We proceed slowly and in the dark ; but our course is not bounded by a narrow line, for it seems difficult to say what is the perfection of any art; animals go clearly to a given point, but they can go no further. We may, however, learn something from their perfect knowledge of what is within their range. It is not improbable that if man had attended, in an earlier state of society, to the labours of wasps, he would have sooner known how to make paper. We are still behind in our arts and sciences, because we have not always been observers. If we had watched the operations of insects, and the structure of animals in general, with more care, we might have been far advanced in the knowledge of many arts, which are yet in their infancy, for nature has given us abundance of patterns. We have learnt to perfect some instruments of sound, by examining the structure of the human ear; and the mechanism of an eye has suggested some valuable improvements in achromatic glasses.'—pp. 85—87.

Bees have, in all ages of the world, excited the attention of mankind, as well for the honey which they produce in such marvellous abundance, as for the indefatigable industry by which they uniformly appear to be animated in their excursions beyond the place of their habitation. The philosopher Hyliscus, as we are informed by Cicero and Pliny, appears to have been one of the first who made the habits of that insect an object of study, for which purpose he retired into the desert. The ancients had a popular notion, that bees were endowed with moral qualities, and never would tolerate the presence of a thief or an adulterer. It is certain that some persons cannot approach a hive without being stung, while others may often loiter near them with impunity. Whether this arises from accident, or from the discrimination of the insect, excited by personal physiognomy or effluvia, is a question which we cannot undertake to settle. Aristotle paid great attention to bees, and so, also, we know, did Virgil. But it may be justly said, that nothing was known of their domestic economy until Réaumur and Huber rendered it the object of their study. The latter could not be said to have made it the object of his contemplation, for, strange to say, he was blind when he took to this pursuit, and only saw through the eyes of an affectionate wife, who attended on all his labours, and participated in his enthusiasm.

We do not wish to underrate the account of these interesting societies, which is contained in the volume on 'Insect Architecture.' But as it is confined chiefly to the mode of constructing their habitations, as the title of the work, indeed, indicates, we shall prefer the well-digested analysis of Réaumur's and Huber's observations, contained in the work that stands second on our list.

Every body knows, (yet, perhaps, even this may be doubted,) that a community of bees consists, first, of workers, who are of no sex, who amount generally to many thousands in number, and are easily recognised by their industry and the smallness of their size; secondly, of males, of whom there are only some hundreds attached to each swarm; these are larger than the operatives, and live in indolence; the third, and most important member of the little republic, is her Majesty the Queen, for the bees act upon the very reverse of the Salic Law. She is not merely like the mother-wasp, the mere source of progeny,—she is a Queen to all intents and purposes,—and Réaumur has ascertained that she is treated with the homage which a subject pays to his sovereign. In all her movements through the hive, beyond the precincts of which she very rarely stirs, unless when a colony sets out upon a tour of emigration, she is followed by her court, some of whom lick her with their trunks, being, of course, her favourites; while others extend to her that organ filled with honey for her to sip, being, as it were, her providers. Without a queen, a community of bees will make no provision for the future; they seem to lose all their usual instincts, and numbers of them die daily in despair, until the whole become extinct. What must be thought very singular is, that when bees are deprived of their queen, they have the means, at one season of the year, to repair the loss. They select from the common cells, a worker grub, and transfer it to one of the royal cells, the distinctions between which are very strongly marked; they supply the meaner insect with royal food, which is more pungent than that destined for the other worms; and thus, instead of a worker, which besides being originally a plebeian, was of no sex, they obtain a female and a sovereign. This fact, astonishing as it is, has been placed beyond doubt by the discoveries of Schirach and Huber. The progress of the bee, from the egg to its perfect state, is pregnant with interest.

'As soon as the queen bee has laid her eggs in the various cells, the nurses are incessantly occupied in watching over the brood. For this purpose, they now forego every other employment. There is usually but one egg deposited in each cell; but when the fecundity of the queen happens to exceed the number of cells already prepared, three or four eggs may be found crowded together in the same repository. But this is an inconvenience which the working bees will not permit to continue; they seem to be aware that two young ones placed in the same cell, when they grow larger, would first embarrass, and then destroy each other. Hence they take care that no cell shall contain more than one egg; all the rest they remove or destroy.

'The single egg which is left remaining, is glued by its smaller end to the bottom of the cell, which it touches only in a single point. A day or two after the egg has been thus deposited, the worm is excluded from the shell; presenting the appearance of a maggot rolled up in a ring, and reposing softly in a bed of whitish-coloured jelly, upon which the little animal soon begins to feed. The instant the little worm appears, the working bees attend it with the most anxious tenderness; watching the cell with unremitting care, they furnish the infant insect with a constant supply of the whitish substance, on which it both feeds and lies. These nurses evince for the offspring of another, greater affection than many parents shew towards their own children. They regularly visit each cell at very short intervals, in order to see that nothing be wanting; and they are constantly engaged in preparing the white mixture on which the insect feeds.

'Thus attended and plentifully fed, the worm, in less than ten days' time, acquires its full growth, and ceases to take its usual food. Perceiving that it has no occasion for a further supply, they perform the last office of tenderness, and shut the little animal up in its cell; they close the mouth of the aperture with a waxen lid; and the worm, thus effectually secured against every external injury, is left to itself.

'The worm is no sooner shut up, than it throws off its inactivity and begins to labour; alternately elongating and contracting its body, it contrives to line the sides of its apartments with a soft material, which it spins after the manner of other caterpillars, before they undergo their last transformation. The cell having been thus prepared, the animal passes into the aurelia state; when, although in a state of perfect inactivity, it exhibits not only the legs but the wings of the future bee. Thus, in about twenty or one-and-twenty days, the bee acquires its perfect form, and becomes in every respect fitted for its future labours. When all its parts have acquired their proper strength and consistence, the young insect pierces with its teeth the waxen door of the prison in which it is confined.

'When quite freed from its cell, it is as yet moist and encumbered with the spoils of its former situation, but the officious bees soon come to its relief; one party is seen to flock around it, and lick it clean on all sides with their trunks, while another band may be observed equally assiduous in feeding it with honey: others immediately begin to cleanse the cell which the young insect has just quitted, and fit it for the accommodation of a new inhabitant. The young bee soon repays their care by its industry; for the moment its external parts become dry, it discovers its natural appetites for labour. Freed from the cell, and properly equipped for duty, it at once issues from the hive, and, instructed only by its natural instinct, proceeds in quest of flowers, selects only those which contain a supply of honey; rejects such as are barren, or have been already drained by other adventurers; and when loaded, is never at a loss for its way back to the common habitation. After this first sally, it unremittingly pursues throughout the whole course of its future existence, the task which its instinct thus impels it to begin.'—pp. 40—43.

When the bee lights upon a flower, it extends its trunk into the nectarium, and, with its tongue, licks from the surrounding glands the sweet fluid which it contains. In these glands nature secretes honey; to the bee they have been always known, although they have been but recently discovered by florists. From the tongue, the honey, thus collected, passes into what children well know by the name of the honey-bag, which they are often too expert at plundering. When this bag is filled, away goes the little insect, rejoicing, homeward, and, entering the hive, disgorges into one of the cells the whole treasure, except a drop or two which he reserves for his own use, and as the reward of his labours; sometimes he is met near the door of the hive by a fellow-workman, to whom he delivers his precious burthen, in order that, as he is then in a particularly industrious mood and flushed with success, he may scamper off to the fields for a further supply.

Besides honey, there are two other substances which bees collect, —the yellow dust which loosely adheres to the central parts of flowers, called pollen, and a resinous gum, differing from wax, technically named *propolis*. How does the busy little workman gather the pollen, and what does he want it for? He gathers it in this way. Nature has covered him with a fine down, and, when he seeks for pollen, he rushes boldly into the cup of the flower, rolls himself around, and then moves out backward, completely powdered with the farina. He then rests upon the edge, and the last point but one of each of his legs being a capital brush, he passes them, one after another, over the various parts of his body, and thus collects the pollen into two little heaps; these he stuffs into two little cavities, or baskets, with which the thighs of his last pair of legs are furnished, and thus, when he has robbed a thousand flowers, and fully laden his panniers, he makes the best of his way to the hive. There he discharges his load, which, being mingled by the proper bakers with a little honey, forms the essential food of the whole community, and is called bee-bread, for which the art of men has as yet discovered no substitute.

The Propolis is used for several purposes. It serves to strengthen the cells destined for the young, to repair defects in the combs, where an expenditure of wax would be deemed extravagant, to stop up the crannies and chinks of the hive, through which an enemy might find his way, and to embalm the dead which cannot be removed. A snail, for instance, by some chance gains an entrance into the hive; he is slain upon the spot with a thousand poniards, but what with his shell and his slimy carcass, he is too heavy to be shoved out. His putrid remains might soon breed a plague in the city which he has infested, and, in order to avoid such a danger, the inhabitants fill the mouth of his shell with propolis, nd there he sleeps, hermetically sealed, to all eternity. Might not bees have taught the old Egyptians the art of making a mummy?

The citizens of the hive do not, however, always carry on their operations in peace. The practice of single combat is by no means unknown to them.

'On those fine spring days, in which the sun is beautiful and warm, duels may often be seen to take place between two inhabitants of the same hive. In some cases, the quarrel appears to have begun within, and the combatants may be seen coming out of the gates eager "for blows." Sometimes a bee peaceably settled on the outside of the hive, or walking about, is rudely jostled by another, and then the attack commences, each endeavouring to obtain the most advantageous position. They turn, pirouette, throttle each other; and such is their bitter earnestness, that Reaumur has been enabled to come near enough to observe them with a lens without causing a separation. After rolling about in the dust, the victor, watching the time when its enemy uncovers his body, by elongating it, in the attempt to sting, thrusts its weapon between the scales, and the next instant its antagonist stretches out its quivering wings, and expires. A bee cannot be killed so suddenly, except by crushing, as by the sting of another bee. Sometimes the stronger insect produces the death of the vanquished by squeezing its chest. After this feat has been done, the victorious bee constantly remains, says Reaumur, near his victim, standing on his four front legs, and rubbing the two posterior ones together. Sometimes the enemy is killed in the hive; then the victor always carries the corpse out of the city, and leaves it. These combats are strictly duels, not more than two being concerned in them; and this is even the case when armies of bees meet in combat.'—pp. 58, 59.

Sometimes nation meets nation in arms, as too often happens among mankind; nor are the bees far behind hand with us in the arts of robbing on the highway, and of committing burglaries. Their intolerance of idleness, and other characteristic traits are so well known, that we shall here afford room only for a summary of those which the common observer seldom discovers.

'It must also be confessed, that however inclined, naturally, to industrious habits, the bee will turn thief, if it cannot obtain food by its own labours. In hives, which are ill managed, and not properly supplied with food, the bees, instead of continuing a well-constituted civil society, become a formidably organised band of robbers, which levy contributions upon the neighbouring hives. At first, a few enter the hive by stealth; their numbers are then gradually augmented, and at length, grown more bold, an attack *en masse* is made, and a bloody battle ensues. When the carnage is ended, and one of the queens killed, the bees unite under the same sovereign, and the vacated hive is now ransacked, and its treasures conveyed to the new city.

'A still more extraordinary instance of aggression sometimes occurs, when this proverbially industrious insect does not disdain to rob on the highway.

'Occasionally, one solitary humble bee, which, in its instincts, compared with the hive-bee, is a mere rustic, may be seen surrounded by four or five of the latter, who waylay it as it returns towards its nest, laden with honey.

They, however, do not injure it, but just subject it to that degree of restraint and uncomfortable mauling, by pommelling its chest and pulling its legs, which obliges it to unfold its tongue and disgorge its honey. The robbers, one after another, sip from the honey; and when the insect has been thus eased, it is set at liberty.

'Sometimes, a sort of friendly intercourse takes place between two hives. Thus, the inhabitants of a hive, belonging to Mr. Knight, used to visit that of a cottager, considerably after their working hours. Each bee, before it entered, seemed to be questioned. On the tenth day, however, these civilities terminated in a battle.

'Besides this just exhibition of anger in defence of their lives and property, there are times in which the whole hive becomes infuriated against certain members of their own community. It seems as if the bees are such rigid economists, that whoever is useless must be got rid of. Hence the massacre of drones, or male bees; they are born in April and May, and are killed in August. Huber saw them chased from corner to corner of the hive, till at length the whole were huddled together at its bottom, and there massacred.

'This murderous work was going on at the very same hour in six different hives, clearly shewing that it is not an effect of chance. In one hive, however, in which the fecundation of the queen had been retarded, so that nothing but drones were produced, they were not molested; neither are they touched in hives deprived of the queen. Hence, the fury of bees against drones is connected with some principle of utility; not only drones, but even workers, are occasionally slaughtered by their comrades: some conjecture this to take place on account of their old age. A species of workers, differing in colour from the rest, and supposed to be monstrous, have also been observed to be relentlessly massacred.

'It is not, however, by force alone that these creatures defend their properties and hives; they possess invention enough to rear regular fortifications for protection. Huber once discovered that great ravages had been committed upon his own hives, and he also learnt from all quarters, that a similar calamity had befallen those of his neighbours. At length it was found, that the destruction which had taken place had been caused by that gigantic moth, called the Sphinx Atropos, or Death's Head. How an animal apparently so defenceless should have dared to enter, and then to do what it was found to have done, is still a matter of surprise. It is conjectured by Huber, that the sound which it emits produces effects on the bees, similar to that of the queen; and thus disarms them of the power of resisting its depredations. It is clear, however, that in the daylight, which is unnatural to the Sphinx, the bees can kill it; at least, they did so in an experiment made by Huber.

'As the enterprises of the Sphinx became more and more fatal to the bees, Huber determined to construct a grating which should admit a bee, but not the moth. He did so, and the devastation ceased. But what is extraordinary, he found that in other hives, not protected by human ingenuity, the bees had adopted a very similar expedient for their own defence; and to add still more to the wonder, these defences were not alike, but variously constructed in different hives.

'"Here, was a single wall whose opening arcades were disposed in its higher parts: there, were several bulwarks behind each other, like the bastions of our citadels; gateways, masked by walls in front, opened on the face of the second row, while they did not correspond with the apertures of the first. Sometimes a series of intersecting arcades permitted free egress to the bees, but refused admittance to their enemies. These fortifications were massy, and their substance firm and compact, being composed of propolis and wax."

'When the entrance of their hives is itself restricted, or care is taken to contract it soon enough to prevent the devastation of their enemies, bees dispense with walling themselves in. Here, then, we have the invention and adaptation of means to a proposed end.

'Nothing is more calculated to convince us that animals are not mere machines, than seeing them varying their proceedings according to circumstances. Even their mistakes and irregularities cause us to doubt the doctrine, that all their actions are the result of organization. Of this bees furnish abundant instances.'—pp. 59—63.

The chapters on the structures of caterpillars and beetles in 'Insect Architecture,' are replete with curious matter. The details, however, are too minute for us to touch. We shall, therefore, proceed to the ants, whose history is, if possible, still more interesting than that of the bees. It was first investigated by Gould, and subsequently by Linnæus, De Geer, Huber the younger, and Latreille. The work on 'Insect Architecture' confines itself to the ants indigenous to this country, whose proceedings are of slight importance compared with those of foreign ants. A great proportion of the social ants consists, as in the case of bees, of neuters, who, nevertheless, are actuated by the tenderest sentiments of maternity, and from their birth to their death, 'live, think, and act only for the offspring of another.' The neuters have no wings, appendages which are furnished both to the male and female. About the end of July the latter swarm and prepare for emigration. They rise by a general impulse into the air; in the course of their flight the females are fecundated, and after that operation is performed, the greater proportion of the other sex fall to the earth, and become the food of birds or of fish. By a very singular arrangement, the females which are destined to found new colonies, at first, do all the work of neuters, and, in order to fit themselves for their labours, they begin by divesting themselves of their wings. It is not always, however, that all the females are allowed to quit the old nest. Those which happen to be impregnated, are sometimes clipped of their wings by the neuters, and detained with a gentle violence in their ancient abode.

'As if still afraid that the impregnated female should depart, a single ant is appointed to watch her motions and supply her wants; no Argus appears to be more vigilant: it mounts on her abdomen, resting its two posterior legs on the ground: these sentinels are constantly relieved. As soon as an egg is deposited, the female becomes the object of the tender care of the neuters, and as a mother she receives those attentions which she would in vain have solicited as a virgin. A court, composed of from ten to fifteen individuals, says Huber, continually follows her; she is unceasingly the object of their care and caresses; all are eager to collect around her, offer her nourishment, and assist her with their mandibles in making her way through difficult and ascending passages; they also lead her through all the different quarters of the ant-hill. The eggs taken up by the labourers at the instant of their being laid, are collected around her. When she seeks repose, a group of ants environ her; several females live in the same nest, and shew no rivalry; each has her court, they pass each other uninjured, and sustain in common the population of the ant-hill; but they possess no power, which it would seem is lodged exclusively with the neuters.

'"In whatever apartment," says Gould, "a queen condescends to be present, she commands obedience and respect; an universal gladness spreads itself throughout the whole cell, which is expressed by particular acts of joy and exultation. They have a peculiar way of skipping and leaping, and standing upon their hind legs, and prancing with the others. These frolics they make use of, both to congratulate each other when they meet, and to shew their regard for their queen; some of them gently walk over her, others dance around her, and she is generally encircled with a cluster of attendants."

'Their affection is extended, it would appear from Huber, even beyond life; for when a pregnant female dies, five or six labourers rest near her, and for some days lick and brush her constantly, either with a hope to revive that little particle of cherished dust, or as a tribute of their instinctive love for the departed.'—pp. 114, 115.

The battles which are waged by the tribes of ants against each other, are carried on in the most sanguinary manner, and with all the regularity of human warfare. Huber the younger thus describes one of their engagements.

'"Both armies met half-way from their respective habitations, and the battle commenced: thousands of ants took their station upon the highest ground, and fought in pairs, keeping firm hold of their antagonists by their mandibles; while a considerable number were engaged in the attack, others were leading away prisoners; the latter made several ineffectual endeavours to escape, as if aware that, upon reaching the camp, a cruel death awaited them. The field of battle occupied a space of about three feet square: a penetrating odour exhaled on all sides; and numbers of dead ants were seen covered with venom. The ants composing groups and chains, laid hold of each other's legs and pincers, and dragged their antagonists on the ground; these groups formed successively. The fight usually commenced between two ants, who, seizing each other by the mandibles, raised themselves upon their hind legs, to allow of their bringing their abdomen forward, and spurting their venom upon their adversary: they were frequently so wedged together, that they fell on their sides, and fought a long time in that situation in the dust: shortly afterwards they raised themselves, when each began dragging its adversary; but when their force happened to be equal, the wrestlers remained immoveable, and fixed each other to the ground, until a third came to decide the contest. It more commonly happened that both ants received assistance at the same time, when the whole four keeping firm hold of a foot or antenna, made ineffectual attempts to win the battle. In this way, they sometimes formed groups of six, eight, or ten, firmly locked all together; the group was only broken, when several warriors from the same republic advanced at the same time, and compelled the enchained insects to let go their hold, and then the single combats were renewed; on the approach of night, each party retired gradually to their own city.

' "On the following day, before dawn, the ants returned to the field of battle—the groups again formed—the carnage recommenced with greater fury than on the preceding evening, and the scene of combat occupied a space of six feet by two: the event remained for a long time doubtful; about mid-day the contending armies had removed to the distance of a dozen feet from one of their cities, whence, I conclude, that some ground had been gained: the ants fought so desperately, that they did not even perceive my presence, and though I remained close to the armies, not a single combatant climbed up my legs. The ordinary operations of the two cities were not suspended, and in all the immediate vicinity of the ant-hills order and peace prevailed; on that side on which the battle raged alone were seen crowds of these insects running to and fro, some to join the combatants, and some to escort the prisoners. This war terminated without any disastrous results to either of the two republics: long continued rains shortened its duration, and each band of warriors ceased to frequent the road which led to the enemy's camp." '—pp. 117—119.

These engagements between equal tribes arise from feelings of mutual hostility, and the object is mutual destruction. But there is a tribe called the Amazon, or legionary ants, which invades a less warlike nation for the purpose of making slaves. We have already alluded to these depredators, who proceed with the greatest discipline and courage to the invasion of the cities occupied by the negro ant; if successful, as they generally are, they carry off all the larvæ of the neuters, and rear them up in perfect obedience. The little slaves soon have no sense of the hostility that forced them from their native home, and become quite attached to their masters, for whom they work with prodigious industry.

'On the negroes reared among them they depend not only for house and home, but even for food; and these faithful and affectionate servants begrudge neither labour nor pains in providing for their masters. Huber inclosed thirty amazons with several pupæ and larvæ of their own species, and twenty negro pupæ, in a glass-box, the bottom of which was covered with a thick layer of earth: honey was given to them, so that, although cut off from their auxiliaries, the amazons had both shelter and food: at first they appeared to pay some little attention to the young; this soon ceased, and they neither traced out a dwelling, nor took any food; in two days one-half died of hunger, and the other remained weak and languid: commiserating their condition, he gave them *one* of their black companions: this little creature, unassisted, formed a chamber in the earth, gathered together the larvæ, put every thing into complete order, and preserved the lives of those which were about to perish.

'In order to obtain a more intimate knowledge of the facts, the same observer of nature opened and deranged an ant-hill in which the negroes and amazons dwelt together; in doing so, the aspect of their city was so altered as not to be recognized by the amazons, and they were seen wandering at random over its surface. The negroes, however, appeared to be well acquainted with the new localities of the ant-hill, and relieved them from their embarrassment, by taking them up gently in their mandibles, and conducting them to the galleries already pierced. "An Amazon was frequently seen to approach a negro, and play upon its head with its antennæ, when the latter immediately seized the former in its pincers, and deposited it at one of the entrances; the amazon ant then unrolled itself, caressed once more its kind friend, and passed into the interior of the nest; now and then the negro lost its way too, and wandered about carrying the amazon.

'"I observed one," continues Huber, "after ineffectual windings, take the precaution of laying its burden on the ground: the amazon remained on the same spot until the negro returned to its assistance, which, having well ascertained and examined one of the entrances, resumed its load, and bore it into the interior."'—pp. 126, 127.

We have alluded, also, to those ants which lead a sort of pastoral life, having their own flocks and herds. The reader who has not already examined the subject, will be astonished and delighted with the following account of those extraordinary insects:—

'The wonders of the ant-tribe are far from being exhausted; we have seen them subjugating their own species and reducing them to the condition of domestic slaves. But a more singular trait in their manners remains to be stated. They keep and feed certain other insects, from which they extract a sweet and nutritious liquid, in the same manner as we obtain milk from cows. There are two species of insects from which the ant-tribe abstract this juice—the aphides, or plant-lice, and the gall-insects. Linnæus, and after him other naturalists, have called these insects the milch cattle of the ants; and the term is not inapplicable. In the proper season, any person who may choose to be at the pains of watching their proceedings, may see, as Linnæus says, the ants ascending trees that they may milk their cows, the aphides. The substance which is here called milk is a saccharine fluid, which these insects secrete; it is scarcely inferior to honey in sweetness, and issues in limpid drops from the body of the insect, by two little tubes placed one on each side just above the abdomen. The aphides insert their suckers into the tender bark of a tree, and employ themselves without intermission in absorbing its sap; which, having passed through the digestive system of the insect, is discharged by the organs just described. When no ants happen to be at hand to receive this treasure, the insects eject it to a distance by a jerking motion, which at regular intervals they give their bodies. When the ants, however, are in attendance, they carefully watch the emission of this precious fluid, and immediately suck it down. The ants not only consume this fluid when voluntarily ejected by the aphides, but, what is still more surprising, they know how to make them yield it at pleasure; or, in other terms, to milk them. On this occasion the antennæ of the ants discharge the same functions as the fingers of a milk-maid: with these organs, moved very rapidly, they pat the abdomen of an aphis first on one side and then on the other: a little drop of the much coveted juice immediately issues forth, which the ant eagerly conveys to its mouth. The milk of one aphis having been thus exhausted, the ant proceeds to treat others in the same manner, until at length it is satiated, when it returns to its nest.

'A still more singular fact, connected with this branch of the natural economy of these insects, remains to be stated. These cows are not always considered the common property of a whole tribe; on the contrary, some of them are appropriated to the exclusive use of the inhabitants of a particular hill or nest; and to keep these cows to themselves, they exert all their skill and industry. Sometimes the aphides inhabiting the branches of a particular tree, or the stalks of a particular plant, are thus appropriated; and if any vagrant foreigners attempt to share this treasure with its true owners, the latter, exhibiting every symptom of uneasiness and anger, employ all their efforts to drive them away.

'Some species of ants go in search of these aphides on the vegetables where they feed; but there are others, as the yellow ant, which collect a large herd of a kind of aphis, which derives its nutriment from the roots of grass and other plants. These milch kine they remove from their native plants and domesticate in their habitations, affording, as Huber justly observes, an example of almost human industry and sagacity. On turning up the nest of the yellow ant, this naturalist one day saw a variety of aphides either wandering about in the different chambers, or attached to the roots of plants which penetrated into the interior. The ants appeared to be extremely jealous of their stock of cattle; they followed them about, and caressed them, whenever they wished for the honied juice, which the aphis never refused to yield. On the slightest appearance of danger, they took them up in their mouths, and gently removed them to a more sheltered and more secure spot. They dispute with other ants for them, and in short, watch them as keenly as any pastoral people would guard the herds which form their wealth. Other species which do not gather the aphides together in their own nest, still seem to look on them as private property; they set sentinels to protect their places of resort and drive away other ants; and, what is still more extraordinary, they inclose them as a farmer does his sheep, to preserve them not only from rival ants, but also from the natural enemies of the aphis.'—pp. 131—133.

Until Gould, in 1747, investigated the economy of ants, it was generally believed that they fed upon corn, and wonderful stories were related and believed of the foresight with which the tiny husbandman prepared and stored his granary against the approach of winter. It is almost a pity to destroy these pretty tales, by alluding to the fact, that in winter the ants eat no food at all, and that at no season do ants of any species eat grain. If ever they convey a barley-corn to their nests, it is destined only for the purpose of adding to the materials of their buildings. Some excavate their dwellings, some construct them on the surface of the ground, and often raise them to a considerable height, while others form their abodes in trees. The first are called mining, the second mason, and the third carpenter ants:—

'From the result of their labours, it might be inferred that they were actuated by a common mechanical instinct, yet this is by no means the case: no two apartments are alike in the same nest, and no two nests have exactly the same arrangements. Each ant seems capable of conceiving a particular plan, which is in some manner made intelligible to the rest, and practically executed. If pieces of straw be placed conveniently for its purpose, an ant, after careful examination, proceeds to make use of this appropriate supply of material. In another case it would have to drag bits of stubble, then arrange them, and then build. The operations of these insects vary very much from the beautiful and geometrically precise labour of bees. Indeed, they seem to act so completely according to the exigencies of each case, that the moving power which impels and guides their operations approaches so closely to human reason, that to establish a distinction appears extremely difficult.'—p. 136.

The Termites, or white, or wood ants, of whose habits and instincts Smeathman has given by far the best account, are the plague of both the Indies. Their favourite food is wood, and they attack it in such myriads, that nothing escapes their ravages. Any other food is, however, not amiss to them; paper, cloth, vegetables, they devour with amazing rapidity.

The ants of which we have hitherto spoken, act together in communities; and it could hardly be thought that the description of their economy could be exceeded in interest. We shall, however, now exhibit the ant-lion to the reader, and if its astonishing history do not induce him to study for himself the whole volume of nature, he must be the very slave of indolence. The ant-lion, as we have already intimated, in his first state, resembles a common wood-louse. He is an inhabitant of the south of Europe, who can live only upon the juice of other insects, particularly ants, not one of which he could ever catch by pursuit, for he can only walk backward, and that slowly. What does this poor devil do for his dinner? He procures it by stratagem, like a common thief; he forms a conical pit-fall, at the bottom of which he lies concealed, and waits with surprising patience until an unlucky victim tumbles into his den. The proceedings of this insect are so singular that we shall not abridge the account of them, which we find very well executed in Mr. Murray's volume :—

'For the purpose of excavating this trap, it seeks a spot of loose and dry sand, under the shelter of an old wall, or at the foot of a tree. Two circumstances incline it to select a spot of this description; in such a soil its snare is constructed with the least possible trouble; and the prey most agreeable to its appetite particularly abounds in such places. Having fixed upon a spot proper for its purpose, it traces in the sand a circular furrow, which is to determine the extent of its future abode. The outline of the hollow which it intends to excavate, being drawn, it proceeds with its task. Placing itself on the inside of the circular furrow previously traced, it thrusts the hind part of its body, like a ploughshare, under the sand; and using one of its fore-legs as a shovel, it deposits a load of sand upon its head, which is flat and square: it then gives its head a jerk, sufficiently strong to toss this load to a distance of several inches beyond the outward circle. All this is executed with a wonderful degree of celerity and address. Always going backwards, the same process is repeated, until it reaches that part of the circle where it commenced its operations. Another furrow is then excavated inside of the first circle; this is succeeded by others, until at last the insect arrives at the centre of its intended hollow. One peculiarity deserves to be pointed out; the insect neither uses its outward leg, nor disturbs the sand lying on the outside of the circle; using the inner leg only, it loads its head with sand taken from the inside of the circle. It seems to be well aware, that the sand within the circle is all that requires to be removed, and also that this can be effected only by using the inside leg. If both the legs were used at the same time, the excavation would assume the shape of a cylinder, and not that of a cone; which is the only form that can suit the purpose of the insect. It must, however, be obvious, that if, throughout the whole of this laborious process, one leg continued to be exclusively used, the limb would get tired. To obviate this inconvenience, nature has taught the little pioneer to adopt an apt expedient: one furrow having been completely excavated, another is traced in an opposite direction; this brings into play the leg which had been previously at rest. It frequently happens that small stones impede the progress of its labours; these are all, one by one, placed upon its head, and jerked beyond the outer margin of the excavation. But when arrived near the bottom, it sometimes encounters a pebble too large to be removed even by this process, its head not having sufficient breadth and strength to bear so bulky and so heavy a substance; while the hole is too deep to admit of its being projected over the margin. In this dilemma the little engineer is not destitute of resources. A new mode of proceeding is adopted, suitable to the difficulty which the insect has to overcome. By a series of the most ingenious movements, it contrives to lift the pebble upon its back, where it is kept in a steady position by means of the segments which compose that part. Having thus secured the pebble from the chance of falling, the indefatigable labourer resolutely walks, tail forwards, up the slope of the excavation, and deposits its burthen on the outside. When the stone to be removed happens to be round, the insect's task becomes more arduous and difficult: in this emergency, the proceedings of the little ant-lion cannot fail to excite the deepest sympathy. With incredible exertion it lifts the pebble on its back; it then commences its retrograde ascent up the slope of the den; but at every step of its progress, the load may be seen to totter to one side or the other; but the expert porter elevates the segments of its back in order to restore the balance. It sometimes occurs, that, when it has very nearly reached the top of the excavation, a false step causes it to stumble: in this unlucky case, all its efforts are frustrated, and the stone rolls headlong to the bottom. Mortified, but not despairing, the unwearied ant-lion returns to the charge; again places the stone on its back, and again ascends the sloping side, artfully availing itself of the channel which had been formed by the rolling stone—the sides of this channel frequently serving to support the load. Throughout the whole progress of the work, the insect shows itself a most expert engineer. It describes a perfect circle, and traces out a volute, without the assistance of a pair of compasses; and gives the slope of earth which it hollows, all the solidity of which it is susceptible.

'All difficulties having been at length surmounted, the pit is finished; it is a conical excavation, rather more than two inches deep, and about three inches in diameter at the top, gradually diminishing in its dimensions until it becomes no more than a point at the bottom. It is at this narrow part of the den, that the ant-lion now takes its station; and lest its uncouth and forbidding appearance should scare away any prey which might happen to approach its lurking hole, it conceals its whole body under a layer of sand, except the points of its expanded forceps, which stick out above the surface. It seldom happens that much time elapses before some vagrant ant, unsuspicious of danger, arrives upon the margin of the den. Impelled by some fatal motive, it is prompted to explore the depth below; and bitterly is it made to rue its prying intrusion. The treacherous sand gives way under its feet; the struggles which it makes to escape serve but to accelerate its descent; and it falls headlong into the open forceps of its destroyer. The ant, however, sometimes succeeds in arresting its downward progress half-way, when it uses every effort to scramble up the sloping side. Furnished with six eyes on each side of the head, the ant-lion is sufficiently sharp-sighted to perceive this manœuvre. Roused by the prospect of losing the expected delicacy, it instantly throws off its inactivity; shovels loads of sand upon its head, and vigorously throws it after the retreating victim. The blows which the ant thus receives, from substances comparatively of great size, soon bring it down within the grasp of the terrible pincers which are extended to receive it. If one shower should fail, another soon follows, and lucky indeed must be the insect which can effect its escape.'—pp. 229—234.

The transformation of the ant-lion, one of the most extraordinary things in the whole history of insects, we have already mentioned. Were we not afraid of extending this article beyond all reasonable limits, we might be tempted to go more fully into that interesting subject. We should also have amused ourselves with pointing out a few errors into which the author of the 'History' has fallen, in his account of spiders, who, he thinks, have the power of projecting from one tree to another, or from bank to bank of a river, their silken threads. The observations made by Mr. Rennie, in the 'Insect Architecture,' upon spiders, are much more satisfactory. That intelligent naturalist has placed it, we apprehend, beyond doubt, that spiders have no such power, and that when they do succeed in extending a silken bridge from one point to another, they effect it by means of the current of air in which they are placed. They emit the thread, which floats in the direction of the current, and from its glutinous nature adheres to anything which it touches. The ingenuity of the insect is exercised in finding out the current suited to the direction in which he wishes to move.

Anxious as we are to encourage any works which are calculated to render natural history interesting to all classes of readers, we feel no disposition to enter into an invidious comparison between the two volumes from which we have just derived so much entertainment. Nevertheless, we cannot but observe that the illustrations, or wood-cuts, in Mr. Murray's book are both too few in number, and too inferior in point of execution, to give it a chance of fair rivalry in this respect with its competitor. The disadvantage of Mr. Rennie's volume is, that it is confined to one part of a subject. After learning from him the mode in which a bee, an ant, or a caterpillar constructs his mansion, we wish to go on, and know something of the habits of these insects, and the changes which they and others undergo. But we are stopped short in our enquiries, and must content ourselves with that branch of the subject which is connected only with their architecture; we must look into another volume for their transformations, and doubtless into another for their economy and management. These divisions fritter away the interest which belongs to the History of Insects, an interest which is very well preserved in the volume published by Mr. Murray. It cannot fail, however, to be remarked, that 'Insect Architecture' is a work evidently written by a man who has observed nature with his own eyes; whereas, the 'History' is the production of a mere artist, who has read nature through the spectacles of books.

Art. VII.—*Consolations in Travel, or The Last Days of a Philosopher.* By Sir Humphry Davy, Bart. late President of the Royal Society. 8vo. pp. 281. London: John Murray, 1830.

We feel too melancholy an interest in the posthumous publication of one of the most eminently useful philosophers of our time, to examine its contents too strictly, according to the laws of ordinary criticism. The work before us derives, from the circumstance of its being, perhaps, the last contribution from the mind of Sir Humphry Davy to the treasures of scientific literature, a sacred value in our eyes, such as no abstract merits of its own could almost enhance, and certainly such as no imperfections can diminish. We estimate the gift, not on account of its intrinsic worth, but with reference to the benefactor from whom we received it. The voice of the critic is raised in vain when his remonstrance cannot be heard, and when the source of correction, for the error which he points out, is extinguished for ever. Had the case been otherwise, we might have sported with Sir Humphry on the fantastic design of which he has made choice. We might have launched a civil rebuke against him for the desultory and disordered manner in which even that design is executed, and we might have uttered our reclamations in opposition to the merciless pertinacity with which he has been resolved to act the metaphysician until our limbs are almost stiffened, and our lungs scarcely capable of action in the cold and rarefied atmosphere of conjectural philosophy into which he has conducted us. Had he been amenable to the justice of our critical code, we should have charged him with an unlawful tendency to very grave technical disquisitions, touching geological formations and chemical changes, when he proposed to be amusing, or, at most, no more than instructive; we should have besought him to forget the laboratory for a season, to cease to be purely scientific, to continue to be, without intermission, the shrewd and enlightened observer of men and manners, the engaging illustrator possessed of an inexhaustible store of curious and digested knowledge, developing the impressions of natural scenery on a mind enthusiastically responsive to its charms, and enriching his descriptions with the copious eloquence of a warm fancy, and an elevated and glowing benevolence.

The interest which the public must attach to a literary legacy bestowed by such a man as Sir Humphry Davy, will be considerably quickened, when they learn that the present work was written under the same circumstances of indisposition as those which attended the composition of Salmonia,—now the accredited production of the same pen. It was concluded,—we are informed by Dr. Davy, in the few lines of preface with which he introduces this volume,—at the very moment of the invasion of the author's last illness; and who is there, whatever be his tastes, that can peruse, without emotion, the production of so estimable a writer, which, in its construction, yielded to him, as he himself mournfully says, 'some pleasure and consolation when most other sources of consolation and pleasure were closed to him?' We are sure, then, that we shall not be found to err, in the motives which prompt us to give to this last emanation of Sir Humphry Davy's vigorous mind, a degree of attention, which its own abstract claims may not be sufficient to justify.

The 'Consolations of Travel' is arranged into six parts or dialogues, these divisions being, to our apprehension, quite superfluous. As is the case in 'Salmonia,' the narrative and the reasoning are carried on by dramatis personæ, in number amounting to three only, each of whom, in his turn, exhibits a delightful spirit of candid inquiry as well as a most heroic promptitude in surrendering to superior argument. These gentlemen, who were countrymen of his own, our author had the pleasure of associating with at Rome, and, finally, was authorized to regard them as his most intimate friends. One of these, Ambrosio, was of the Roman Catholic persuasion, a man of an enlarged and liberal mind, and who, from his exalted and benevolent views, deserved to have been the secretary of a Ganganelli. The other companion of our author is entitled Onuphrio, who appears to represent, very faithfully, a certain class of well-born and well-bred Englishmen, whose native good sense alone prevents them from openly professing that infidelity, which a spirit of free discussion in this country is but too well calculated to engender on a merely formal and exceedingly imperfect religious education. The first collision between minds so differently constituted as those of Ambrosio and Onuphrio, took place amidst the ruins of the Colisæum, whither the party had proceeded on an excursion of intellectual pleasure. In contemplating the remains of that exquisite structure, Onuphrio indulges in some eulogistic reflections on the energy and perseverance of the old Romans, of whom he says, that they formed their plans and made their combinations, as if their power, beyond the reach of chance, were to endure for eternity.

'Ambrosio took up the discourse of Onuphrio, and said, "The aspect of this wonderful heap of ruins is so picturesque, that it is impossible to regret its decay; and at this season of the year the colours of the vegetation are in harmony with those of the falling ruins, and how perfectly the whole landscape is in tone! The remains of the palace of the Cæsars and of the golden halls of Nero appear in the distance, their gray and tottering turrets and their moss-stained arches reposing, as it were, upon the decaying vegetation: and there is nothing that marks the existence of life except the few pious devotees, who wander from station to station in the arena below, kneeling before the cross, and demonstrating the triumph of a religion, which received in this very spot in the early period of its existence one of its most severe persecutions, and which, nevertheless, has preserved what remains of that building, where attempts were made to stifle it almost at its birth; for, without the influence of Christianity, these majestic ruins would have been dispersed or levelled to the dust. Plundered of their lead and iron by the barbarians, Goths, and Vandals, and robbed even of their stones by Roman princes, the Barberini, they owe what remains of their relics to the sanctifying influence of that faith which has preserved for the world all that was worth preserving, not merely arts and literature but likewise that which constitutes the progressive nature of intellect and the institutions which afford to us happiness in this world and hopes of a blessed immortality in the next. And, being of the faith of Rome, I may say, that the preservation of this pile by the sanctifying effect of a few crosses planted round it, is almost a miraculous event. And what a contrast the present application of this building, connected with holy feelings and exalted hopes, is to that of the ancient one, when it was used for exhibiting to the Roman people the destruction of men by wild beasts, or of men, more savage than wild beasts, by each other, to gratify a horrible appetite for cruelty, founded upon a still more detestable lust, that of universal domination! And who would have supposed, in the time of Titus, that a faith, despised in its insignificant origin, and persecuted from the supposed obscurity of its founder and its principles, should have reared a dome to the memory of one of its humblest teachers, more glorious than was ever framed for Jupiter or Apollo in the ancient world, and have preserved even the ruins of the temples of the pagan deities, and have burst forth in splendour and majesty, consecrating truth amidst the shrines of error, employing the idols of the Roman superstition for the most holy purposes, and rising a bright and constant light amidst the dark and starless night which followed the destruction of the Roman empire!"

'Onuphrio now resumed the discourse: he said, "I have not the same exalted views on the subject which our friend Ambrosio has so eloquently expressed. Some little of the perfect state in which these ruins exist may have been owing to causes which he has described; but these causes have only lately begun to operate, and the mischief was done before Christianity was established at Rome. Feeling differently on these subjects, I admire this venerable ruin rather as the record of the destruction of the power of the greatest people that ever existed, than as a proof of the triumph of Christianity; and I am carried forward in melancholy anticipation, to the period when even the magnificent dome of St. Peter's will be in a similar state to that in which the Colisæum now is, and when its ruins may be preserved by the sanctifying influence of some new and unknown faith; when, perhaps, the statue of Jupiter, which at present receives the kiss of the devotee, as the image of St. Peter, may be employed for another holy use, as the personification of a future saint or divinity; and when the monuments of the papal magnificence shall be mixed with the same dust as that which now covers the tombs of the Cæsars. Such, I am sorry to say, is the general history of all the works and institutions belonging to humanity. They rise, flourish, and then decay and fall; and the period of their decline is generally proportional to that of their elevation. In ancient Thebes or Memphis the peculiar genius of the people has left us monuments from which we can judge of their arts, though we cannot understand the nature of their superstitions. Of Babylon and of Troy the remains are almost extinct; and what we know of these famous cities is almost entirely derived from literary records. Ancient Greece and Rome we view in the few remains of their monuments; and the time will arrive when modern Rome shall be what ancient Rome now is; and ancient Rome and Athens will be what Tyre or Carthage now are, (*is*) known only by coloured dust in the desert, or coloured sand, containing the fragments of bricks or glass, washed up by the wave of a stormy sea. I might pursue these thoughts still further, and show that the wood of the cross, or the bronze of the statue, decay as quickly as if they had not been sanctified; and I think I could show that their influence is owing to the imagination, which, when infinite time is considered, or the course of ages even, is null and its effect imperceptible; and similar results occur, whether the faith be that of Osiris, of Jupiter, of Jehovah, or of Jesus."

'To this Ambrosio replied, his countenance and the tones of his voice expressing some emotion: "I do not think, Onuphrio, that you consider this question with your usual sagacity or acuteness; indeed, I never hear you on the subject of religion without pain and without a feeling of regret that you have not applied your powerful understanding to a more minute and correct examination of the evidences of revealed religion. You would then, I think, have seen, in the origin, progress, elevation, decline and fall of the empires of antiquity, proofs that they were intended for a definite end in the scheme of human redemption; you would have found prophecies which have been amply verified; and the foundation or the ruin of a kingdom, which appears in civil history so great an event, in the history of man, in his religious institutions, as comparatively of small moment; you would have found the establishment of the worship of one God amongst a despised and contemned people, as the most important circumstance in the history of the early world; you would have found the Christian dispensation naturally arising out of the Jewish, and the doctrines of the pagan nations all preparatory to the triumph and final establishment of a creed fitted for the most enlightened state of the human mind, and equally adapted to every climate and every people."'—pp. 4—10.

His companions, in the course of the day, retire from the Colisæum, to keep an unavoidable appointment, and leave our author to the solitary enjoyment of the noble ruins. Here, acted upon by the scenery around him, and the train of reflections which they produced in his mind, he falls into a reverie, his senses become powerfully affected, and he feels as if he had entered upon a new state of existence. The sounds of sweet music fall with charming effect upon his ears, and at their discontinuation the voice of a genius is distinctly heard. The first dialogue is from this circumstance distinguished by the title of the 'Vision.' The Genius, after an appropriate address, exhibits to the astonished view of the dreamer actual representations of human life through its successive stages, from the rudest infancy of man to the most refined state of civilization.* The eras of these moral changes are marked with a bold and powerful hand. The following reflections, imputed to the Genius, are not less true and striking than they are original and novel.

'Monarchs change their plans, governments their objects, a fleet or an army effect their purpose and then pass away; but a piece of steel touched by the magnet, preserves its character for ever, and secures to man the dominion of the trackless ocean. A new period of society may send armies from the shores of the Baltic to those of the Euxine, and the empire of the followers of Mahomet may be broken in pieces by a northern people, and the dominion of the Britons in Asia may share the fate of that of Tamerlane or Zengiskhan; but the steam-boat which ascends the Delaware or the St. Laurence will be continued to be used, and will carry the civilization of an improved people into the deserts of North America and into the wilds of Canada. In the common history of the world, as compiled by authors in general, almost all the great changes of nations are confounded with changes in their dynasties, and events are usually referred either to sovereigns, chiefs, heroes, or their armies, which do, in fact, originate from entirely different causes, either of an intellectual or moral nature. Governments depend far more than is generally supposed upon the opinion of the people and the spirit of the age and nation. It sometimes happens that a gigantic mind possesses supreme power and rises superior to the age in which he is born, such was Alfred in England and Peter in Russia; but such instances are very rare; and, in general, it is neither amongst sovereigns nor the higher classes of society, that the great improvers or benefactors of mankind are to be found. The works of the most illustrious names were little valued at the times when they were produced, and their authors either despised or neglected; and great, indeed, must have been the pure and abstract pleasure resulting from the exertion of intellectual superiority and the discovery of truth and the bestowing benefits and blessings upon society, which induced men to sacrifice all their common enjoyments and all their privileges as citizens, to these exertions. Anaxagoras, Archimedes, Roger Bacon, Gallileo Gallilei, in their deaths or their imprisonments, offer instances of this kind, and nothing can be more striking than what appears to have been the ingratitude of men towards their greatest benefactors; but hereafter, when you understand more of the scheme of the universe, you will see the cause and the effect of this, and you will find the whole system governed by principles of immutable justice. I have said that in the progress of society, all great and real improvements are perpetuated; the same corn which, four thousand years ago, was raised from an improved grass by an inventor worshipped for two thousand years in the ancient world under the name of Ceres, still forms the principal food of mankind; and the potatoe, perhaps the greatest benefit that the old has derived from the new world, is spreading over

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* The idea was no doubt suggested by the pictorial representations in the interior of the house of the Society of Arts—the ambitious but ill requited work of the unfortunate Barry.—*E. M. R.*

Europe, and will continue to nourish an extensive population when the name of the race by whom it was first cultivated in South America is forgotten.

'"I will now call your attention to some remarkable laws belonging to the history of society, and from the consideration of which you will be able gradually to develope the higher and more exalted principles of being. There appears nothing more accidental than the sex of an infant, yet take any great city or any province, and you will find that the relations of males and females are unalterable. Again, a part of the pure air of the atmosphere is continually consumed in combustion and respiration; living vegetables emit this principle during their growth; nothing appears more accidental than the proportion of vegetable to animal life on the surface of the earth, yet they are perfectly equivalent, and the balance of the sexes, like the constitution of the atmosphere, depends upon the principles of an unerring intelligence."'—pp. 34—37.

The second dialogue is composed of discussions on the 'Vision,' and as the philosophy of dreams naturally presents itself during the debate, Sir Humphry Davy, under the character of Philalethes, relates the following as a genuine occurrence:—

'Almost a quarter of a century ago, as you know, I contracted that terrible form of typhus fever known by the name of jail fever, I may say, not from any imprudence of my own, but whilst engaged in putting in execution a plan for ventilating one of the great prisons of the metropolis. My illness was severe and dangerous; as long as the fever continued, my dreams or deliriums were most painful and oppressive; but when the weakness consequent to exhaustion came on, and when the probability of death seemed to my physicians greater than that of life, there was an entire change in all my ideal combinations. I remained in an apparently senseless or lethargic state, but in fact my mind was peculiarly active; there was always before me the form of a beautiful woman, with whom I was engaged in the most interesting and intellectual conversation.

'AMB.—The figure of a lady with whom you were in love.

'PHIL.—No such thing; I was passionately in love at the time, but the object of my admiration was a lady with black hair, dark eyes, and pale complexion; this spirit of my vision, on the contrary, had brown hair, blue eyes, and a bright rosy complexion, and was, as far as I can recollect, unlike any of the amatory forms which in early youth had so often haunted my imagination. Her figure, for many days, was so distinct in my mind as to form almost a visual image: as I gained strength, the visits of my good angel, for so I called it, became less frequent, and when I was restored to health they were altogether discontinued.

'ONU.—I see nothing very strange in this, a mere re-action of the mind after severe pain, and, to a young man of twenty-five, there are few more pleasurable images than that of a beautiful maiden with blue eyes, blooming cheeks, and long nut-brown hair.

'PHIL.—But all my feelings and all my conversations with this visionary maiden were of an intellectual and refined nature.

'ONU.—Yes, I suppose, as long as you were ill.

'PHIL.—I will not allow you to treat me with ridicule on this point, till you have heard the second part of my tale. Ten years after I had recovered from the fever, and when I had almost lost the recollection of the vision, it was recalled to my memory by a very blooming and graceful maiden fourteen or fifteen years old, that I accidentally met during my travels in Illyria; but I cannot say that the impression made upon my mind by this female was very strong. Now comes the extraordinary part of the narrative; ten years after, twenty years after my first illness, at a time when I was exceedingly weak from a severe and dangerous malady, which for many weeks threatened my life, and when my mind was almost in a desponding state, being in a course of travels ordered by my medical advisers, I again met the person who was the representative of my visionary female; and to her kindness and care, I believe I owe what remains to me of existence. My despondency gradually disappeared, and though my health still continued weak, life began to possess charms for me which I had thought were for ever gone; and I could not help identifying the living angel with the vision which appeared as my guardian genius during the illness of my youth.'—pp. 69—72.

The origin of man, and the consistency of the Scriptural accounts of his primitive state, with historical facts and natural inferences, form a theme for a very instructive theological conversation; the companions then pass to the consideration of the Jewish theocracy, and the first establishment of Christianity.

From the misty atmosphere of religious philosophy, we are led, in the third Dialogue, to the welcome scenes of natural beauty, and we gladly quote the eloquent description of an excursion from Naples to the architectural remains which confer upon Pæstum an undying interest.

'It was on the 16th of May 18—that we left Naples at three in the morning, for the purpose of visiting the remains of the temples of Pæstum, and having provided relays of horses we found ourselves at about half-past one o'clock descending the hill of Eboli towards the plain which contains these stupendous monuments of antiquity. Were my existence to be prolonged through ten centuries, I think I could never forget the pleasure I received on that delicious spot. We alighted from our carriage to take some refreshment, and we reposed upon the herbage under the shade of a magnificent pine, contemplating the view around and below us. On the right, were the green hills covered with trees stretching towards Salerno: beyond them were the marble cliffs, which form the southern extremity of the Bay of Sorento; immediately below our feet was a rich and cultivated country filled with vineyards and abounding in villas, in the gardens of which were seen the olive and the cypress tree connected, as if to memorialise how near to each other are life and death, joy and sorrow; the distant mountains stretching beyond the plain of Pæstum were in the full luxuriance of vernal vegetation; and in the extreme distance, as if in the midst of a desert, we saw the white temples glittering in the sunshine. The blue Tyrrhene sea filled up the outline of this scene, which though so beautiful, was not calm; there was a heavy breeze which blew full from the south-west, it was literally a zephyr, and its freshness and strength in the middle of the day were peculiarly balmy and delightful, it seemed a breath stolen by the spring from the summer. I never saw a deeper, brighter azure than that of the waves which rolled towards the shore, and which was rendered more striking by the pure whiteness of their foam. The agitation of nature seemed to be one of breathing and awakening life; the noise made by the waving of the branches of the pine above our heads, and by the rattling of its cones, was overpowered by the music of a multitude of birds which sung every where in the trees that surrounded us, and the cooing of the turtle-doves was heard even more distinctly than the murmuring of the waves or the whistling of the winds, so that in the strife of nature the voice of love was predominant. With our hearts touched by this extraordinary scene, we descended to the ruins, and having taken at a farm-house a person who acted as guide or cicerone, we began to examine those wonderful remains which have outlived even the name of the people by whom they were raised, and which continue almost perfect, whilst a Roman and a Saracen city, since raised, have been destroyed. We had been walking for half an hour round the temples in the sunshine, when our guide represented to us the danger that there was of suffering from the effects of malaria, for which, as is well known, this place is notorious, and advised us to retire into the interior of the temple of Neptune. We followed his advice, and my companions began to employ themselves in measuring the circumference of one of the Doric columns, when they suddenly called my attention to a stranger who was sitting on a camp stool behind it.'—pp. 109—112.

The stranger, who confers upon this Dialogue the title of the 'Unknown,' proves to be a man of profound science, and seems to us, we confess, to be meant as the more faithful representative of Sir H. Davy himself, notwithstanding that the author appears to have disposed of his own identity already in the character of Philalethes. In the Unknown, the three companions find a most interesting and satisfactory guide, from whom they learn many curious facts, and hear several ingenious theories respecting the materials which formed the Cyclopian walls and temple of Pæstum. The wonderful durability of the masses of *travertine,* which compose these walls, is too striking a subject for curiosity to be passed by, and the origin of this substance is the subject of much scientific conversation. The Unknown conducts the visitors to a neighbouring pool, or lake, that contained a quarry, out of which, he is of opinion, the travertine had been excavated; the slow process of its formation is thus described:—

'There was,' says our author, 'something peculiarly melancholy in the character of this water; all the herbs around it were grey, as if encrusted with marble; a few buffaloes were slaking their thirst in it, which ran wildly away on our approach, and appeared to retire into a rocky excavation, or quarry, at the end of the lake; there were a number of birds, which, on examination, I found were sea-swallows, flitting on the surface, and busily employed with the libella, or dragon-fly, in destroying the myriads of gnats which rose from the bottom, and were beginning to be very troublesome, by their bites, to us. "There," said the stranger, "is what I believe to be, the source of those large and durable stones, which you see in the plain before you. This water rapidly deposits calcareous matter, and even if you throw a stick into it, a few hours is sufficient to give it a coating of this substance. Whichever way you turn your eyes you see masses of this recently produced marble, the consequence of the overflowing of the lake during the winter floods, and in that large excavation, where you saw the buffaloes disappear, you may observe that immense masses have been removed, as if by the hand of art, and in remote times;—the marble that remains in the quarry is of the same texture and character as that which you see in the ruins of Pæstum, and I think, it is scarcely possible to doubt, that the builders of those extraordinary structures derived a part of their materials from this spot." Ambrosio gave his assent to this opinion of the stranger; and I took the liberty of asking him as to the quantity of calcareous matter contained in solution in the lake, saying, that it appeared to me, for so rapid and considerable an effect of deposition, there must be an unusual quantity of solid matter dissolved by the water, or some peculiar circumstance of solution. The stranger replied: "This water is like many, I may say, most of the sources which rise at the foot of the Appennines; it holds carbonic acid in solution which has dissolved a portion of the calcareous matter of the rock through which it has passed;—this carbonic acid is dissipated in the atmosphere, and the marble, slowly thrown down, assumes a crystalline form, and produces coherent stones. The lake before us is not particularly rich in the quantity of calcareous matter that it contains, for, as I have found by experience, a pint of it does not afford more than five or six grains: but the quantity of fluid, and the length of time are sufficient to account for the immense quantities of tufa and rock which, in the course of ages, have accumulated in this situation." '—pp. 118—120.

The Stranger is next induced to furnish the details of a theory, which he had constructed for himself, relating to the primitive changes in the physical state of the globe. This theory is very clearly developed; and it appears to have been the author's aim to render it perfectly harmonious with the truths of revealed religion. The error of the Plutonic system seems, to us, to be irresistibly established, with reference to the formation of the secondary rocks. Instead, however, of following the Unknown through the labyrinths of a discussion, which can be duly valued by the proficient geologist alone, we will rather listen to the story of a portion of his life, as a passage of infinitely more general interest, though not of such solid importance.

'THE STRANGER.—I was educated in the ritual of the Church of England; I belong to the Church of Christ; the rosary which you see suspended round my neck, is a memorial of sympathy and respect for an illustrious man. I will, if you will allow me, give you the history of it, which, I think, from the circumstances with which it is connected, you will not find devoid of interest. I was passing through France, in the reign of Napoleon, by the peculiar privilege granted to a sçavan, on my road into Italy. I had just returned from the Holy Land, and had in my possession two or three of the rosaries which are sold to pilgrims at Jerusalem as having been suspended in the Holy Sepulchre. Pius VII. was then in imprisonment at Fontainbleau. By a special favour, on the plea of my return from the Holy Land, I obtained permission to see this venerable and illustrious pontiff. I carried with me one of my rosaries. He received me with great kindness; I tendered my services to execute any commissions, not political ones, he might think fit to entrust me with in Italy, informing him that I was an Englishman; he expressed his thanks, but declined troubling me. I told him I was just returned from the Holy Land, and, bowing with great humility, offered to him my rosary from the Holy Sepulchre; he received it with a smile, touched it with his lips, gave his benediction over it, and returned it into my hands, supposing, of course, that I was a Roman Catholic. I had meant to present it to his Holiness, but the blessing he had betowed upon it, and the touch of his lips, made it a precious relic to me, and I restored it to my neck, round which it has ever since been suspended. He asked me some unimportant questions respecting the state of the Christians at Jerusalem; and on a sudden, turned the subject, much to my surprise, to the destruction of the French in Russia, and in an exceedingly low tone of voice, as if afraid of being overheard, he said, "The *nefas* has long been triumphant over the *fas*, but I do not doubt that the balance of things is even now restoring, that God will vindicate his Church, clear his polluted altars, and establish society upon its permanent basis of justice and faith; we shall meet again, adieu!" and he gave me his paternal blessing. It was eighteen months after this interview, that I went out with almost the whole population of Rome, to receive and welcome the triumphal entry of this illustrious Father of the Church into his capital. He was borne on the shoulders of the most distinguished artists, headed by Canova; and never shall I forget the enthusiasm with which he was received,—it is impossible to describe the shouts of triumph and of rapture sent up to heaven by every voice. And when he gave his benediction to the people, there was an universal prostration, a sobbing, and marks of emotions of joy, almost like the bursting of the heart; I heard, every where around me, cries of the "Holy Father, the most Holy Father, his restoration is the work of God;" I saw tears streaming from the eyes of almost all the women about me; many of them were sobbing hysterically, and old men were weeping, as if they had been children. I pressed my rosary to my breast on this occasion, and repeatedly touched with my lips that part of it which had received the kiss of the most venerable Pontiff. I preserve it with a kind of hallowed feeling, as the memorial of a man, whose sanctity, firmness, meekness, and benevolence are an honour to his Church and to human nature; and it has not only been useful to me, by its influence upon my own mind, but it has enabled me to give pleasure to others, and has, I believe, been sometimes beneficial in insuring my personal safety. I have often gratified the peasants of Apulia and Calabria by presenting them to kiss a rosary from the Holy Sepulchre, which had been hallowed by the touch of the lips and benediction of the Pope; and, it has been even respected by, and procured me a safe passage through a party of brigands who once stopped me in the passes of the Appennines.

'ONU.—The use you have made of this relic puts me in mind of a device of a very ingenious geological philosopher now living. He was on Etna, and busily employed in making a collection of the lavas formed from the igneous currents of that mountain; the peasants were often troublesome to him, suspecting that he was searching for treasures. It occurred to him, to make the following speech to them:—"I have been a great sinner in my youth, and, as a penance, I have made a vow to carry away with me pieces of every kind of stone found upon the mountain; permit me quietly to perform my pious duty, that I may receive absolution for my sins." The speech produced the desired effect; the peasants shouted, "The holy man, the saint!" and gave him every assistance in their power, to enable him to carry off his burthen, and he made his ample collections with the utmost security, and in the most agreeable manner.

'The Stranger.—I do not approve of pious frauds, even for philosophical purposes; my rosary excited in others the same kind of feeling which it excited in my own bosom, and which I hold to be perfectly justifiable, and of which I shall never be ashamed.

Amb.—You must have travelled in Italy in very dangerous times; have you always been secure?

The Stranger.—Always; I have owed my security partly, as I have said, to my rosary, but more to my dress and my acquaintance with the dialect of the natives; I have always carried with me a peasant as a guide, who has been entrusted with the small sums of money I wanted for my immediate purposes, and my baggage has been little more than a cynic philosopher would have carried with him; and when I have been unable to walk, I have trusted myself to the conduct of a vetturino, a native of the province, with his single mule and caratella.'—pp. 160—166.

Shortly after this memorable meeting with the scientific Stranger, our author is forced, by a domestic calamity, to return to England, where, however, he delays as short a time as possible, for he is too much attached to the charming climates and soothing scenery of the Continent, to relinquish them for any protracted interval. He confesses, too, that the recollections of the Unknown haunted him night and day, and the idea of again seeing him was associated in our author's mind with the most pleasurable sensations. He soon departed from England, and, accompanied by one who had been an early friend and medical adviser, to whom he gives the name of Eubathes, he directed his course to the Alpine country of Austria. Proceeding by Lintz on the Danube, and, following the course of the Traun, to Gmünden on the Traun See, they stopped there for a short time. This visit proved very nearly fatal to our author, in consequence of an accident, which he thus graphically describes:—

'The fall of the Traun, about ten miles below Gmünden, was one of our favourite haunts. It is a cataract, which when the river is full, may be almost compared to that of Schaffhausen for magnitude, and possesses the same peculiar characters of grandeur in the precipitous rush of its awful and overpowering waters, and of beauty, in the tints of its streams and foam, and in the forms of the rocks over which it falls, and the cliffs and woods by which it is overhung. In this spot an accident, which had nearly been fatal to me, occasioned the renewal of my acquaintance in an extraordinary manner with the mysterious unknown stranger. Eubathes, who was very fond of fly-fishing, was amusing himself by catching graylings for our dinner in the stream above the fall. I took one of the boats, which are used for descending the canal or lock artificially cut in the rock by the side of the fall, on which salt and wood are usually transported from Upper Austria to the Danube; and I desired two of the peasants to assist my servant in permitting the boat to descend by a rope to the level of the river below. My intention was to amuse myself by this rapid species of locomotion along the descending sluice. For some moments the boat glided gently along the smooth current, and I enjoyed the beauty of the moving scene around me, and had my eye fixed upon the bright rainbow seen upon the spray of the cataract above my head; when I was suddenly roused by a shout of alarm from my servant, and looking round I saw that the piece of wood, to which the rope had been attached, had given way, and the boat was floating down the river at the mercy of the stream. I was not at first alarmed, for I saw that my assistants were procuring long poles, with which it appeared easy to arrest the boat before it entered the rapidly descending water of the sluice, and I called out to them to use their united force to reach the longest pole across the water, that I might be able to catch the end of it in my hand. And at this moment I felt perfect security; but a breeze of wind suddenly came down the valley, and blew from the nearest bank, the boat was turned by it out of the side current, and thrown nearer to the middle of the river, and I soon saw that I was likely to be precipitated over the cataract. My servant and the boatmen rushed into the water, but it was too deep to enable them to reach the boat; I was soon in the white water of the descending stream, and my danger was inevitable. I had presence of mind enough to consider, whether my chance of safety would be greater by throwing myself out of the boat, or by remaining in it, and I preferred the latter expedient. I looked from the rainbow upon the bright sun above my head, as if taking leave for ever of that glorious luminary; I raised one pious aspiration to the divine source of light and life; I was immediately stunned by the thunder of the fall, and my eyes were closed in darkness. How long I remained insensible I know not. My first recollections after this accident were of a bright light shining above me, of warmth and pressure in different parts of my body, and of the noise of the rushing cataract sounding in my ears. I seemed awakened by the light from a sound sleep, and endeavoured to recal my scattered thoughts, but in vain; I soon fell again into slumber. From this second sleep, I was awakened by a voice which seemed not altogether unknown to me, and looking upwards, I saw the bright eye and noble countenance of the Unknown Stranger, whom I had met at Pæstum. I faintly articulated, " I am in another world." " No," said the stranger, " you are safe in this; you are a little bruised by your fall, but you will soon be well; be tranquil and compose yourself. Your friend is here, and you will want no other assistance than he can easily give you." He then took one of my hands, and I recognised the same strong and warm pressure which I had felt from his parting salute at Pæstum. Eubathes, whom I now saw with an expression of joy and of warmth unusual to him, gave a hearty shake to the other hand, and they both said, " You must repose a few hours longer." After a sound sleep till the evening, I was able to take some refreshment, and found little inconvenience from the accident, except some bruises on the lower part of the body, and a slight swimming in the head. The next day, I was able to return to Gmünden, where I learnt from the Unknown, the history of my escape, which seemed almost miraculous to me. He said, that he was often in the habit of combining pursuits of natural history, with the amusements derived from rural sports, and was fishing, the day that my accident happened, below the fall of the Traun, for that peculiar species of the large *salmo* of the Danube, which, fortunately for me, is only to be caught by very strong tackle. He saw, to his very great astoishment and alarm, the boat and my body precipitated by the fall; and as so fortunate as to entangle his hooks in a part of my dress, when I ad been scarcely more than a minute under water, and by the assistance f his servant, who was armed with the gaff or curved hook for landing arge fish, I was safely conveyed to the shore, undressed, put into a warm ed, and by the modes of restoring suspended animation, which were familiar to him, I soon recovered my sensibility and consciousness.'—pp. 176—181.

The Unknown and his patient, now having become connected by new ties, perform various excursions to the adjacent country, always in search of materials for adding to the stock of natural history. Their visit to the grotto of the Maddalena at Adelsberg, where that extraordinary animal, the *Proteus*, (the title of the fourth Dialogue) is found, gives rise to a very interesting dissertation on its habits and peculiarities; its mode of respiration, however, and the changes which its breathing produces on water, seem to be subjects of very great curiosity. From this, the transition to the principles of general respiration is easy and natural, and thence we are led to the consideration of the origin of *animal heat*, one of the opprobria of physiology; nothing almost is certainly known concerning it. The question is treated by our author, with profound philosophy, which, when compared with the flippant and unsatisfactory essays of most modern physiologists on the subject, is worthy of the greatest admiration.

'The powers of the organic system depend upon a continued state of change; the waste of the body produced in muscular action, perspiration, and various secretions, is made up for by the constant supply of nutritive matter to the blood by the absorbents, and by the action of the heart the blood is preserved in perpetual motion through every part of the body. In the lungs, or bronchia, the venous blood is exposed to the influence of air, and undergoes a remarkable change, being converted into arterial blood. The obvious chemical alteration of the air is sufficiently simple in this process; a certain quantity of carbon only is added to it, and it receives an addition of heat or vapour; the volumes of elastic fluid inspired and expired (making allowance for change of temperature) are the same, and if ponderable agents only were to be regarded, it would appear as if the only use of respiration were to free the blood from a certain quantity of carbonaceous matter. But it is probable that this is only a secondary object, and that the change produced by respiration upon the blood is of a much more important kind. Oxygen, in its elastic state, has properties which are very characteristic; it gives out light by compression, which is not certainly known to be the case with any other elastic fluid except those with which oxygen has entered without undergoing combustion; and from the fire it produces in certain processes, and from the manner in which it is separated by positive electricity in the gaseous state from its combinations, it is not easy to avoid the supposition, that it contains, besides its ponderable elements, some very subtile matter which is capable of assuming the form of heat and light. *My idea* is, that the common air inspired enters into the venous blood entire, in a state of dissolution, carrying with it its subtile or ethereal part, which in ordinary cases of chemical change is given off; that it expels from the blood carbonic acid gas and azote; and that, in the course of the circulation, its ethereal parts and its ponderable part undergo changes which belong to laws that cannot be considered as chemical,—the ethereal part probably producing animal heat and other effects, and the ponderable part contributing to form carbonic acid and other products. The arterial blood is necessary to all the functions of life, and it is no less connected with the irritability of the muscles and the sensibility of the nerves than with the performance of all the secretions.'—pp. 194—197.

It is easy to see that the author is of opinion, that in the air which is continually absorbed through the medium of the lungs, a subtile matter is received, which is immediately connected with the functions of life. Certainly, throughout nature, air, in whatever manner conveyed, seems to be indispensable to the support of life. The instant animation commences, the communication of air is begun. Air is conveyed from the blood of the mother, through the placenta, in the mammalia; and to meet the peculiar process of re-production in oviparous reptiles or fishes, a system is constructed for causing air to have access to the receptacles, where the eggs are deposited. The proof of the necessity of air in such cases is, that without air no incubation can be effectual. The instinct of fishes, as connected with this general law, seems very surprising. They will not lay their eggs in water, which holds but a small portion of air, because they seem to be apprised that great danger exists for the security of their offspring. The expedient which, from their instinct, they employ, in these untoward circumstances, is precisely that which the profoundest science would point out. Those fishes that keep in deep and still waters, take care to place their eggs upon the leaves of aquatic vegetables; and why? because those plants, acted on by the sun, keep the water sufficiently saturated with air, and thus the spawn is unfailingly animated into existence. The salmon, as well as other fishes of the same genus, is seen, at certain seasons of the year, to retire from the mouth of a river, and ascend, as nearly as possible, to its source. This fish will encounter all manner of difficulties, such as leaping up cataracts and wiers, in order to attain its destination. Why does it take all this trouble? Because it is only near the source of the stream, oftentimes, that the water is duly combined with air; and it is not until the fish is satisfied that there is sufficient air in the place where it is about to spawn, that it will ultimately deposit its eggs.

Some of the physiologists of our time, and one in particular, who now fills a chair in a distinguished school of anatomy in this metropolis, have insinuated, but not actually inculcated, something like this doctrine,—that, by some unknown principle of arrangement, by organization, particles of matter, which, in their separate state, were entirely insensate, become endowed with sensibility, life, and intelligence. The advocates of Materialism have usually relied on what they consider the intimate correspondence between the body and the mind. They are both weak in infancy; they are both strongest in mature age; as the body decays in advanced life, the mind declines with it. The Materialists, therefore, believe that the strength of the mind, or its weakness, depends on the more perfect, or the imperfect, state of the organization of the body. A spoonful of blood effused upon the brain, and allowed to coagulate upon it, would effectually destroy the mind of a Newton. Then, the material pulse being stopped, the mind no longer exists. Such are the grounds on which are built the sophisms of some modern physislogists. The answer, not less ingenious than completely triumphant, is furnished by this truly Christian philosopher:—

'These arguments have weight in appearance, but not in reality; they prove that a certain perfection of the machinery of the body is essential to the exercise of the powers of the mind,—but, they do not prove that the machine is the mind. Without the eye there can be no sensations of vision, and without the brain there could be no recollected visible ideas; but neither the optic nerve nor the brain can be considered as the percipient principle, they are but the instruments of a power which has nothing in common with them. What may be said of the nervous system, may be applied to a different part of the frame; stop the motion of the heart, and sensibility and life cease, yet the living principle is not in the heart nor in the arterial blood which it sends to every part of the system. A savage who saw the operation of a number of power-looms weaving stockings cease at once on the stopping of the motion of a wheel, might well imagine that the motive force was in the wheel; he could not divine that it more immediately depended upon the steam, and ultimately upon a fire below a concealed boiler. The philosopher sees the fire which is the cause of the motion of this complicated machinery, so unintelligible to the savage; but both are equally ignorant of the *divine fire* which is the cause of the mechanism of organized structures. Profoundly ignorant on this subject, all that we can do is to give a history of our own minds. The external world or matter is to us in fact nothing but a heap or cluster of sensations, and in looking back to the memory of our own being, we find one principle which may be called the *monad*, or *self*, constantly present, intimately associated with a particular class of sensations, which we call our own body or organs. These organs are connected with other sensations, and move as it were with them in circles of existence, quitting for a time some trains of sensation to return to others, but the monad is always present; we can fix no beginning to its operations, we can place no limit to them. We sometimes, in sleep, lose the beginning and end of a dream, and recollect the middle of it, and one dream has no connexion with another, and yet we are conscious of an infinite variety of dreams, and there is a strong analogy for believing in an infinity of past existences, which must have had connexion; and human life may be regarded as a type of infinite and immortal life, and its succession of sleep and dreams as a type of the changes of death and birth to which from its nature it is liable. That the ideas belonging to the mind were originally gained from those classes of sensations called organs, it is impossible to deny, as it is impossible to deny that mathematical truths depend upon the signs which express them; but these signs are not themselves the truths, nor are the organs the mind. The whole history of intellect is a history of change according to a certain law; and we retain the memory only of those changes which may be useful to us;—the child forgets what happened to it in the womb; the recollections of the infant likewise before two years are soon lost; yet, many of the habits acquired in that age are retained through life. The sentient principle gains thoughts by material instruments; and, its sensations change as those instruments change; and, in old age, the mind, as it were, falls asleep to awake to a new existence. With its present organization, the intellect of man is naturally limited and imperfect; but this depends upon its material machinery; and in a higher organized form, it may be imagined to possess infinitely higher powers. Were man to be immortal with his present corporeal frame, this immortality would only belong to the machinery; and with respect to acquisitions of mind, he would virtually die every two or three hundred years,—that is to say, a certain quantity of ideas only could be remembered, and the supposed immortal being would be, with respect to what had happened a thousand years ago, as the adult now is with respect to what happened in the first year of his life. To attempt to reason upon the manner in which the organs are connected with sensation would be useless; the nerves and brain have some immediate relation to these vital functions, but how they act it is impossible to say. From the rapidity and infinite variety of the phenomena of perception, it seems extremely probable that there must be in the brain and nerves matter of a nature far more subtile and refined than any thing discovered in them by observation and experiment, and that the immediate connexion between the sentient principle and the body may be established by kinds of ethereal matter, which can never be evident to the senses, and which may bear the same relations to heat, light, and electricity that these refined forms or modes of existence of matter bear to the gases. Motion is most easily produced by the lighter species of matter; and yet imponderable agents, such as electricity, possess force sufficient to overturn the weightiest structures. Nothing can be further from my meaning than to attempt any definition on this subject, nor would I ever embrace or give authority to that idea of Newton, who supposes that the immediate cause of sensation may be in undulations of an ethereal medium. It does not, however, appear improbable to me, that some of the more refined machinery of thought may adhere, even in another state, to the sentient principle; for, though the organs of gross sensation, the nerves and brain, are destroyed by death, yet something of the more ethereal nature, which I have supposed, may be less destructible. And, I sometimes imagine, that many of those powers, which have been called instinctive, belong to the more refined clothing of the spirit; conscience, indeed, seems to have some undefined source, and may bear relation to a former state of being.'—pp. 210—215.

In the fifth dialogue, we have a pleasing and very convincing argument in favour of the art of Chemistry, and some highly interesting, and, we trust, they will prove extensively useful, observations on the nature of the character which every person, seeking eminence in that branch of knowledge, ought to endeavour to ı. As to its practice, we have Sir H. Davy's authority for ısing, that it is not very difficult or very expensive; and that ı an exceedingly agreeable chemist, a young gentleman is ːquired to tax his time, his leisure, or his purse, very oppres- r :—

> ıe apparatus essential to the modern chemical philosopher is much ulky and expensive than that used by the ancients. An air-pump, ctrical machine, a voltaic battery (all of which may be upon a small , a blow-pipe apparatus, a bellows and forge, a mercurial and water pparatus, cups and basins of platinum and glass, and the common ənts of chemistry, are what are required. All the implements abso- necessary may be carried in a small trunk; and some of the best nost refined researches of modern chemists have been made by means ı apparatus which might with ease be contained in a small travelling ıge, and the expense of which is only a few pounds. The facility which chemical inquiries are carried on, and the simplicity of the atus, offer additional reasons, to those I have already given, for the it of this science. It is not injurious to the health; the modern ist is not like the ancient one, who passed the greater part of his time ed to the heat and smoke of a furnace, and the unwholesome vapours ids and alkalies, and other menstrua, of which, for a single experi- , he consumed several pounds. His processes may be carried on in rawing-room, and some of them are no less beautiful in appearance satisfactory in their results. It was said, by an author belonging to ıst century, of alchemy, "that its beginning was deceit, its progress ır, and its end beggary." It may be said of modern chemistry, that ginning is pleasure, its progress knowledge, and its objects truth and y.'—pp. 250, 251.

ıe spirit of curious speculation leads our author into a sixth ıgue (called Pola, because it treats of that interesting place) which the work closes. Though full of curious information, abounding in just and philosophic views, it yet offers nothing ːh would justify us in farther prolonging this article.

may be superfluous in us to say, that we have been greatly ghted with this work. Not that we do not think its gravity and ıphysics greatly misplaced; and that the pages of the Philo- ıical Transactions would be a more becoming receptacle for a l deal of its contents, than a work destined for indiscriminate ısal. But what constitutes, to our senses, the charm of this t, is the stern and unflinching loyalty which it testifies, on the of Sir H. Davy, to the great Christian Dispensation. His is the support of a half-bred *savant*, who takes up religion as a erial for calling forth his ingenuity; who regards it as a political ədient, as a mere useful supplement to the law, in controuling ıkind; he is a sincere believer in Revelation, and it is a consoling happy reflection to think that he who has dived so deeply into mysterious processes of nature, who has been enabled, as it e, to test the truths of Christianity by a reference to natur' rations, should have given his undoubted assent to a fai which, after all, affords in a worldly sense, the only satisfactory clue to the origin and destiny of the world. We cannot, however, close our observations without noticing the very striking partiality which is shewn through this book for the religion of the Roman Catholic. The ideal Ambrosio, who is professedly a Catholic, is presented to us, clothed in all the attractions of the rarest and most valuable qualities; he is the victor in every intellectual contest; he is permitted to be the leading advocate whenever the fundamental principles of Christianity are assailed; he is pictured as combining the loftiest mental powers with a due submission to the authority of his church; and even of the Scriptures, from which it is the common opinion that Roman Catholics are estranged by their religious authorities, Ambrosio appears as the cordial champion. He is likewise allowed to introduce a defence of his creed, where it is not immediately called for, in reference to one of those particulars, upon which popular opinion, it would appear, is most astray. In a later part of this work, the author in his own character uses these words, 'my views are not in opposition with the opinions that the cool judgment and *sound and humble faith* of Ambrosio have led me *since* to embrace.' However this be, Sir H. Davy has in this little work built up for himself a monument, which indicates not, indeed, the extent and the vast advantages of his scientific research, but which exhibits the far more interesting portrait of a man, who holds in adequate estimation the blessings of religion, and who endeavours to sustain it by the suffrage of science,—science, so often a truant to this, the most important interest of mankind.

Art. VIII.—*Poetry of the Magyars, preceded by a Sketch of the Language and Literature of Hungary and Transylvania.* By John Bowring, LL.D. F.L.S. M.R.A.S. Honorary Correspondent of the Royal Institute of the Netherlands, and Member of the Literary Societies of Friesland, Groningen, Paris, Leyden, Leeuwarden, Athens, Turin, Sheffield, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 312. London: printed for the Author. 1830.

Of all the quacks who at present infest the literature of this country,—and we need hardly say how numerous and how audacious they are,—he who for some time has gone under the designation of *Doctor* Bowring, appears to us to be the supreme and worthy chieftain. From what village university he has succeeded in obtaining his diploma; what laws they are of which he is dubbed a teacher, and by what course of previous study he prepared himself for his degree, are all matters with which we profess to have no sort of acquaintance. It is ridiculous to think of it. The very sound of the name,—*Doctor Bowring!*—comes like a burst of laughter upon our ears; but when, to that title, we add the score of others, arrayed in his title page, in which Sheffield figures by

ide of Turin, and Leeuwarden by that of Athens, the welkin
above us with the shout of merriment awoke by these ludi-
associations. Oh, Doctor Bowring! Oh, Miss Bailey!

> "John Bowring now a Fellow was,
> Of Sheffield and of Turin,
> Of Leyden, Paris, Groningen,
> Of Athens and Leeuwarden,
> A writer to the Netherland,
> And also to old Friesland,
> A doctor of the civil law,
> An F.L.S. and M.R.A.!
> Oh John Bowring,
> Most fortunate John Bowring,
> Had but thy cap with bells been hung
> For tassels, oh John Bowring!"
>
> *Modern Ballads.*

o would have thought that he who went to Spain to teach
ortes the legislative science, who was expelled from France
eddling with politics, who did all the business of the far-
Greek committee in London, who has been in turn a
ist, a merchant, a poet, an orator, a translator, and a philo-
r, would at last have subsided in a Doctor of Civil Law!
nconvenience of the thing is, that the epithet is apt to lead
ners into the mistake that it has been conferred at home, and
he individual who bears it is a specimen of our learned men.
with some of our contemporaries, it has its value, for they can
bring themselves to believe, still less to say, that a Doctor
nonsense. But these objections seem to us of no value when
red with the inexhaustible fund of mirth which the union of
title with such a name has procured for all those who have
uisite sense of the ridiculous.

re is nothing that would kill the Doctor sooner than the
ppearance of his name for twelve months in the public
ls. They are the sun of his existence; their light withdrawn
him, he expires. Hence, we behold the press labour, every
with a volume of some description of verse from his pen. If
not exude original stanzas, he tries his hand at imitations,
ese failing, he scampers over all Europe to discover a poor
hose name nobody here ever heard of before, and straight he
ts a parcel of the said poet's unintelligible rhymes, into still
nintelligible English. It is of no consequence to the trans-
whether the foreign compositions which he imports are de-
of our notice; whether there be amongst them a single
thought, a gleam of a bright imagination. The considera-
f merit or demerit never enters his head. The original is
, here is a translation. 'The dresses of Hungary and
lvania decorate many books, and are the subject of many
s. Here are some of the adornings of the inward man,

g of the costume of the mind.' This is the lan-
e Doctor uses in his introduction, the sign which
door, in order to indicate the wares which he has
untry be interesting to the eye, and the inhabitants
own fashion, it follows that they must be poetical,
n. poets have described their 'inward adornings!'
l the summary of the learned Doctor's argument,
ation of his practice.

umber of this journal for May, 1827, we gave a concise
language and literature of Hungary, together with
nens of the poetry of Alexander Kisfaludy, the only
m that country has yet produced, deserving of the
raise from foreigners. What will the reader say, when
ns that Doctor L., ttted out, at least, fifty other
ns who have sca... mountain of the Muses? From
ositions of about half that number, he has translated as
verses as suited his purpose, to which he has added a collec-
ungarian 'Popular Songs;' a collection which, we are
ld have been much larger, if the parcel in which the ad-
ere sent from Transylvania had not (we are happy to add)
st on the way.

me we to close quarters with the Doctor of Civil and
w. Listen to Demetrius Csati's anglicized description
nquest of the Magyar land by the Scythians:

'In their communion all was union,
And valor in the fray;
No thought of fear was ever there,
But safety kept the sway.

'They conquered long—like Samson strong,
All foemen they subdued;
With lion-hearts o'erwhelming all—
A fearful multitude.

'Of all the band, the Magyars' pride
Was the renown'd Arpad;
He was the highest, noblest chief,
And greatest riches had.

'And soon they found, while wandering round,
The Duna's* waters clear;
In beauteous road those waters flow'd—
No clearer waters were.

'They hurried then a messenger,
The Duna's stream to track;
And, did its name deserve its fame,
The borders to attack.

---

* The Danube.

'The messenger pursued the stream,
The banks, the fields, the flood;
He drank of Duna's water there,
And swore that it was good.'—pp. 4, 5.

General Arpad, who 'the greatest riches had,' was, it seems, not only an extraordinary fellow in himself, but also the cause of the most miraculous virtues in others. He dispatches a messenger, who, according to the above account, was charged to attack the banks of the Danube, in single combat; and the said messsenger being arrived at his destination, puts to flight not only the banks, but all the fields in their neighbourhood; the stream also, nay, the mighty flood itself fly before his valour in the fray, for we are told that he pursued them to a very considerable distance, and

——'drank of Duna's water there,
And swore that it was good.'

After the battle was over, what became of the quondam lord of the country?

'Alone he ran, poor flying man!
What could he do but leap,
To save himself in Duna's stream,
And hide him in the deep?

One of the advantages a poet possesses who translates from a musical language, such as the Magyar, is, that when he wants a rhyme in his own tongue, he may borrow it from his original. Of this license Doctor Bowring often makes free use, but in no instance, that we remember, more happily than towards the conclusion of the same ballad:

'Of those who gain'd the Magyar land,
A chief as bold as any,
Was Buda, who when Arpad died,
Was Magyar's *Kapitany*.'—p. 9.

Francis Kazinczi has written a song of triumph for the frogs of Hungary, who, at least in that poet's time, held their own musical powers in no small estimation. They had a sovereign contempt for the nightingale, who, they said had a hearing of "melody's school," thus anticipating the sort of disdain with which some of our frog-poets speak of the "classical school," and its sad monotony. Upon this song Doctor Bowring seems to have laboured hard with his verse-pounder, a new instrument, for which he has lately taken out a patent.

'Brekeke,
Brekeke, brekeke!
Koax, too-oo!
Brekeke, koax—brekeke, too-oo!
Brekeke, brekeke, brekeke,
Brekeke, brekeke, brekeke, brekeke;
Koax, koax—too-oo, too-oo;

Brekeke, too-oo!
Brekeke, brekeke!
dawn of delight to the sons of the pond:
s green bed they look to the bright moon beyond.
Brekeke, brekeke,
Koax, too-oo;
Koax, koax—too-oo, too-oo!
underer made us the favorites of Heaven;
the green-vaulted wave how we thrive and have thriven!
onor and praise to his wisdom be given.
Brekeke, brekeke, brekeke;
Koax, koax—too-oo, too-oo!'—p. 52.

' to borrow the Doctor's words, 'here are some of the ngs of the inward man—here *is* something of the costume e mind'!

'All honour and praise to his wisdom be given.
Brekeke, brekeke,
Koax, koax!—too-oo, too-oo!

the honour of Magyar land, we must say, that the book etter things than these. The love sonnets of our former ce, Alexander Kisfaludy, breathe a tenderness which etrates even through the dulness of the translation. wo or three examples.

'Thee I envied, joyous bird!
Singing love-songs in the dell
To thy mate: each note I heard
Seem'd with joy and truth to swell.
I have also songs, which sweetly
Tell the tale of love—yet fall
Unobserved, however meetly
Answering beauty's fancied call.
Happy bird! that singst love's joy—
I, its sorrows, its annoy—
Would I had th' alternative,
For thy song my soul to give!'—p. 80.

The feelings that arise from absence are beautifully poured out in the following sonnet:—

'Oft in fancy's rapturous noonlight
Thy resplendent face I see:
Oft, when wandering 'neath the moonlight,
On the waves, I welcome thee.
In my dreams I hold communion
With thy bright love-laughing eyes;
Thoughts of sympathy and union
From my broken heart arise.
O the blest, the heavenly greeting!
Vision fair—as fair as fleeting:
Soon the illusions all decay,
As thine image glides away.'—p. 82.

The reader, who is not acquainted with the original, may, nevertheless, easily understand how much the thought is injured by the translation, in the following lines:—

‘ Now another century blended
With past centuries rolls away ;
When another century 's ended,
All that lives will be but clay.
Thou and I—a pair so joyous,
Spite of dance and song must die ;
Time, rude tempest, will destroy us,
On his death-piles shall we lie.
Dost thou mourn ? O mourn no longer !
Death is strong, but love is stronger ;
And where'er we go, shall go,
Sheltering us from lonely woe.’—p. 91.

Charles Kisfaludy, the brother of Alexander, has had some success as a dramatist. His first production, “The Tartars,” drew forth such enthusiastic applause, that, as we learn from Schedel, “the poet could hardly save himself from the rush of young people, who, with loud shouts of joy, insisted on producing him on the stage.” His lyrics have considerable merit. The poem called ‘Ages of Life,’ is not remarkable for novelty of reflection, but it will afford some idea of the direction and power of his genius.

‘ Mid smiling friends and sports, far, far from sorrow,
Hanging around a mother's lap, we play
In the bright sunshine of our childhood's morrow,
Nor dream of any darker future day :
We smile on smiling hours that pass, and borrow
No gloom from all the mists that dim our way ;
But rise and fall on every floating wave,
And with each image sweet communion have.

‘ Each blessed sunbeam in that glorious time
Wakes us to never-palling jests and joys ;
And transport—in those days, unstained by crime,
Flings all around her, roses—nor annoys
Our innocent paths with pains. Though not sublime,
Yet sweet as honey-dew, the hours when boys
Dance on the emerald grave-heaps of the dead,
And upward, heavenward, all their footsteps tread.

‘ And now the bud of lovely Hope is bursting,
And a new life its streams of passion pours ;
And, like sweet, shadowed dreams, which fancy nurs'd in
Our parents' bosoms, all the household shores,
Which seemed so bright and beautiful at first, in
Dimness are shaded. Yet the spirit soars
To something far above its narrow cell,
And seeks with brighter thoughts than earth's to dwell.

an impulse, bidding us break through
prison's bounds: a world before us lies,
ned with glories, fascinating, new,
And fragrant flow'rs and lovely fantasies:
So the soul waxes strong, and to pursue
Its noble destiny and high emprise
Will wrestle with all foes—all storms will meet,
Crushing all disappointments 'neath its feet.

'The spirit feels its dignity of birth
And destination, in the mighty strife
It holds with all the storminess of earth:
It bends not to the yoke of mortal life,
But strives at something greater—feels a dearth
In worldly lux[illegible]ngs rife
It mounts on mightier wings than time's—and flies
To heights which o'er heaven's highest torches rise.

'It clads itself in purple like the morn's,
And walks in its imperial dignity—
Dives to the deepest seats of thought—adorns
The very dreamings which around us lie—
Wakes images of light and beauty—scorns
Th' infirmities of human destiny,
Pointing to hope's own pyramid sublime—
A watch-tower o'er the waves and storms of time.

'First, youth's pure love develops the high source
Of intellect within him—gives it wings
Heavenward to urge its passion-prompted course.
While to his breast the lovely loved-one clings,
Into one maddening moment is the force
Of all existence flung—and angel-wings
Are borrowed for a time—while Hymen's breeze
Wafts two united spirits' harmonies.

'And so sweet chains surround us till we die,
And when we die, we sleep—we toil, we rest:
The visions of life's morning-twilight fly—
Grief cools the life-blood boiling in our breast—
The buds are blown away—the fruit is nigh—
And man by time's strong urgency is press'd.
On, on to labour—duty must be heard;
She speaks in majesty the mighty word,

'"Country!"—the invaders on her bosom tread:
Up to the field—he stands among the brave;
His cheeks with freedom's roseate glow are red,
And he is there to sink, or there to save.
Amidst the ghastly forms of death, no dread
Is his—indifferent if a hero's grave
Or garland wait him—if he dies, or lives,
Some brighter pledge he to the future gives.

'Trembles? He trembles as the granite trembles,
Lashed by the waves; for the courageous heart
Bastions of brass around its shrines assembles,
Which snap or spurn away the sharpest dart.
Duty becomes delight, toil joy resembles,
And health and bliss are labour's better part;
While love for lovely women—and for friend
Friendship—and tenderness for children—blend,

'Blend in a beauteous light. Creation's power
Flings radiance on the soul, and leads it on,
Firm as a column, through its mortal hour,
Stretching for higher recompense. Anon
Both heaven and earth their benedictions shower
On that which is their kindred, and hath won
Their own reflection—while its torch will light
Through the world's darkness and its own dark night.

'So speed we—so we sink—so disappear—
So fades our little lamp—and so we fade.
Winter will scatter snow-storms on our bier,
And midnight mantle darkness round our head—
And graves will yawn—and death, with frown austere,
Fill up our hearts with ashes of the dead—
And joy will be a grief—and lust will pall—
And all be tasteless, hopeless—heartless all.

And all life's painted shadows disappear,
While solitude puts out her frozen hand
To lead us, hapless, to that unknown sphere
Which ignorance has called the promised land,
And blindness, peace. Cold mistiness is there,
Clouding around that superhuman band
Which shines like moonlight rays upon the waves,
And rears green altars over mouldering graves.

It may be—nay! it is—a sleep as sweet
As ever infant slept. 'Tis more: to hope
Is nothing—confidence and faith are meet
For mortals: there is an eternal scope
For immortality. When death we greet,
We greet a resurrection—and we ope
Heaven's mansions, making room for other mortals
As death wafts our poor ashes through life's portals.'

pp. 247—251.

The 'Hungarian Popular Songs,' are not likely to be ever opular in England; and if we extract a few of them, it is rather or the purpose of shewing how little they were worth the trouble f translation. Here we have a dancing song.

'Aching, quaking, tottering, shaking,
Half transported, half afraid;
To my lightly-dancing maid

retch I out my arms, while she
es my knees sink under me:
ng, quaking, tottering, shaking,
alf transported, half afraid.

‘ ng, quaking, tottering, shaking,
ke a magpie skip I round;
hen I dance, my joys abound.
id I see my maiden's knees
trembling, just as tremble these:
Aching, quaking, tottering, shaking,
Like a magpie skip I round.

‘ Aching, quaking, tottering, shaking,
Still I dance in joy and fear;
O the grievous burden here!
Heavy on my heart I feel
More concern than love can heal:
Aching, quaking, tottering, shaking,
O the grievous burden here!

‘ Aching, quaking, tottering, shaking,
I must throw my *nadrág* off;*
Thou thy maiden-robes must doff;
Death shall find us if thou please,
Dancing dances gay as these:†
Aching, quaking, tottering, shaking,
I must throw my *nadrág* off.
Hasznos Mulatságok, No. XL. p. 301, 1819.’—pp. 226, 227.

The following picture of a bride, is, we hope, not very generally applicable to the Magyar ladies:—

‘ I got me a bride—ah! I got me a bride,
And a pretty good portion of trouble beside;
I have buried the peace and the joy of my life,
Which I should'nt have done had I buried my wife.

‘ I know not what fiend with the witch has combin'd;
He dived to his den, but he left her behind:
I asked her for wine, and I asked her for bread,
And she flung first abuse—then her fist at my head.

‘ When I think of that excellent landlady who
Gives me food—gives me drink, and so cheerfully too;
And turn to that dragon, whom tiger-milk nurst,
My heart splits in two when I feel how I'm curst.

‘ Only two nights ago—who had dreamt she was nigh?
When thinking and meaning no evil, not I;
I was bound to a neighbour's—the hideous one came
And vomited vengeance, and fury, and flame.

---

* Hadd repedjen a' szük nadrág—I must tear off my garments.
† Vigán kozakost tánczolva.

'"Thou scoundrel! thou vagabond! wench-hunting knave!"
This, this was the welcome the evil one gave;
She roared like a lion that springs from his nook;
And, O! how I tottered, and trembled, and shook.

'How long, O thou work of the devil! how long?
Every day thou art here does thy destiny wrong:
I know what thy doom is, I know it full well;
But why, while on earth, am *I* driven to hell?—pp.267, 268.

We must now take leave of the Doctor, and when next we meet him, which we suppose will be in about another year, we hope that the Holy Roman Empire will have enabled him to stand forth as Sir John Bowring. This is now the only title he wants, in order to legitimatize the various claims which he has to distinction.

ART. IX.—*The Life of Major-General Sir Thomas Munro, Bart., and K.C.B., Late Governor of Madras. With extracts from his Correspondence and Private Papers.* By the Rev. George Gleig, M.A., M.R.S.L., &c. In two volumes 8vo. London: Colburn and Bentley. 1830.

THE Life of Sir Thomas Munro, though not illustrated by brilliant achievements, is one that ought to be read and studied by every man who enters the public service, particularly if India is to be the sphere of his exertions. It exhibits the animating example of an individual, who, without family connections, without patronage or fortune, rose, by his own unwearied industry and practical talents, from the station of a Cadet, to that of Governor of one of our most important Indian provinces. He was elevated, too, in almost every instance, from one step to another, without any solicitation of his own, and indebted for his honours solely to the fitness which he displayed for office, and to the success with which he discharged the functions that were successively committed to his care.

The son of a respectable merchant at Glasgow, he was born in that city on the 27th of May, 1761, and in its Grammar School received the rudiments of his education. Even in his youth, he had a character for cleverness, though not for industry; his frame was robust, and his addiction to all the manly exercises rendered him the leader of every enterprise in which his school-companions ventured to engage. His disposition, open, generous, and cheerful, combined with his other qualities, secured to him the esteem of every body with whom he came in contact. From the Grammar School he passed to the Glasgow University, where he studied mathematics and chemistry, a science to which he continued, to his latest hour, to be remarkably attached, though he had no means of pursuing it. His private occupations, while at the University, when not engaged in boxing, wrestling, running, leaping, throwing stones, or swimming, were literary. Robinson

Crusoe, the Lives of the Buccaneers, and Anson's Voyages, were, next to Don Quixote, his greatest favourites. So fond was he of the work of Cervantes, that he taught himself Spanish, at the age of sixteen, in order that he might the more thoroughly feel the beauties of that immortal tale. From these he proceeded to historical literature, evincing, however, from the first, a decidedly military turn, and always retaining and fostering a romantic enthusiasm, which sheds a charm upon his whole life.

From the most unsettled parts of India, and in the midst of the most laborious employments, he often looked back with delight upon the hours which he spent at Northwoodside, a villa near Glasgow, once rented by his father. The garden overhung the bed of the Kelvin, and 'commanded a delightful view of the wooded and broken banks which girdle in that romantic stream; whilst, not far removed, was a pool, or mill-dam, known by the name of Jackson's dam, and frequently referred to in the following correspondence. Keenly and sensitively alive to every thing grand or beautiful in nature, young Munro appeared to enter upon another state of being, as often as he visited Northwoodside. If he read, it was when seated upon a rustic bench, which stood beneath a tall tree in the garden, or perched among the highest branches of the tree itself. If a fit of idleness took him, he indulged it by rambling, sometimes from sunrise till nightfall, among the woods; or he would fish the Kelvin with his brothers or companions; and, when weary of that amusement, would refresh himself by swimming in the dam.' These scenes he often re-visited in imagination, when separated from them by thousands of miles; they were the sunshine of his soul.

Young Munro, having been originally destined by his father for a mercantile life, was placed in a counting house, in which, however, he spent only two years. The events which took place in America, in 1778 and 1779, produced a disastrous effect upon many mercantile establishments, and, among others, compelled that of his father to stop payment. The lad had, therefore, to seek his fortune, and India being then the land of promise, particularly for the Scotch, who seem to have almost made it their own, the appointment of a midshipman, on board the Company's ship Walpole, was obtained for him. He left home on the 20th of February, 1779, to join his ship; but he had scarcely taken possession of his berth, when his character as midshipman was exchanged for that of a cadet, through the good offices of one of the Directors who was acquainted with his father. Soon after his arrival in India, the commencement of the war with Hyder Ally opened at once a field for his enterprise. He was appointed an ensign, and was engaged actively in the field during the whole of that period, so critical in our Indian annals. It is not our intention to go through the military operations to which that war gave rise. It will be sufficient to state, in the words of Mr. Gleig, that 'Mr. Munro permitted no opportunity of distinguishing himself to escape; and that, subordinate as his rank was, he already began to be regarded as an officer of extraordinary merit and promise.' During the whole of the war from 1780 to 1784, he kept up, as he continued always to do, a regular correspondence with his family. From his letters during that interval, we shall, however, only select one, which has nothing to do with military details, and is interesting for the attachment to home and its associations, which formed so delightful a trait in his character:—

> 'You must not think me forgetful, if I do not write you so often as to my father and mother, since I consider it of little consequence to which of you my letters are addressed; if they reach home, they are considered as family epistles.
>
> 'You cannot conceive what labour I go through a little before the departure of the Europe-ships. I have half a dozen of long letters to write, which employ me three or four nights. I often wish, before I am half done, that some quicker method could be invented of conveying our thoughts. This would be of greater use to you than to me, if your correspondence is now as extensive as it formerly was. I have heard it frequently observed, that most men, by a few years absence from their native country, become estranged from their old acquaintances, and look back with indifference on the scenes of their earlier years. I have never yet been able to divest myself of my partiality for home; nor can I now reflect, without regret, on the careless, indolent life I led in my father's house, when time fled away undisturbed by those anxious thoughts which possess every one who seeks earnestly for advancement in the world. I often see my father busied with his tulip beds, and my mother with her myrtle pots; I see you drawing, and James lost in meditation, and all these things seem as much present to me as they did when I was amongst you. Sometimes when I walk on the sea-shore, I look across the waves, and please myself with fancying that I see a distant continent amongst the clouds, where I imagine you all to be. John Napier Greenhill is the only person here with whom I can talk of these things; he is so great an admirer of yours, that he one day solemnly declared to me, that he did not think you inferior in vivacity to his sister Anne. When I told him that he must not think me so credulous as to regard this flight as his real opinion, he assumed a grave countenance, and protested that he never was more serious in his life. This is farther confirmed by a letter I had some time ago from John Brown, informing me that his amiable correspondent, Erskine, had written him by the last ships a lively letter; his opinion goes farther with me than John Napier's, which I never have placed any confidence in, since he one day told me that he had beaten my mother at backgammon, and that, had he not been afraid, he could have beaten my father also. A man, after such assertions as these, will say any thing.
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> 'Camp before Cuddalore, 17th July, 1783.'—vol. i. pp. 56, 57.

At the commencement of 1786, our Ensign was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant, and the profound peace which then prevailed, enabled him to resume his literary occupations. He made himself master of the Hindostanee and Persian languages, in the hope that they would one day be of use to him; for he tells us, that he did not expect much entertainment from the Oriental manuscripts, of which some scholars had spoken so highly. He seems, indeed, to have formed but a poor opinion of the Eastern writers in general, an opinion to which the time that has since elapsed without disclosing many remarkable intellectual treasures in that quarter, has given the sanction of authority. His sentiments upon this subject are worth transcribing:—

'Saadi is looked upon as the standard of Persian moral writers, and from his works are taken most of those little stories you find in the Spectator, of the drop of rain that fell into the ocean, and others; but these are his best; the rest are nothing but heaps of proverbs and wise sayings, to illustrate what every body knows—such as, a wise king should not be rash in ordering any one to be put to death, because the doctor cannot put things to rights afterwards; no man with all his exertions, can ever get more than is decreed for him by providence, and if he is not to catch fish, he may throw his net into the Tigris till he is tired.

'Sentences of their books are continually in the mouths of every Mohammedan who understands Persian. Their conversation, the most self-sufficient and pedantic that can be imagined, and which turns unceasingly on providence and the prophets, is stuffed with verses from them and other books of poetry, except when they argue on religion, and then they attack and defend with verses of the Koran, though they understand no other Arabic; and assert, at the same time, that it is impossible to render the divine spirit of it into any other language, or even to understand it properly in the original.

'Books are very dear in the East, and the barbarous character in which they are written occasions a thousand errors in transcribing, so that the generality of people can afford to buy but few, and these few, from their incorrectness, they read with much difficulty; but then they have this advantage, that by the time they finish a book, they have the greatest part of it by heart, and are enabled to dispute more successfully. If they have any correct copies, they are confined to the libraries of princes and great men; but even these cannot be read without hesitation, as there are thousands of words in Persian that are written in the same manner, but have different meanings, and are differently pronounced.

'Their histories since the eighth century are faithful; but are written in a dull, heavy style, like the genealogical chapters in the Bible. They contain but two descriptions of men, the good and the bad. The former are, without exception, as strong as elephants, as brave as Alexander, and as wise as Solomon; the latter oppressed their subjects, despised men of letters, and are gone to hell.

'But of all their writings, none are more ridiculous, affected, and quaint, than their letters. They are composed of wise sayings, allusions, hints, broken sentences, and the blessing of God,—without which, they observe, nothing can be done,—of the most high flown expressions of friendship or fidelity; but the same in all; and of the most extravagant complaints of the pain and torment of absence.'—vol. i. pp. 62—63.

Even at this early period of his career, Munro was able to spare something from his earnings for the solace of his family, who stood much in need of his assistance. He lived upon his pay, and all his extra allowances were transmitted to Scotland. In 1788, he was appointed assistant in the Intelligence department, under Capt. Alexander Read, and attached to the head quarters of the force which was destined to take possession of Guntoor, a district which, during the war with Hyder, was occupied by the Nizam, as an equivalent for certain arrears due to him from the company. The arrears, the Company said, they were now willing to pay him, provided he would restore the territory; but instead of performing their condition first, they required the evacuation of the district, which, of course, the Nizam complied with, after protesting, in simple and affecting language, against their violence and injustice. "They ought," he said, "to have paid their arrears previous to their insisting on the restoration of the country; and what security have I," he asked, "that they will be more punctual in future in discharging their peshcush, than they have hitherto been?"

The following letter addressed to his sister, Mrs. Erskine, gives a curious picture of Munro's life and habits, about this period.

'My Dear Erskine, 'Madras, 23d Jan. 1789.

'Not a scrap from you for almost two years; but my father, by sending me your fragment on Old Maids, has taken care to let me see that you are taken up with matters nearer home, than writing letters to me. Since reading this poem, I have often wished that you were transported for a few hours to my room, to be cured of your Western notions of Eastern luxury, to witness the forlorn condition of old bachelor Indian officers; and to give them also some comfort in a consolatory fragment. You seem to think that they live like those satraps that you have read of in plays; and that I, in particular, hold my state in prodigious splendour and magnificence; that I never go abroad unless upon an elephant, surrounded with a crowd of slaves; that I am arrayed in silken robes, and that most of my time is spent in reclining on a sofa, listening to soft music, while I am fanned by my officious pages; or in dreaming, like Richard, under a canopy of state. But while you rejoice in my imaginary greatness, I am most likely stretched on a mat, instead of my regal couch; and walking in an old coat, and a ragged shirt, in the noonday sun, instead of looking down from my elephant, invested in my royal garments. You may not believe me, when I tell you, that I never experienced hunger or thirst, fatigue or poverty, till I came to India; that since then, I have frequently met with the first three, and that the last has been my constant companion. If you wish for proofs, here they are. I was three years in India before I was master of any other pillow than a book or a cartridge-pouch; my bed was a piece of canvas, stretched on four cross sticks, whose only ornament was the great coat that I brought from England, which, by a lucky invention, I turned into a blanket in the cold weather, by thrusting my legs into the sleeves, and drawing the skirts over my head. In this situation I lay, like Falstaff in the basket—hilt to point—and very comfortable, I assure you, all but my feet; for the tailor, not having foreseen the various uses to which this piece of dress might be applied, had cut the cloth so short, that I never could, with all my ingenuity, bring both ends under cover; whatever I gained by drawing up my legs, I lost by exposing my neck; and I generally chose rather to cool my heels than my head. This bed served me till Alexander went last to Bengal, when he gave me an Europe camp-couch. On this great occasion, I bought a pillow and a carpet, to lay under me, but the unfortunate curtains were condemned to make pillow-cases and towels; and now, for the first time in India, I laid my head on a pillow. But this was too much good fortune to bear with moderation: I began to grow proud, and resolved to live in great style: for this purpose, I bought two table-spoons, and two tea-spoons, and another chair—for I had but one before—a table, and two table cloths. But my prosperity was of short duration, for, in less than three months, I lost three of my spoons, and one of my chairs was broken by one of John Napier's companions. This great blow reduced me to my original obscurity, from which all my attempts to emerge have hitherto proved in vain.

'My dress has not been more splendid than my furniture. I have never been able to keep it all of a piece; it grows tattered in one quarter, while I am establishing funds to repair it in another; and my coat is in danger of losing the sleeves, while I am pulling it off, to try on a new waistcoat.

'My travelling expeditions have never been performed with much grandeur or ease. My only conveyance is an old horse, who is now so weak, that, in all my journeys, I am always obliged to walk two-thirds of the way; and if he were to die, I would give my kingdom for another, and find nobody to accept of my offer. Till I came here, I hardly knew what walking was. I have often walked from sunrise to sunset, without any other refreshment than a drink of water; and I have traversed on foot, in different directions, almost every part of the country, between Vizagapatam and Madura, a distance of eight hundred miles.

'My house at Vellore consists of a hall and a bed-room. The former contains but one piece of furniture, a table; but, on entering the latter, you would see me at my writing-table, seated on my only chair, with the old couch behind me, adorned with a carpet and pillow; on my right hand a chest of books, and on my left two trunks; one for holding about a dozen changes of linen, and the other about half-a-dozen of plates, knives and forks, &c. This stock will be augmented on my return by an acquisition, which I have made here, six tea-spoons and a pair of candlesticks, bought at the sale of the furniture of a family going to Europe. I generally dine at home about three times in a month, and then my house looks very superb; every person on this occasion bringing his own chair and plate.

'As I have already told you that I am not Aladdin with the wonderful lamp, and that, therefore, I keep neither pages, nor musicians, nor elephants, you may, perhaps, after having had so particular an account of my possessions, wish to know in what manner I pass my leisure hours. How this was done some years ago, I scarcely remember; but for the last two years that I have been at Vellore, I could relate the manner in which almost every hour was employed.

'Seven was our breakfast hour, immediately after which I walked out, generally alone; and though ten was my usual hour of returning, I often wandered about the fields till one: but when I adhered to the rules I had laid down for myself, I came home at ten, and read Persian till one, when I dressed, and went to dinner. Came back before three; sometimes slept half an hour, sometimes not, and then wrote or talked Persian and Moors till sunset, when I went to the parade, from whence I set out with a party to visit the ladies, or to play cards at the commanding officer's. This engaged me till nine, when I went to supper, or more frequently returned home without it, and read politics and nonsense till bed-time, which, according to the entertainment which I met with, happened some time between eleven and two. I should have mentioned fives as an amusement that occupied a great deal of my time. I seldom missed above two days in a week at this game, and always played two or three hours at a time, which were taken from my walks and Persian studies. Men are much more boyish in this country than in Europe, and, in spite of the sun, take, I believe, more exercise, and are, however strange it may appear, better able to undergo fatigue, unless on some remarkably hot days. I never could make half the violent exertions at home that I have made here. My daily walks were usually from four to twelve miles, which I thought a good journey in Scotland. You see children of five or six years of age following the camp, and marching fifteen or sixteen miles a day with the same ease as their fathers.

'I have almost as much local attachment to Vellore as to Northside; for it is situated in a delightful valley, containing all the varieties of meadows, groves, and rice-fields. On every side you see romantic hills, some near, some distant, continually assuming new forms, as you advance or retire. All around you is classic ground in the history of this country; for almost every spot has been the residence of some powerful family, now reduced to misery by frequent revolutions, or the scene of some important action in former wars.

'Not with more veneration should I visit the field of Marathon, or the Capitol of the ancient Romans, than I tread on this hallowed ground; for, in sitting under a tree, and while listening to the disastrous tale of some noble Moorman, who relates to you the ruin of his fortune and his family, to contemplate by what strange vicissitudes you and he, who are both originally from the North of Asia, after a separation of so many ages, coming from the most opposite quarters, again meet in Hindostan to contend with each other—this is to me wonderfully solemn and affecting.' —vol. i. pp. 73—77.

Mr. Munro continued to act in his new capacity until the year 1790, when the famous Tippoo began to arm for his first war with the Company. The moment hostilities were proclaimed, Mr. Munro obtained permission to return to his regimental duties; he was present at the fall of Bangalore, and continued with the army until 1792, when, in consequence of the deficiency among the civil servants of the Company in the necessary acquirements, he was nominated assistant to Capt. Read, in the Revenue Department, for the purpose of arranging the ceded district of Baramahl. This appointment of military men to perform the revenue duties, however unavoidable under the circumstances, created a violent sensation at the time, and exposed Mr. Munro, among others, to a degree of hostility on the part of the civilians, which pursued him with marked bitterness during the remainder of his life. The manner in which his time was occupied in Baramahl, may be understood from the following lively passage in one of his letters to his mother, dated Bellari, 17th May, 1795.

'I go from village to village with my tent, settling the rents of the inhabitants; and this is so tedious and teasing a business, that it leaves room for nothing else, for I have no hour in the day that I can call my own. At this moment, while I am writing, there are a dozen of people talking around me: it is now twelve o'clock, and they have been coming and going in parties ever since seven in the morning, when I began this letter. They have frequently interrupted me for an hour at a time. One man has a long story of a debt of thirty years' standing, contracted by his father. Another tells me that his brother made away with his property when he was absent, during the war; and a third tells me that he cannot afford to pay his usual rent, because his wife is dead, who used to do more work than his best bullock. I am obliged to listen to all these relations; and, as every man has a knack at description, like Sancho, I think myself fortunate when I get through any one of them in half an hour. It is in vain that I sometimes recommend to them to begin at the end of the story. They persist in their own way of making me full master of all the particulars; and I must, after making my objections and hearing their replies, dictate answers in the same copious style to them all.'—vol. i. p. 172.

After the fall of Seringapatam, in 1799, concluded the second war with Tippoo, the Company acquired, among other parcels of territory, the province of Canara, a wild and rugged district on the Western coast of India. Of this province, Mr. Munro, now promoted to the rank of Captain, was, at the express desire of the Governor-general, requested to take charge; his successful labours in Baramahl, where his mild and considerate conduct endeared him to the Natives, having proved him peculiarly well fitted for such a task, he was to introduce the authority of the Company into a new dependency. This appointment was not much to his liking, as he became attached to Baramahl and its inhabitants. But he sacrificed inclination to duty, it having been distinctly intimated to him that the Governor knew no one, upon whom such a duty could be so satisfactorily committed. He accordingly proceeded to his new collectorate, in July 1799, a situation which brought him into frequent correspondence with the extraordinary man, who then, under the name of Arthur Wellesley, was beginning to acquire, in the fields of India, that military tact which was afterwards to enable him to wield the destinies of the world. The letters which passed between them at this period, though confined to the most common details of warfare, will, nevertheless, be read with attention, on account of the singular fortune which has attended one of the writers. We shall give Mr. Gleig's account of Captain Munro's method of spending his days in Canara, which will render it unnecessary for us to enter into farther particulars upon that subject.

'As often as the calls of duty permitted him to remain stationary at his head-quarters, Major Munro, who was economical of his time, rose every morning at day-break, no matter how late the business of the preceding night might have kept him up from a bed which consisted simply of a carpet and pillow spread upon a rattan couch. On quitting his chamber, he walked about, bareheaded, in the open air, conversing with the Natives, who, on various pretexts and at all seasons, beset him, till seven o'clock, at which time breakfast was served up for himself and his assistants. Of this he partook heartily, more especially of the tea, which he considered a wholesome and refreshing beverage; whilst of sugar he was so singularly fond, as frequently to request an additional allowance, for the pleasure of eating the lump that was left undissolved at the bottom of the cup.

'Breakfast ended, and the meal never lasted longer than half an hour, the assistant received his instructions, and withdrew to the office of his Moonshee and English writers; upon which, Major Munro first dispatched his private and official letters, and then adjourned to his hall of audience. There he remained during the rest of the forenoon, surrounded by his public servants and the inhabitants, carrying on the current duties of the province, investigating claims upon disputed property, or obtaining such information as could afterwards be acted upon only by the aid of notes and calculations.

'In this manner he employed himself till about half-past four in the afternoon, when he broke up his court, and retired to his apartment to dress. Whilst the latter operation was going on, his assistant usually read to him either public and private letters, should such be received, or, in default of these, a portion of Hudibras, or some other amusing work. At five o'clock he sat down to dinner, from which hour till eight he laid aside the cares of office, that he might delight those who were so fortunate as to enjoy his society, with his wit, humour, and remarkable powers of conversation; but punctually as the hour of eight returned, his habits of business were resumed. His night-cutcherry then opened, which, like that of the day, was always crowded with suitors; and though he professed then to attend only to matters of minor moment, midnight rarely found him relieved from his arduous duties.

'Whilst he thus regulated his conduct by the standard of usefulness only, he gradually acquired, both in his costume and manners, a considerable degree of eccentricity. Remote from all intercourse with polished society, he attended very little to the niceties of dress; so that whilst in his person he was always remarkable for cleanliness, his attire gave few indications of time wasted at the toilette. His garments, likewise, set all changes of art and fashion at defiance: they continued to hold the form which they had originally assumed in the days of Sir Eyre Coote; whilst his cue was not unfrequently tied up with a piece of red tape, in the absence of a wrapper of more appropriate colour and texture. In like manner, his conversation would, at times, assume a character indicative of any thing rather than an excess of refinement. The idea of love he treated with unsparing ridicule, declaring that idle men only fell into so gross an extravagance; and when informed by Mr. Read of the marriage of their mutual friend, Mr. Ravenshaw, his only observation was, "I would not advise you to increase the difficulties of your situation, by taking a young wife for an assistant."

'Major Munro was at all times particularly humane towards the inferior animals. He possessed an old white horse, which he had purchased in the camp before Cuddalore, and which he had ridden ever since, as long as it was capable of carrying him; and now that its strength failed, he caused it to be tended and fed with the utmost care and regularity. Nay, his attachment to the animal was such, that, finding it unable to bear the fatigue of a removal, he literally pensioned it off when he himself quitted the district; and his grief was unfeigned when he heard that, his servants having withdrawn it by mistake, it died upon the road. So it was with a flock of goats which he kept in Canara, to supply his family with milk, and in watching whose gambols he took great delight. On no account whatever would he permit the peons to drive them away during the storm, from beneath the verandas, asserting that the goats had as much right to shelter as any persons about his cutcherry, and that none should presume to deprive them of it.

'One more specimen of the habits of this extraordinary man may be given, ere I close this chapter. Besides his favourite amusements, swimming, billiards, quoits, and fives, he possessed a curious predilection for throwing stones, of which Mr. Read has furnished us with the following whimsical illustration. "Having got completely wet on one occasion," says he in his MS. Journal, "during a morning ride, I wrote him a note, requesting that he would wait breakfast. He returned for answer, 'I will wait ten minutes, which, in my opinion, is enough for any man to put on his clothes.' When I joined him, I perceived a stone in his hand, and inquired what he meant to do with it. 'I am just waiting,' answered he, 'till all the Brahmins go away, that I may have one good throw at that dog upon the wall,' and added, 'whenever I *wanted to play myself*, in this or any other manner, in the Baramahl, I used to go either into Macleod's or Graham's division."'—vol. i. pp. 295—299.

From Canara, Captain Munro proceeded to other ceded districts as their great organizer, a disagreeable and most laborious sort of office in which he was engaged until the latter part of 1807, when he returned to England. The following beautiful letter shows with what warm feelings his heart was animated upon revisiting his favourite Northwoodside.

'Dear Erskine, 'Glasgow, 25th October, 1808.

'Your letters to Alexander and me, without date as usual, have arrived just as punctually as if they had had that qualification. We shall not be in Edinburgh till the 2d November, and instead of paying you a visit at Ammondel, I must, I believe, stay at home until I recover my hearing; for I am now deafer than ever I was in my life, owing to a cold which I caught, or rather which caught me, a day or two before I left Edinburgh. I have been little more than a dumb spectator of all the gaiety which you talk of, for I can hardly hear a word that is said. I never was so impatient under deafness as at present, when I meet every moment in my native city old acquaintances asking fifty questions, which they are obliged to repeat four or five times before they can make me comprehend them. Some of them stare at me, and think, no doubt, that I am come home because I am deranged. I am so entirely incapable of taking any part in conversation, that I have no pleasure in company, and go into it merely to save appearances. A solitary walk is almost the only thing in which I have any enjoyment. I have been twice at Northside, and though it rained without ceasing on both days, it did not prevent me from rambling up and down the river, from Claysloup to the Aqueduct Bridge. I stood above an hour at Jackson's Dam, looking at the water rushing over, while the rain and withered leaves were descending thick about me, and while I recall the days that are past. The wind whistling through the trees, and the water tumbling over the dam, had still the same sound as before; but the darkness of the day, and the little smart box perched upon the opposite bank, destroyed much of the illusion, and made me feel that former times were gone. I don't know how it is, but, when I look back to early years, I always associate sunshine with them. When I think of Northwoodside, I always think of a fine day, with the sunbeams streaming down upon Kelvin and its woody banks. I do not enter completely into early scenes of life in gloomy, drizzling weather; and I mean to devote the first sunny day to another visit to Kelvin, which, whatever you may say, is worth ten such paltry streams as your Ammon!'—vol. i. pp. 378—379.

Soon after Captain, now Colonel, Munro returned to England, discussions commenced similar to those which are now in course of revival amongst us, concerning the renewal of the East India Company's Charter. Colonel Munro was called upon, in consequence of his great knowledge of Indian affairs, to take an active part in that question. His evidence was given in a most able manner before the Committee of the House of Commons, of course in favour of the Company. In the course of the investigations which were made at that period, it was admitted, on all hands, that the judicial system in India was in a most deplorable state, and a commission of enquiry was appointed, at the head of which Colonel Munro was placed. In consequence of his acceptance of this office, he returned to India in the latter part of 1814, having been married in the previous March to Miss Jane Campbell, daughter of Mr. Campbell, of Cragie House, Ayrshire; a lady of whom his Biographer gives a high, and, we doubt not, a well merited character. The commission having experienced many difficulties and delays, was about to enter upon a course of action about the end of the year 1817, when the Mahratta war broke out, and Colonel Munro returned to his military profession, in which he was promoted successively to the ranks of Brigadier and General. His campaign against the Peishwah was conducted in brilliant style, and with decided success, although he had more than ordinary obstacles to encounter in the singular vacillation displayed by those in power, who sometimes shifted the command from General Munro to General Pritzler, and from the latter to the former, without assigning any reasons. Although public fame has not shone upon the military services of General Munro during this war, yet they stand recorded in the archives of the Company, and the reputation to which they are entitled will wear well, for it was most laboriously earned. The lamented Canning, in recapitulating the merits of the other armies and leaders engaged in the Mahratta war, spoke of the subject of these volumes as "a gentleman, than whom Europe never produced a more accomplished statesman, nor India, so fertile in heroes, a more skilful soldier." Notwithstanding this just eulogium, however, it did seem as if the object of it were pursued by a hostile destiny. 'Fortune,' he says in one of his amiable letters to his sister, 'during the greatest part of my Indian life, has made a drudge of me; every labour which demands patience and temper, and to which no fame is attached, seems to have fallen to my share, both in civil and military affairs.' At the conclusion of the war, General Munro, whose health had been injured by excessive fatigue, his eyesight having been particularly affected, resigned all his commissions, and returned with his wife and family once more to England, in 1819, firmly resolved never to see India again. He had scarcely, however, arrived in England, when he was appointed Governor of Madras, an office which, notwithstanding his resolutions, he felt it his duty to accept, having been, at the same time, invested with the insignia of K.C.B.

Our limits preclude us from entering into the details of Sir Thomas Munro's administration in India. His new situation enabled him to reform many abuses which had existed up to his time, and to introduce many judicious and useful alterations. His long acquaintance with the Natives, taught him to set upon their character, in general, a much higher value than we are inclined to do in Europe ; he was a strong advocate for their employment, not only in the army, but in civil and judicial offices. He was not long at Madras, when the Burman war considerably augmented the duties of his office; he was not, indeed, employed in the field, but he had to supply troops and provisions, and was frequently consulted during the progress of the campaigns which ended in the humiliation of the "Gold-footed" King. For his exertions on this occasion, he was raised to the dignity of a baronet. Such was the opinion which the Government at home had of his abilities, that when, at one period of the war, the recall of Lord Amherst was contemplated, Sir Thomas Munro was intended, it is now understood, to have been appointed his successor.

While honours were thus accumulating around him, his domestic happiness was interrupted by a dangerous distemper which seized the elder of his two sons, and rendered it necessary for Lady Munro to take the child to Europe in March, 1826. Although Sir Thomas had sent in his resignation in May, 1824, at the termination of the Burman war, yet the non-arrival of a successor prevented Sir Thomas from accompanying his family, and after he took leave of them, he saw them no more. His letters to Lady Munro, while on her passage, and after her return to England, are so characteristic of the man, and breathe so affectionate a spirit, that we cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing a few passages from them. The names Kamen and Toto, which occur in them, were substitutes coined by the children for their respective names of Campbell and Thomas :--

'Guindy, 2d April, 1826.

'We came here last night, for the first time since you went away; Col. Carfrae and I drove out together. We alighted at the old place, near the well. It was nearly dark, and we passed through the garden without finding you. We had nobody in the evening but Capt. Watson, which I was glad of. He has got the floors covered with new mats, which smell like hay; but they are of no use when those for whom they were intended are gone. The cause which occasioned the desertion of this house gives every thing about it a melancholy appearance. I dislike to enter Kamen's room. I never pass it without thinking of that sad night when I saw him lying in Rosa's lap, with leeches on his head, the tears streaming down his face, crying with fear and pain, and his life uncertain. His image, in that situation, is always present to me whenever I think of this house. I walked out this morning at daylight. I followed Captain Watson's new road, which is now made hard with gravel, as far as the place where it divides; but on reaching this point, instead of turning to the left, as we used to do, I continued along the main branch to the little tank, and there halted a few minutes to admire the view of the distant hills. I then turned towards the garden, where I always found you, and Kamen trotting before you, except when he stayed behind to examine some ant-hole. How delightful it was to see him walking, or running, or stopping, to endeavour to explain something with his hands to help his language. How easy, and artless, and beautiful, are all the motions of a child. Everything that he does is graceful. All his little ways are endearing, and they are the arms which Nature has given him for his protection, because they make everybody feel an attachment for him. I have lost his society just at the time when it was most interesting. It was his tottering walk, his helplessness, and unconsciousness, that I liked. By the time I see him again he will have lost all those qualities; he will know how to behave himself; he will have acquired some knowledge of the world, and will not be half so engaging as he now is. I almost wish that he would never change.'—vol. ii. pp. 179, 180.

Again, how strongly do we perceive the husband and the father in the following letter:—

'Guindy, 11th June, 1826.

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'I have been reading and writing very hard all day, which always, for the last year, makes my hand shake so much, that I can hardly write. This is a sign that I have been long enough in a warm climate. The weather at this season has been cooler than ever I knew it at Madras. It has been continually overcast all last week, which induced me to come out here yesterday evening, after the usual Saturday's dinner. I took a walk in the morning of an hour and a half, and ended with the garden, where every thing is growing in great luxuriance. After getting out of the carriage yesterday evening, I looked at the new well, and found it had water enough to hold out till it got a fresh supply from the rains; but I did not find you or Kamen there, or in the drawing-room. I always miss you both here more than at Madras, because we had fewer visiters, and I was more accustomed to see you and him quietly. Your rooms look very desolate; they are empty all day, and in the evening have one solitary lamp. I now go along the passage without seeing a human being, and often think of him running out to pull my coat. I cannot tell you how much I long to see him playing again. I believe that I shall follow your father's example when I go home, in playing with children. When you reach Craigie, give me a full account of Tom, and of all the points in which he is like or unlike his brother. I have no letter from you since the 24th of March; and I begin to fear that I shall not hear from you until your arrival in England.

'The troops are returning from Ava. Major Kelso arrived a few days ago in command of the Kimendyne regiment. There is no chance of hostilities, as the Burmese are completely tired of war. I am glad of it, as I can have no pretence for staying longer in the country; and if the weather were not too hot for calling names, I could call them "*barbarous*, and *ferocious*, and *arrogant*," for not letting me go home with you. I am quite at a loss to know what I am to do when I go home. Where are we to live? in town or country? or both? Are we to travel and see the world and sights, or to jaunt about in our own country, or to stay fixed in one place? You must consider of all this, and be ready with a plan when we meet. Love to all at Craigie.'—vol. ii. pp. 182—184.

Thus, again, in a similar feeling, does he write in about a fortnight after:—

'I was in the garden this morning—every thing is growing in great luxuriance, but particularly the Hinah and Baboal hedges. The new well is half full. I looked, on my way home, at what you call geraniums, but which seem to me to be more like wild potatoes. I stood for a minute admiring them, merely from the habit of doing so with you; for, had I followed my own taste, I should as soon have thought of admiring a brick-kiln, as of gazing at a hundred red pots filled with weeds. There is something very melancholy in this house without you and your son. It has the air of some enchanted deserted mansion in romance. I often think of Kamen marching about the hall, equipped for a walk, but resisting the ceremony of putting on his hat. * *—vol. ii. pp. 185—186.

The month of September finds him in the same vein:—

'The brightness of the sun here is very remarkable. You have, I think, noticed the brightness of both the sun and the moon at Madras, but you can have no idea how much greater it is here. In the morning, when the sun rises without a cloud, the sky is sparkling with light: the hills appear much nearer than they are; the smallest objects upon them are visible, and there is a dazzling lustre poured upon every thing, as if two suns were shining instead of one. I have not seen Mrs. Sullivan, because she is too near her confinement; but I have seen his two children. They are both pretty, particularly the boy, and have as fine complexions as any children in England. I was made very happy last night, by the arrival of your letter of the 25th of May, sent to Penang by the Camden. I had previously got your long letter of the same date, but still it was satisfactory to get another. It is rather singular that a letter, written by you at St. Helena, should find me at Whotakamund. I received, at the same time, a letter, of the 5th of June, from General Walker, telling me of you and Campbell, and expressing regret at your leaving Plantation House so soon. I must now stop, for I have other letters to write before dinner. I have written you so much lately, that this may probably be my last letter for some time. I hope you are, by this time, safe with your two sons.'—vol, ii. pp. 192, 193.

We extract from a letter dated in April, 1827, a paragraph, which gives an interesting panoramic view of a spectacle, which must, indeed, to use a vulgar expression, have "astonished the natives:"—

> 'I went to Madras on Monday the 9th. You will wonder what took me there on that day:—it was to see the Enterprize steam-vessel manœuvre for the gratification of the public. She got up her anchor, and sailed past the Government-house a little after four, while we were at dinner. At five I went up to the top of the Council-house on the Fort, and, after staying a few minutes, we determined to join the crowd on the beach. The evening was as favourable as it could possibly be; a clear sky, a smooth sea, and a light breeze directly from the sea. The immense crowd of people reminded me of what you see at a race in England, but only that there was no drinking and quarrelling. I never saw half so great a number on any occasion. The beach was crowded from the saluting battery to the custom-house, with thousands of natives, in all their various fanciful costumes. The multitude of carriages was far beyond what I thought the whole Carnatic could have furnished. Every thing that could be mounted on wheels from a hen-coop or a dog-house to a barouche, was in requisition. In some of the hen-coops, which would not have held two European ladies, seven or eight native women and children were crammed, all grinning with delight. Among the multitude there were, I believe, people from almost every province in India. I saw a great number of respectable-looking Indian women in carriages, who, I imagine, never appeared among Europeans before, and many of whom, I am sure, you would have thought beautiful, and certainly graceful, beyond any thing in Europe. I scarcely looked at the steam-vessel: all that it can do may be seen in five minutes; but I wish that I could have made a panorama of the living scene to send to you. We have still no southernly wind, but the weather is getting very warm.' * * * *—vol. ii. pp. 197, 198.

The delay which took place in the appointment of a successor, detained Sir Thomas Munro at Madras until the summer of 1827, when Mr. Lushington took charge of the Government. The commencement of the monsoons prevented him from returning to England at that season, and the excessive heat then prevailing at Madras, seems to have, unhappily, determined him to pay a farewell visit to his old native friends in the ceded districts. It was known that the cholera morbus was then making tremendous havoc in those places; but this did not deter Sir Thomas from his purpose, as, from having been so long in India, he had no apprehension of being attacked by that fatal disorder. In the course of his journey, however, he fell a victim to its power: he was seized about nine o'clock in the morning, on the 5th of July, at Putheecondah, and at half-past nine, on the night of the same day, he ceased to be of the number of the living.

The tributes of regret which were showered upon his grave from all quarters, from the public authorities, and assemblies of natives, as well as Europeans, testified how deeply his loss was felt in India.

Mr. Gleig has added to his Memoir an Appendix, which contains a great number of papers, written by Sir Thomas Munro at various periods. Some are connected with statistics, others with the official functions which he discharged, and with political economy. Several of these papers are well drawn up, and may be perused with great advantage by persons who are engaged in the discussion of the East India question, now before a Committee of the House of Commons.

ART. X.—*Lives of the Most Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects.* By Allan Cunningham, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo. London: J. Murray. 1830.

How little is known of the perils that environ the fame of that author who adventures—ill-starred proprietor of the quill—upon a worthy commemoration of the Most Eminent Painters, &c., of our country. It is an enterprise that breathes of mortality to the healthiest reputation. A man that undertakes it should let blood, should be familiar with the *materia medica*, should get him a mail of asbestos, or other impenetrable vestiture, for the ordeal which awaits him. Whence is this danger, and wherefore should it be peculiar to the task of which we speak? We proceed to explain. A vast deal, not seldom more than is prudent to be told on one side, or agreeable to be learned on the other, is always known of artists in general, as well during their lives as after—we may say—their apotheosis. A player, for instance, is a great and boasted delight to a speculative biographer. The treader in the buskin will have the hairs of his head numbered for future generations; the size of a tumour on his great toe will be handed down to posterity; and how he whispered in *Scrub*, or snarled in *Sir Peter Teazle*, will be pictured to distant ages in all the elaborate minuteness of the green-room. Circumscribed, alas! is our knowledge of the personal history of Shakspeare; then, with respect to Milton, he is nearly in the same state of unenviable perdition, as to his private life, as that glorious paradise of which he has sung. Again, how little have we ascertained about Otway or Butler, or many others of those intellectual heroes, in whose triumphs we still participate! But as for a Knight of the Brush, let him but appear upon the prominent scene of life, and be his deserts what they may, a diary of interminable details will be forthcoming, shewing the critical minute of his uprising and of his downsetting on each day, and how the good fellow fostered his corporal man, until he doubled the cape of sixty, and perished, unfortunate octogenarian, in the midst of several scores of years! Over and over again have we had almost every artist of them all brought to table, in most obliging varieties. Culinary ingenuity, that can serve up the same animal in one hundred different ways, each a complete stranger to the other, is a faint type of the innumerable shapes which a biography, in judicious hands, has been made to assume.

Under such circumstances, the 'Lives of Eminent Painters' becomes a serious trust for any ordinary gentleman to undertake. He will have, by possibility, little or nothing at all to add to his fund of materials; nay, it will be the superfluity of those materials that will constitute the distress of his position; he will be harrassed by an access of the malady, entitled by the French, the *embarras de richesse;* he will have to select, to modify, and to give to a stale and familiar aspect entirely new and original lineaments. Thus are the usual and natural sources of attraction withdrawn from our biographer, and he is left to himself to contrive the means of giving that interest to his work, which is essential to its success. And then, what a group for a biographer's pen!—Hogarth, and Reynolds, and Wilson, the turbulent Barry, the meek West, Morland, varying his professional pursuits with the delights of gin, and Fuseli, devoting his leisure to the classics. What rare talents are required to do justice to such a miniature world of manifold passion, such an union of whim and judgment; of divine intelligence and brutal folly; such a monstrous junction of power and imbecility!

Whether or not Mr. Cunningham recognised and overcame the difficulties which pressed on his path will be developed in the sequel. There are, however, in the Introduction which commences the work, tokens of general carelessness, which are calculated to awaken apprehensions for the future performance. After an attentive perusal of this Introduction, we find ourselves at a loss to know to what cause exactly we are to attribute the long privation which this country experienced, not only of native talent for the arts, but even of any very striking or diffused taste for them. We are ourselves perfectly well satisfied, that were it not for the great national change which was worked by the Reformation in the dispositions, as well as the religion, of the people, we might have been as early and as successful cultivators of painting as most other countries. But the Reformation was a war against the principle of imitative art; the Commonwealth carried that war still further, and it was not until the beginning of the last century almost that any general encouragement began to be bestowed on the arts. Mr. Cunningham undoubtedly refers to this cause as having had a considerable influence, but then he blends with it other reasons, to which he ascribes a share in the blame of debarring these kingdoms from the benefits which they would have derived from the cultivation of painting and sculpture.

'The English at this period were rich and proud, and sensible of the fame which successful art brings to a nation. But there was a strong feeling entertained against them by foreign princes and foreign artists. They were denounced by the ancient church as incurable hereticks; *they were dreaded by sea and land; and it was reckoned dangerous to the soul, and* *not very safe to the body, to have interchange of civilities with men whom the saints had abandoned and the Pope consigned to perdition.* We were unable, therefore, either to allure over artists of talent, or to become the purchasers of many works of eminence.'—vol. 1. p. 30.

Now this is a mere gratuitous sally of bigotry, and it has the merit of being made in the teeth of notorious facts. All history shews that the obstacles to an interchange between this and foreign countries did not proceed altogether from abroad; the alienation and repugnance by which intercourse was retarded, existed as fully and as forcibly amongst us as they could have been found in any part of the Continent. If the Italians looked upon us as being consigned for our heresies to perdition, we certainly balanced the account with them in that respect, for we damned their superstition. The first overtures at reconciliation came from foreigners; Charles I. found no difficulty in accumulating the most precious treasures of art, which constituted the magnificent gallery of Whitehall, and all of which were drawn from Continental countries; he procured without difficulty the Cartoons of Raphael, the masters which formed the celebrated cabinet of the Duke of Mantua, and other pictures of great value, the property of private individuals. But what throws vast light on this part of the subject, is the circumstance of the illustrious Rubens being sent to England in the disguise of an ambassador from the Court of Spain. Here he stayed one year, and produced works which ought to have given a better impulse to the national taste than it appears to have received. Rubens painted the ceiling of the chapel at Whitehall, and left many pictures, which are to be still found in this country amongst private collections. Why was such an artist sent into England not in his proper character, but in the disguise, as we have already said, of an ambassador—for he certainly paid but little attention to his diplomatic functions, whilst he devoted the greater part of his time to the pencil? Are we not justified in assuming that such was the general opinion amongst the Catholic states abroad respecting England, that no artist would venture to come into the country and take the chance of relying on his own merits for the patronage of the nation? The Court of Spain may have thought that foreign skill in the arts, however excellent, would be treated by us as a contraband material, and therefore they resolved to smuggle Rubens in amongst us under the denomination of an ambassador. What gives colour to this supposition is, that from the time of Henry the 8th, almost to the reign of the first king of the House of Hanover, we being all along that interval indebted entirely to foreign countries for eminent artists, those artists came to us principally from Holland, a part of the Continent which enjoyed a sympathy of religion with this country.

We agree with Mr. Cunningham, that Hogarth was the first British artist, in point of time, who can be considered as entitled to great distinction. But, as being the first to attempt a rivalship with foreigners in the highest walks of art; as being the first to vindicate, in his own person, the power of home-grown talent,—Sir James Thornhill, we confess, appears to us to have merited a more specific and extended notice than that which he has received.

More than one passage in the writings of Hogarth, justify us in concluding that the works of Thornhill had no inconsiderable share in stimulating the ambition of his more eminent successors; the example of an Englishman being permitted to adorn the public institutions of the country, was, in those days, of no small advantage, since, up to Thornhill's time, the secret of excellence in art was popularly deemed to be inalienably the privilege of foreign masters. Not to dwell, however, upon this point, we gladly follow our author to the history of Hogarth's life, with which the Biographical series commences.

It is the uniform characteristic of every great painter, whose history we are acquainted with, that the very first development of his mind discloses a tendency to the pursuit to which his life is afterwards devoted. Hogarth's early years in a particular manner showed the tendency of his genius. Conceiving, in his childhood, a strong prejudice against the avocations of an author, to which he saw his father become almost a victim, young Hogarth was, by his own desire, removed prematurely from school, and bound to a silversmith. But nature had previously indentured him to herself, and instead of cultivating the mysteries of trade, Hogarth, during his apprenticeship, became an expert drawer, and, in consequence of adopting a method peculiarly his own, a very striking and original artist. Connected with the first indication of his turn for satire, we have the following anecdotes.

> 'One summer Sunday during his apprenticeship, he went with three companions to Highgate, and the weather being warm and the way dusty, they went into a public house and called for ale. There happened to be other customers in the house, who to free drinking added fierce talking, and a quarrel ensued. One of them on receiving a blow with the bottom of a quart pot, looked so ludicrously rueful, that Hogarth snatched out a pencil and sketched him as he stood, It was very like and very laughable, and contributed to the restoration of order and good humour. On another occasion he strolled, with Hayman the painter, into a cellar, where two women of loose life were quarrelling in their cups. One of them filled her mouth with brandy and spirted it dexterously in the eyes of her antagonist. "See! see!" said Hogarth, taking out his tablets and sketching her—"look at the brimstone's mouth." This virago figures in Modern Midnight Conversation.'—vol. i. p. 63.

Our author, with unnecessary warmth, strives to shield Hogarth from the charges, we suppose we must call them, of want of education as well as poverty, in his early days. The dispute, after all, is one of words. It is Hogarth's glory that he was self-taught in art, and that he was the architect of his own fortunes. He married the daughter of Sir James Thornhill, and commenced a life of sedulous application, which was ultimately crowned by opulence and fame. The details of Hogarth's history are minutely contributed by Ireland, Nichols, and that liveliest writer of his day, Walpole. The popularity of those works would make it almost impertinent in us to follow the story step by step. Hogarth was driven into the portrait department by those circumstances peculiar to our country, to which every son of genius, from Reynolds to Lawrence, has been compelled to yield. But in this walk of art our hero found a stumbling-block. He was scrupulously faithful in his representations, and retained a wrinkle in his portraits as conscientiously as he painted a charming dimple. But he soon discovered the inconveniences of his fidelity. Disgusted, he happily directed his genius to a new and undiscovered branch of his art. Before Hogarth's day no one had supposed that there existed, between the sublime and the grotesque, in the historical style, " an intermediate species of subjects," as he calls them, subjects of a modern kind and moral nature, in effect the characters of a genteel comedy transferred to the canvas. " I have endeavoured," says Hogarth, " to treat my subjects as a dramatic writer; my picture is my stage, my men and women my players, who, by means of certain actions and gestures, are to exhibit a dumb show." We have no doubt, however, that Hogarth's ambition was to succeed in what was called the grand style, and to have contended with the severity and dignity of the Italian masters. We are persuaded, likewise, that Hogarth's genius would have fully seconded his ambition. Walpole declares that the burlesque turn of the painter's mind would have inevitably prevented him from succeeding in the historical style. But this remark is far from being just. Humour and pathos are faculties of the same family. The inclination of Hogarth to pursue the grotesque instead of the pathetic, arose from necessity perhaps more than choice. He shut himself out from portraiture by his own inflexibility, and from the dignified style of historical painting he was equally excluded by the apathy of his countrymen. We therefore look upon Hogarth's peculiar style as the nearest approach it was possible for him to make, under the circumstances, to the noble character of the Italian school. The " Pool of Bethesda," the " Good Samaritan," " Moses presented to Pharoah's Daughter," and " St. Paul before Festus and Agrippa," with which last painting Mr. Cunningham seems to be unacquainted, although it is suspended in one of the most frequented rooms of this metropolis—Lincoln's Inn Hall—sufficiently attest the will and the ability of Hogarth to succeed in the grand style. But do not his other pictures bear witness as strongly to his great powers in the serious and pathetic style? It is much the habit, even of his biographers, to praise Hogarth for his satire alone, as if in, even his most ludicrous pictures, there was not to be found some figure or incident calculated deeply to affect the human heart. What eloquent beauty has he conferred upon even the lowest of his female characters; how often, amidst the revelry of that laughter which the general effect of one of his pictorial comedies never fails to produce, are we arrested by the sight of a child, or baby, with a sweet innocent expression, diffusing a charming tenderness over the whole scene. They who have seen and studied the celebrated *March to Finchley*, cannot fail to remember the infant sitting on its mother's lap, and how its pure and benign aspect soothes the rough and repulsive features of the French priest, that is close by. A similar stroke of art is recognised in the wonderful "Last Supper," of Da Vinci. In contemplating that enthralling scene, where every figure contributes a distinct part of a mournful and most painful history, the heart of the spectator is ready to sink with the contending emotions which the sight of so much treachery, so much baseness and dissimulation triumphing over so much innocence and benevolence, must excite, until his eye, passing from the human forms before him, lights on a scene of sweet rural beauty, that is just visible through a casement in the distance, and under its balmy influence for a moment he feels exquisite relief. These are contrivances which sovereign genius alone can tell how to conceive, and when to apply. Nothing like justice, with reference to this great beauty of Hogarth, is rendered to him by our author, who, if he desired thoroughly to vindicate the illustrious painter against the charge of being deficient in the power to succeed in the grand and pathetic style, might have selected for that purpose, not, indeed, the *Harlot's Progress*,, but even a picture which is generally supposed to be the most remote of any of Hogarth's works from the grand and pathetic. *Gin Lane* has always appeared to us a scene of appalling terror. The corruption of a plague seems to have wasted even the physical world around; the figures, the dead, the dying, the shell, &c., all contribute to a most powerful effect. The artist, not satisfied with the impressions of horror which a single action is able to produce, adds even to these, by exhibiting a new and unexpected sight of woe in the thin funeral procession, that is seen through a break in the wall at a distance.

We do not know that we have ever seen a better account, we mean as to copiousness and minute fidelity of description, of Hogarth's multitudinous works, than is to be found in the volumes before us. We should, perhaps, be justified in saying that this account is extended far too minutely in reference to the proportion which it bears to the history, more immediately personal, of Hogarth's life. There is nothing very new, or very pointed in the critical observations of our author; but they who are desirous of becoming acquainted with those immortal specimens of genius, which Hogarth has left behind him, cannot consult a better guide than Mr. Cunningham. Amongst the enemies whom Hogarth's satirical vein had excited against him, was the famous Wilkes, of whose quarrel we happen to have a version from each of the combatants. Wilkes published the following account in the *Patriot*:—

' " Wilkes (says the Patriot) was waging open war with the Scottish minister, Lord Bute, when Hogarth sacrificed private friendship at the altar of party madness, and lent his aid to the government. A friend informed him that the painter was about to publish a print, satirizing Pitt, Temple, Churchill, and himself. He remonstrated, and remarked, that the subjects suitable for his pencil were those of an universal or moral nature. The answer was, that neither Wilkes nor Churchill were included in the satire, though Pitt and Temple were. On this Wilkes informed Hogarth that he should never resent reflections on himself, but if his friends were attacked, he should then deem himself wounded in the most sensible part, and avenge their cause as well as he was able. The Times appeared, and was instantly followed by an attack in the North Briton on 'The King's Serjeant-Painter, William Hogarth.' " '

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' When the venomous article in the North Briton appeared, Hogarth, who had not then attacked Wilkes, felt deeply the insinuations which it contained, both in a domestic and a loyal sense, and sought immediate revenge. What the pen was to the politician, the pencil was to the artist, and he accordingly produced that celebrated piece, which can scarcely be called a caricature, since it represents strongly, but truly, the bodily and mental image of John Wilkes. The artist has placed in the civic chair this patron saint of purity and liberty—a mark for perpetual laughter and loathing. For what he thought of his work we have his own words. " My friends advised me," says Hogarth, " to laugh at the nonsense of party writing—who would mind it? But I could not rest, for

' He that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed.'

Such being my feelings, I wished to return the compliment, and turn it to some advantage. This renowned patriot's portrait, drawn as like as I could as to features, and marked with some indications of his mind, answered my purpose. The ridiculous was apparent to every eye. A Brutus—a saviour of his country—with such an aspect—was so arrant a farce, that, though it gave rise to much laughter in the lookers-on, it galled both him and his adherents. This was proved by the papers being crammed every day with invectives against the artist, till the town grew sick of thus seeing me always at full length. Churchill, Wilkes's toadeater, put the North Briton into verse in an Epistle to Hogarth; but as the abuse was precisely the same, except a little poetical heightening, it made no impression, but perhaps effaced or weakened the black strokes of the North Briton. However, having an old plate by me, with some parts ready sunk as the background and a dog, I began to consider how I could turn so much work laid aside to some account—and so patched up a print of Master Churchill, in the character of a bear. The pleasure and pecuniary advantage derived from these two engravings, together with occasionally riding on horseback, restored me to as much health as can be expected at my time of life." '—vol. i. pp. 161, 164.

The account which is handed down to us of the personal character of Hogarth is highly creditable to him, in all the relations of life in which he was called on to perform a part. He lived to the age of sixty-seven years, having been born in London, on the 10th of December, 1697, and having died on the 26th of October, 1764. The following passages, as illustrating his character, will be perused with interest:—

'William Hogarth was rather below the middle size; his eye was peculiarly bright and piercing; his look shrewd, sarcastic, and intelligent; the forehead high and round. An accident in his youth had left a scar on his brow, and he liked to wear his hat raised so as to display it. He was active in person, bustling in manner, and fond of affecting a little state and importance. He was of a temper cheerful, joyous, and companionable; fond of mirth and good-fellowship; desirous of saying strong and pointed things;—ardent in friendship—and in resentment. His lively conversation—his knowledge of character—his readiness of speech—and quickness of retort, made many covet his company, who were sometimes the objects of his satire; but he employed his wit on those who were present, and spared or defended the absent. His personal spirit was equal to his satiric talents; he provoked, with his pencil, the temper of those whom it was not prudent to offend; with him no vice nor folly found shelter behind wealth, or rank, or power. As to the license of his tongue, he himself often said that he never uttered that sentence about a living man which he would not repeat gladly to his face: as to his works, he always felt conscious of their merit, and predicted with equal openness that his name would descend with no decrease of honour to posterity. He loved state in his dress, good order in his household, and the success of his works enabled him to indulge in the luxuries of a good table and pleasant guests.

'No one, save Wilkes, ever questioned his domestic serenity; and his insinuation, which I shall not repeat, appears to have been made without the slightest cause, and for the sake of saying something sharp and annoying. He was a good husband, and Jane Thornhill was an indulgent wife. He felt the injurious insinuations of Wilkes chiefly on his wife's account; and his widow resented the discourteous language of Walpole and the coarse invectives of Nichols, with a temper and a calmness which command all respect.

'"In his relations of husband, brother, friend, and master," says Ireland, "he was kind, generous, sincere, and indulgent; in diet abstemious, but in his hospitalities, though devoid of ostentation, liberal and free-hearted: not parsimonious, yet frugal;—but so comparatively small were the rewards then paid to artists, that after the labour of a long life he left a very inconsiderable sum to his widow, with whom he must have received a large portion." To this Nichols reluctantly adds, that Hogarth was a punctual paymaster—was uniformly kind to his sisters and to his cousin Mary Lewis;—and—what I hold, though last, not least—that his domestics had remained many years in his service, and that he painted all their portraits and hung them up in his house.'—pp. 172, 173.

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'Hogarth treated those who sat for their portraits with a courtesy which is not always practised now. "When I sat to Hogarth," said Mr. Cole, "the custom of giving vails to servants was not discontinued. On taking leave of the painter at the door, I offered his servant a small gratuity, but the man very politely refused it, telling me it would be as much as the loss of his place if his master knew it. This was so uncommon and so liberal in a man of Hogarth's profession at that time of day, that it much struck me, as nothing of the kind had happened to me before." Nor is it likely that such a thing would happen again—Sir Joshua Reynolds gave his servant 6*l.* annually of wages, and offered him 100*l.* a-year for the *door!*

'It was Hogarth's custom to sketch out on the spot any remarkable face which struck him, and of which he wished to preserve an accurate remembrance. He was once observed in the Bedford coffee-house drawing something with a pencil on the nail of his left thumb—he held it up to a friend who accompanied him—it was the face, and a very singular one, of a person in the same room—the likeness was excellent. He had dined with some friends at a tavern, and as he threw his cloak about him to begone, he observed his friend Ben Read sound asleep and presenting a most ridiculous physiognomy: Hogarth eyed him for a moment, and saying softly, "heavens, what a character!" called for pen and ink, and drew his portrait without sitting down:—a curious and clever likeness and still existing.

'It was in a temporary summer residence at Isleworth that he painted the Rake's Progress. The crowd of visitors to his study was immense. He often asked them if they knew for whom one or another figure in the picture was designed, and when they guessed wrong he set them right. It was generally believed that the heads were chiefly portraits of low characters, well known in town. In the Miser's Feast he introduced Sir Isaac Shard, a person proverbially avaricious: his son, a young man of spirit, heard of this, and calling at the painter's requested to see the picture. The young man asked the servant whether that old figure was intended for any particular person, who answered it was thought to be very like one Sir Isaac Shard, whereupon he drew his sword and slashed the canvas. Hogarth heard the bustle, and was very angry. Young Shard said, "You have taken an unwarrantable license—I am the injured party's son, and ready to defend my conduct at law." He went away, and was never afterwards molested.

'With a dissatisfied sitter the artist was more fortunate. A nobleman of ungainly looks and a little deformed sat for his picture; Hogarth made a faithful likeness according to the receipt of Oliver Cromwell; the peer was offended with this want of courtesy in a man by profession a flatterer, and refused to pay for the picture, or to take it home. Hogarth was nettled, and informed his Lordship that unless he sent for it within three days, he should dispose of it with the addition of a tail to Hare the wild-beast man. The picture was instantly paid for, removed, and destroyed. A similar story is related of Sir Peter Lely.

'Concerning Hogarth's vanity some one told the following story to Nichols, whose ear was ever open to any thing that confirmed his own theory of the artist's ignorance and want of delicacy: "Hogarth being at dinner with Dr. Cheselden and some other company, was informed that John Freke, surgeon of St. Bartholomew's hospital, had asserted in Dick's coffee house that Greene was as eminent in composition as Handel. "That fellow, Freke," cried Hogarth, "is always shooting his bolt absurdly one way or another. Handel is a giant in music, Greene only a light Florimel kind of composer." "Aye, but," said the other, "Freke declared you were as good a portrait painter as Vandyke." "There he was in the right," quoth Hogarth, "and so I am, give me but my time and let me choose my subject.'" '—vol. i. pp. 176—177.

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'Heidegger, a Swiss, and the Thersites of his day, had a face beyond the reach of caricatura: his portrait by Hogarth is nature without addition or exaggeration, and it appears, in all its hideousness—

"Something between a Heidegger and owl"—

in the little humorous print of the masquerade. This man obtained the management of the Opera House, was countenanced by the court, and amassed a fortune. Being once asked in company what nation had the greatest ingenuity—"The Swiss!" exclaimed Heidegger. "I came to England without a farthing, where I gain five thousand a year, and spend it: now I defy the cleverest of you all to do the same in Switzerland."'

'Hogarth was fond of making experiments in his profession. He resolved to finish the engraving of the first print of the Election, without taking a proof to ascertain the success of his labours. He had nearly spoiled the plate, and was so affected with the misadventure that he exclaimed "I am ruined." He soon, however, proceeded to repair the damage which his haste or obstinacy had caused, and with such good fortune that the print in question is one of the clearest and cleverest of all his productions.'

'"When Barry, the painter," says Smith, "was asked if he had ever seen Hogarth," Yes—once," he replied, 'I was walking with Joe Nollekens through Cranbourne Alley, when he exclaimed, 'There! there's Hogarth.' 'What,' said I, that little man in a sky-blue coat?' Off I ran, and though I lost sight of him only for a moment or two, when I turned the corner into Castle Street, he was patting one of two quarrelling boys on the back, and looking stedfastly at the expression in the coward's face, cried 'Damn him, if I would take it of him—at him again.'"'—vol. 1. pp. 180—181.

Of Wilson, the landscape painter, we have a brief, but interesting account. Neither he, nor the branch of art to which he devoted himself, was appreciated in his day. He felt deeply the neglect, but was saved from the usual effects of public indifference by the accession of a small estate in his native country, Wales, which fell to him at a seasonable moment, in the decline of life.

Much of the neglect with which Wilson was treated, is to be traced to the enmity of his professional cotemporaries. It was next to impossible that merits such as his, under an exterior the most unpromising, should not call forth jealousy. Fuseli has given the characteristics of his style in a few striking words.

'He observed nature in all her appearances, and had a characteristic touch for all her forms. But, though in effects of dewy freshness and silent evening lights few have equalled and fewer excelled him, his grandeur is oftener allied to terror, bustle, and convulsion, than to calmness and tranquillity.'—vol. 1. p. 202.

Of Wilson's enthusiastic ardour in his profession, the following anecdote will furnish a proof:

'His whole heart was in his art, and he talked and dreamed landscape. He looked on cattle as made only to form groups for his pictures, and on men as they *composed* harmoniously. One day, looking on the fine scene from Richmond Terrace, and wishing to point out a spot of particular beauty to a friend who accompanied him—" there," said he, holding out his finger, " see near those houses—there, where the *figures* are." He stood for some time by the waterfall of Terni in speechless admiration, and at length exclaimed, " Well done: water, by God!" In aërial effect he considered himself above any rival. When Wright of Derby offered to exchange works with him, he answered, " With all my heart;—I'll give you air, and you will give me fire."—vol. 1. p. 202.

The life of Reynolds, which follows, is elaborate, and certainly is chargeable with no extravagant admiration of the hero himself. He displayed in earliest infancy, at his native town, Plympton, Devonshire, a singular dexterity in drawing; and his parents, with good sense, took this natural indication as their guide in disposing of the boy. After studying for some time under Hudson, Reynolds took the bold step of proceeding to Rome, there to behold and to be improved by those models of all that is excellent in painting and sculpture, with which that ancient capital abounds. Reynolds has recorded the impressions which this visit produced, and as we have something material to charge upon our author, with reference to these impressions, we shall quote the words of the young painter.

'It has frequently happened (says he)—as I was informed by the keeper of the Vatican,—that many of those whom he had conducted through the various apartments of that edifice, when about to be dismissed—have asked for the works of Raphael, and would not believe that they had already passed through the rooms where they are preserved: so little impression had those performances made on them. One of the first painters in France once told me that this circumstance happened to himself: though he now looks on Raphael with that veneration which he deserves from all painters and lovers of the art. I remember very well my own disappointment when I first visited the Vatican; but on confessing my feelings to a brother student, of whose ingenuousness I had a high opinion, he acknowledged that the works of Raphael had the same effect on him, or rather that they did not produce the effect which he expected. This was a great relief to my mind; and on inquiring further of other students, I found that those persons only who, from natural imbecility, appeared to be incapable of relishing those divine performances, made pretensions to instaneous raptures on first beholding them. In justice to myself, however, I must add, that though disappointed and mortified at not finding myself enraptured with the works of this great master, I did not for a moment conceive or suppose that the name of Raphael and those admirable paintings in particular, owed their reputation to the ignorance and prejudice of mankind; on the contrary, my not relishing them as I was conscious I ought to have done, was one of the most humiliating circumstances that ever happened to me; I found myself in the midst of works executed upon principles with which I was unacquainted: I felt my ignorance, and stood abashed. All the indigested notions of painting which I had brought with me from England, where the art was in the lowest state it had ever been in, (it could not, indeed, be lower), were to be totally done away and eradicated from my mind. It was necessary, as it is expressed on a very solemn occasion, that I should become *as a little child.* Notwithstanding my disappointment, I proceeded to copy some of those excellent works. I viewed them again and again; I even affected to feel their merit and admire them more than I really did. In a short time, a new taste and a new perception began to dawn upon me, and I was convinced that I had originally formed a false opinion of the perfection of art, and that this great painter was well-intitled to the high rank which he holds in the admiration of the world. The truth is, that if these works had really been what I expected, they would have contained beauties superficial and alluring, but by no means such as would have intitled them to the great reputation which they have borne so long and so justly obtained.'—vol. i. pp. 219—221.

Mr. Cunningham is pleased to find fault with all this, and says that Reynolds's conclusion, namely, that none but an imbecile person can be alive at first sight to the genius of a Raphael, is "certainly rash, and most probably erroneous." Mr. Cunningham proceeds to reason thus—

'True art is nature exalted and refined; but it is nature still. We look on a noble scene—on a high mountain—on a mighty sea—on a troubled sky—or on any of the splendid pictures which the Lord of the Universe spreads before his creatures, and we require no long course of study, no series of academic lectures on light and shade, to enable us to feel their grandeur or their beauty. If the study of many years, and great labour and attention, be absolutely necessary to enable men to comprehend and relish the nobler productions of the poet and the painter—then who has not judged by guess and admired by random some of the most glorious works of the human mind? That it cost Reynolds much time and study to understand and admire them is nothing: he had to banish preconceived false notions; to dismiss idolized and merely conventional beauties, and strip himself of laboured absurdities, with which he had been bedecking himself from his infancy. He had to rise out of false art into true nature—and this was not to be done in a day. But is it necessary that all men should start with a false theory? The acquisition of a natural taste in poetry, or a correct musical apprehension, may be the work of time with some, but they are as certainly a kind of inspiration in others.'—vol. i. pp. 222, 223.

If there be rashness and error at all in this discussion, they lie altogether with Mr. Cunningham; and it argues, we confess, no little confidence in an unprofessional critic to dispute a point in the metaphysics of painting with such a man as Sir Joshua Reynolds. But, as Mr. Cunningham evidently stands in need of sound information on this subject, it is a happy accident after all, that he has been betrayed into the exposure of his ignorance. The pleasure which we derive from contemplating a picture, arises very considerably from the recollection of the *art* by which it is produced. Our pleasure will be increased according as that art will be seen to be refined. Thus, in wondering over the Cartoons of Raphael, nothing astonishes us so much as the depth and grandeur of the prominent objects. We speak now of the *Draught of Fishes.* The figures are majestic; the sea appears infinite in its expansion. How is this effect produced? Principally, we answer, by the minute size of the little boat, which is so placed as to communicate an apparent increase of size to the other objects. Who, that understands the judgment, the skill, the tact, the delicacy, which are thus displayed, will not have his admiration raised an hundred fold compared with the spectator, who, from not cultivating a taste for art, cannot dive so deeply into the merits of the picture.* Let us look at the *Raising of Lazarus,* by Del Piombo, and we shall see how vastly the sepulchral solemnity of the scene is enhanced by those patches of light with which the draperies are here and there touched. All that Mr. Cunningham says about a noble scene and a troubled sky, is the mere rant of a poetic imagination, uninformed by the least ray from genuine philosophy. Burke, in one of his letters to Barry, has, with his usual unerring aim, exactly struck the point of this ill understood question.

' "Without the power of combining and abstracting, the most accurate knowledge of forms and colours will produce only uninteresting trifles; but without any accurate knowledge of forms and colours, the most happy power of combining and abstracting will be absolutely useless; for there is no faculty of the mind which can bring its energy into effect, unless the memory be stored with ideas for it to work upon. These ideas are the materials of invention, which is only a power of combining and abstracting, and which, without such materials would be in the same state as a painter without canvas, boards, and colours. Experience is the only means of acquiring ideas of any kind, and continued observation and study upon one class of objects, the only way of rendering them accurate. The painter who wishes to make his picture what fine pictures must be—nature elevated and improved—must first of all gain a perfect knowledge of nature as it is. Before he endeavours, like Lyssipus, to make men as they ought to be, he must know how to render them as they are; he must acquire an accurate knowledge of all parts of their body and countenance. To know anatomy will be of little use, unless physiology and physiognomy are joined with it, so that the artist may know what peculiar combinations and proportions of features constitute different characters, and what effect the passions and affections of the mind have upon those features. This is a science which all the theorists in the world cannot teach, and which can only be acquired by observation, practice, and attention. It is not by copying antique statues, or by giving a loose to the imagination, in what are called poetical compositions, that artists will be enabled to produce works of real merit, but by a laborious and accurate investigation of nature upon the principles observed by the Greeks,—first, to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the common forms of nature, and then, by selecting and combining, to form compositions according to their own elevated conceptions. This is the principle of true poetry, as well as of painting and sculpture." '—pp. 115, 116.

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* The following, from the pen of one in whose mind a true perception of beauty in art, is almost the only valuable one of his qualifications which affectation has not distorted, may be quoted as in no slight degree justifying the confession of Reynolds.

" The spectator of the Cartoons (of Raphael) will be woefully disappointed, if he expects to fall in love with them at first sight. As they themselves are amongst the highest triumphs of art, so duly to feel and appreciate their transcendent excellencies is among the highest triumphs of a judicious cultivation of the senses and imagination."—*British Galleries of Art.*

At thirty years of age, after the most laborious and unceasing efforts at attaining excellence, Sir Joshua Reynolds was unquestionably the most famous portrait painter, and certainly the most deserving of reputation of his time. His bold and vigorous genius tranfused itself into all his works, and immediately vindicated its supremacy above the efforts of all his cotemporaries. Reynolds had the good sense to remember how much his professional views could be assisted by manners; and the vulgarity of Wilson shewed him the necessity of a courteous address; as the impatience of Hogarth proved to him how much could be gained by subduing his temper. In his associations he was peculiarly fortunate, as any man must be esteemed to be who has enjoyed the friendship of such a man as Johnson and Burke. As, after all, the private history of every eminent man, is that which is the most generally interesting, we will be content to refer the reader for an account of the professional career of Reynolds to the work before us, confining ourselves to those traits of character and manners, which serve so well to elucidate the man. The following description applies to that period of Sir Joshua's life, when he had attained the summit of his fame:—

'His study was octagonal, some twenty feet long, sixteen broad, and about fifteen feet high. The window was small and square, and the sill nine feet from the floor. His sitter's chair moved on castors, and stood above the floor a foot and a half; he held his palettes by a handle, and the sticks of his brushes were eighteen inches long. He wrought standing, and with great celerity. He rose early, breakfasted at nine, entered his study at ten, examined designs or touched unfinished portraits till eleven brought a sitter; painted till four; then dressed, and gave the evening to company.

'His table was now elegantly furnished, and round it men of genius were often found. He was a lover of poetry and poets; they sometimes read their productions at his house, and were rewarded by his approbation, and occasionally by their portraits. Johnson was a frequent and a welcome guest: though the sage was not seldom sarcastic and overbearing, he was endured and caressed, because he poured out the riches of his conversation more lavishly than Reynolds did his wines. Percy was there too with his ancient ballads and his old English lore; and Goldsmith with his latent genius, infantine vivacity, and plum-coloured coat. Burke and his brothers were constant guests, and Garrick was seldom absent, for he loved to be where greater men were. It was honourable to this distinguished artist that he perceived the worth of such men, and felt the honour which their society shed upon him; but it stopt not here—he often aided them with his purse, nor insisted upon repayment. It has, indeed, been said that he was uncivil to Johnson, and that once on seeing him in his study, he turned his back on him and walked out; but to offer such an insult was as little in the nature of the courtly painter, as to forgive it was in that of the haughty author. Reynolds seems to have loved the company of literary men more than that of artists; he had little to learn in his profession, and he naturally sought the society of those who had knowledge to impart. They have rewarded him with their approbation; he who has been praised by Burke, and who was loved by Johnson, has little chance of being forgotten.'- -vol. ii. pp. 248, 249.

A description of one of the painter's dinners, from Courteney, who often attended them, will give the reader a very different idea of Sir Joshua's hospitality.

' "There was something singular in the style and economy of his table that contributed to pleasantry and good humour: a coarse inelegant plenty, without any regard to order or arrangement. A table prepared for seven or eight, often compelled to contain fifteen or sixteen. When this pressing difficulty was got over, a deficiency of knives and forks, plates, and glasses, succeeded. The attendance was in the same style; and it was absolutely necessary to call instantly for beer, bread, or wine, that you might be supplied before the first course was over. He was once prevailed on to furnish the table with decanters and glasses for dinners, to save time and prevent the tardy manœuvres of two or three occasional undisciplined domestics. As these accelerating utensils were demolished in the course of service, Sir Joshua could never be persuaded to replace them. But these trifling embarrassments only served to enhance the hilarity and singular pleasure of the entertainment. The wine, cookery, and dishes, were but little attended to; nor was the fish or venison ever talked of or recommended. Amidst this convivial animated bustle amongst his guests, our host sat perfectly composed, always attentive to what was said, never minding what was eat or drank, but left every one at perfect liberty to scramble for himself. Temporal and spiritual peers, physicians, lawyers, actors, and musicians, composed the motley group, and played their parts without dissonance or discord. At five o'clock precisely, dinner was served, whether all the invited guests were arrived or not. Sir Joshua was never so fashionably ill-bred as to wait an hour, perhaps, for two or three persons of rank or title, and put the rest of the company out of humour by this invidious distinction."

'Of the sluttish abundance which covered his table, Courteney says enough; as to the character of the guests, we have the testimony of Dunning, afterwards Lord Ashburton. He had accepted an invitation to dinner from the artist, and happened to be the first guest who arrived; a large company was expected. "Well, Sir Joshua," he said, "and who have you got to dine with you to day? The last time I dined in your house, the company was of such a sort that by —— I believe all the rest of the world njoyed peace for that afternoon." "This observation," says Northcote, ' was by no means ill applied, for as Sir Joshua's companions were chiefly nen of genius, they were often disputatious and vehement in argument.' "—vol. ii. pp. 264, 265.

As a proof of the command of temper which Reynolds possessed in an eminent degree, we have the following anecdote—

' Sir Joshua, supreme head, as he was, of the academy, and unrivalled in fame and influence, was doomed to experience many crosses and vexations. but his sagacious spirit and tranquil temper brought him off triumphant, Barry, a man of great natural talents, and one who flew a flight even beyond Reynolds in his admiration of Michael Angelo, differed with him in every thing else. Becoming Professor of Painting on the resignation of Mr. Penny, he had it in his power to annoy the Chair, and was not slow in perceiving his advantage. Reynolds, in the performance of his duty as President, could not fail to remark how very backward the Professor of Painting was in the performance of his undertaking—he had not delivered the stipulated lectures- and he inquired if they were composed. Barry, a little man, and full of pride, rose on tiptoe—it is even said he clenched his fist to give stronger emphasis to his words—and exclaimed, " If I had only in composing my lectures to produce such poor mistaken stuff as your discourses, I should have my work done, and be ready to read." To reply suited neither the dignity nor the caution of Reynolds. The world praised him for his mildness and moderation, and censured his fiery opponent, on whom they laid the whole blame of this indecent and unusual scene.'—vol. 1. p. 291.

A very interesting portion of Sir Joshua's life was that which is connected with the foundation and progress of the Royal Academy. He was the first president, having been raised to that honour in a manner the most complimentary ; and we think that the course of his conduct, which, under his peculiar circumstances, it must have been extremely difficult for him to regulate, was such as to reflect credit on his head and heart. It was at the Academy, too, that Reynolds delivered those admirable discourses on art which give him a title to our deepest gratitude in his literary character.

' His last visit to the Academy seemed once on the point of ending tragically. There were present, besides members and students, a number of persons of rank and importance. The multitude was large, the weight great, and just as the President was commencing his discourse, a beam in the floor gave way with a loud crash. The audience rushed to the door, or to the sides of the room ; lord tumbled over student, student over lord, and academicians over both. Sir Joshua sat silent and unmoved in his chair ; and as the floor only sunk a little, it was soon supported—the company resumed their seats—and he recommenced his discourse, all with perfect composure. He afterwards remarked, that if the floor had fallen, the whole company must have been killed, and the arts in Britain thrown two hundred years back in consequence.'—vol. 1. p. 306.

Sir Joshua did not neglect to exemplify his own precepts, in several pieces, painted in the historic style ; they are generally regarded as being deficient in design. But it is always the fate of ucceeds eminently in one branch, to have his efforts in nduly depreciated. Reynolds's historical works would e boast of this country, if their tints had not been ndour of his portraits.

ed in the 69th year of his age, in February, 1792, isease of an enlargement of the liver. " He was,"

accounts, one of the most memorable men of his time. He glishman who added the praise of the elegant arts to the s country. In taste—in grace—in facility—in happy in- he richness and harmony of colouring, he was equal to the masters of the renowned ages. In portrait he went beyond them: municated to that description of the art, in which English artists gaged, a variety, a fancy and a dignity, derived from the higher which even those who professed them in a superior manner did preserve when they delineated individual nature. His portraits spectator of the invention and the amenity of landscape. In ortraits he appeared not to be raised upon that platform, but to n it from a higher sphere.' "—vol. i. p. 317.

f " Gainsborough," is chiefly derived from the works e, Governor of Landguard Fort, who was one nds of vanity and simplicity, which Nature he midst of circumstances that are calculated the most amusing forms. The governor patronized Gainsborough, who, it seems in his childhood, made some noise in the town of Sudbury, where he was born.

' " I was the first man who perceived through clouds of bad colouring what an accurate eye he possessed, and the truth of his drawings, and who dragged him from the obscurity of a country-town at a time when all his neighbours were as ignorant of his great talents as he was himself." '—vol. i. pp. 325, 326.

Gainsborough succeeded in portraiture and landscape, of which there remain a very considerable number of specimens; and notwithstanding the rivalship of such an artist as Sir Joshua, he was highly appreciated by the public. Neither was he by any means deficient in that spirit of independence which geneally accompanies true genius.

' He had customers who annoyed him with other difficulties than those of too radiant loveliness. A certain lord, whom one of our biographers, out of compassion for rank, calls an *alderman*, came for his portrait; and that all might be worthy of his station, he had put on a new suit of clothes, richly laced, and a well-powdered wig. Down he sat, and put on a practised look of such importance and prettiness, that the artist, who was no flatterer either with tongue or pencil, began to laugh, and was heard to mutter, " This will never do!" The patient having composed himself, in conformity with his station, said, " Now, sir, I beg you will not overlook the dimple on my chin!" " Confound the dimple on your chin," said Gainsborough—" I shall neither paint the one nor the other." And he laid lown his brushes, and refused to resume them. Garrick, too, and Foote, also came for their likenesses; he tried again and again, without success, and dismissed them in despair.'—pp. 335, 336.

Garrick related to Reynolds an account of his sitting to Gainsborough.

'Every time the artist turned his back the actor put on a change of countenance, till the former in a passion dashed his pencils on the floor, and cried, "I believe I am painting from the devil rather than from a man."'—vol. i. p. 251.

The circumstances which attended the death of this admirable artist are singular. He made one of a select company which dined with Sir George Beaumont, on one occasion, when he was observed to be unusually depressed:—

'At length he took Sheridan by the hand, led him out of the room, and said, "Now don't laugh, but listen. I shall die soon—I know it—I feel it—I have less time to live than my looks infer—but for this I care not. What oppresses my mind is this—I have many acquaintances and few friends; and as I wish to have one worthy man to accompany me to the grave, I am desirous of bespeaking you—will you come—aye or no?" Sheridan could scarcely repress a smile, as he made the required promise; the looks of Gainsborough cleared up like the sunshine of one of his own landscapes; throughout the rest of the evening his wit flowed, and his humour ran over, and the minutes, like those of the poets, winged their way with pleasure.'—vol. i. pp. 337, 338.

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'About a year after the promise obtained from Sheridan to attend his funeral, he went to hear the impeachment of Warren Hastings, and sitting with his back to an open window, suddenly felt something inconceivably cold touch his neck above the shirt collar. It was accompanied with stiffness and pain. On returning home, he mentioned what he felt to his wife and niece; and, on looking, they saw a mark, about the size of a shilling, which was harder to the touch than the surrounding skin, and which he said still felt cold. The application of flannel did not remove it, and the artist, becoming alarmed, consulted, one after the other, the most eminent surgeons of London—John Hunter himself the last. They all declared there was no danger; but there was that presentiment upon Gainsborough, from which none, perhaps, escape. He laid his hand repeatedly on his neck, and said to his sister, who had hastened to London to see him, "If this be a cancer, I am a dead man. And a cancer it proved to be.'—vol. i. p. 341.

He died 2d August, 1788, in the 61st year of his age.

We come now to the life of the most singular artist of all the collection,—Benjamin West,—composed of too many details to allow us to do justice to its curious and instructive course. His infancy and youth were influenced by the strongest impressions, received from the peculiar people amongst whom he was born in America, that he was a special commissioner sent by God to perform some mighty project, through means of his pencil. When he went to Italy, to study his art, the most extraordinary condescension was shewn to him by all ranks. Mr. Galt, who has completely anticipated our author in the whole of the interesting part of West's life, tells us--

'"Thirty of the most magnificent equipages in the capital of Christendom, and filled with some of the most erudite characters in Europe," conducted the young Quaker to view the master-pieces of art.'—vol. ii. p. 20.

This notion of his high destiny remained in West's mind throughout the whole of his career; and the patronage which he so extensively obtained when he started as an artist, as well as the friendship of George the Third, made very little change in the feelings of a man, who had been prepared by prophecy to expect such good things. Occasionally, his cool and solemn vanity broke out in a most ludicrous manner. During the short peace he went to Paris, where he outshone even the First Consul himself as an object of popular attraction.

'"Wherever I went," he said, "men looked at me, and ministers and people of influence in the state were constantly in my company. I was one day in the Louvre—all eyes were upon me; and I could not help observing to Charles Fox, *who happened to be walking with me,* how strong was the love of art, and admiration of its professors in France."'—vol. ii. pp. 51, 52.

West was introduced by Dr. Drummond to the King, his Majesty having received a very favourable account of the young man, previously.

'The King received West with easy frankness, assisted him to place the Agrippina in a favourable light, removed the attendants, and brought in the Queen, to whom he presented our Quaker. He related to her Majesty the history of the picture, and bade her notice the simplicity of the design and the beauty of the colouring. "There is another noble Roman subject," observed his Majesty, "the departure of Regulus from Rome—would it not make a fine picture?" "It is a magnificent subject," said the painter. "Then," said the King, "you shall paint it for me." He turned with a smile to the Queen, and said, "The Archbishop made one of his sons read Tacitus to Mr. West, but I will read Livy to him myself—that part where he describes the departure of Regulus." So saying, he read the passage very gracefully, and then repeated his command that the picture should be painted.'—vol. ii. pp. 31, 32.

But of one whose history has recently attracted so much attention, it is not necessary that we should prolong our account. As illustrating the secret history of painting, as a national art, there is a great deal in West's life that is highly important. We conclude with a description of his person, which, as far as we remember, is accurate.

'Benjamin West was in person above the middle size, of a fair complexion, and firmly and compactly built. His serene brow betokened command of temper, whilst his eyes, sparkling and vivacious, promised lively remarks and pointed sayings, in which he by no means abounded.—Intercourse with courts and with the world, which changes so many, made no change in his sedate sobriety of sentiment and happy propriety of manner, the results of a devout domestic education. His kindness to young artists was great—his liberality seriously impaired his income—he never seemed weary of giving advice—intrusion never disturbed his temper—nor could the tediousness of the dull ever render him either impatient or peevish. Whatever he knew in art he readily imparted—he was always happy to think that art was advancing, and no mean jealousy of other men's good fortune ever invaded his repose. His vanity was amusing and amiable—and his belief—prominent in every page of the narrative which he dictated to his friend Mr. Galt—that preaching and prophecy had predestined him to play a great part before mankind, and be an example to all prosperity, did no one any harm, and himself some good.'—vol. ii. p. 56.

What a fantastic combination was Barry, or rather, "Poor Barry,"—all the feelings which his history excites in the mind being concentrated in these two words, "Poor Barry." How wayward in pursuing his art, how enthusiastic his devotion to it; how frugal, how indigent; and, as if to complete the antithetic climax, folly was his guide, and the great Burke his tutor. Barry, a man of undoubtedly splendid genius, though of humble origin, was blessed with all the advantages of professional education which wealth could procure. Burke's kindness enabled him to go to Italy, to sojourn there, and, when he came to England, to avail himself of all the benefits of the best society. In no part of his most useful life does Burke appear to us so amiable, and at the same time so grand, as a philosopher, as in his familiar letters to Barry. Indeed, an exact summary of Barry's varied career was drawn up in the prophetic eloquence of his friend, long before Barry came to England.

'You will come here: you will observe what the artists are doing: and you will sometimes speak disapprobation in plain words, and sometimes in no less expressive silence: by degrees you will produce some of your own works. They will be variously criticized: you will defend them; you will abuse those who have attacked you: expostulations, discussions, letters, possibly challenges, will go forward—you will shun your brethren—they will shun you. In the mean time gentlemen will avoid your friendship, for fear of being engaged in your quarrels: you will fall into distress, which will only aggravate your disposition for further quarrels; you will be obliged, for maintenance, to do any thing for any body: your very talents will depart for want of hope and encouragement, and will go out of the world fretted, disappointed, and ruined. Nothing but my real regard for you could induce me to set these considerations in this light before you. Remember, we are born to serve and to adorn our country, and not to contend with our fellow citizens—and that in particular, your business is to paint and not to dispute."'—vol. ii. p. 81, 82.

Barry, unlike Reynolds, or Hogarth, who properly yielded to the taste for portrait painting in their day, obstinately persisted in occupying himself with grand and abstract subjects. The consequence was, that he lived poor; poverty edged his naturally irascible temper, and even Burke was estranged from him, nearly for ever, in consequence of his intolerable conduct. He had an unfortunate art in multiplying enemies, and always contrived to keep himself in hot water with them. He at length became neglectful of his person, which is the most undoubted presage of a great mental decadence; he lived in wretched lodgings, and contented himself with miserable accommodation. The following picture is calculated to excite the most mournful feelings:—

'His residence in Castle-street, though wearing a decent exterior, when he took possession, soon corresponded in look with the outward man of its master. The worst inn's worst room, in which the poet places the expiring Villiers, was equalled, if not surpassed, by that in which Barry slept, ate, and meditated, in perfect satisfaction and security. His own character, and whole system of in-door economy, were exhibited in a dinner he gave Mr. Burke. No one was better acquainted with the singular manners of this very singular man than the great statesman; he wished, however, to have occular demonstration how he managed his household concerns in the absence of wife or servant, and requested to be asked to dinner. "Sir," said Barry, with much cheerfulness, "you know I live alone; but if you will come and help me to eat a steak, I shall have it tender and hot, and from the most classic market in London—that of Oxford." The day and the hour came, and Burke, arriving at No. 36, Castle-street, found Barry ready to receive him; he was conducted into the painting-room, which had undergone no change since it was a carpenter's shop. On one of the walls hung his large picture of Pandora, and round it were placed the studies of the Six Pictures of the Adelphi. There were, likewise, old straining frames, old sketches, a printing-press, in which he printed his plates with his own hand; the labours, too, of the spider abounded, and rivalled, in extent and colour, pieces of old tapestry.

'Burke saw all this, yet wisely seemed to see it not. He observed, too, that most of the windows were broken or cracked, that the roof, which had no ceiling, admitted the light through many crevices in the tiling, and that two old chairs and a deal table composed the whole of the furniture. The fire was burning brightly; the steaks were put on to broil, and Barry, having spread a clean cloth on the table, put a pair of tongs in the hands of Burke, saying, "Be useful, my dear friend, and look to the steaks till I fetch the porter." Burke did as he was desired: the painter soon returned with the porter in his hand, exclaiming, "What a misfortune! the wind carried away the fine foaming top, as I crossed Tichfield-street." They sat down together; the steak was tender and done to a moment; the artist was full of anecdote, and Burke often declared, that he never spent a happier evening in his life. Such is the story which has been often written and often repeated, and always with variations. Something like the scene thus disclosed to Mr. Burke was exhibited some time afterwards to another eminent person, whose friendship has enabled me to enrich my narrative with the following graphic account:—

'"I wish (says Mr. Southey) I could tell you anything which might be found useful in your succeeding volumes. I knew Barry, and have been admitted into his den in his worst (that is to say, his maddest) days, when he was employed upon the Pandora. He wore at that time an old coat of green baize; but from which time had taken all the green that incrustations of paint and dirt had not covered. His wig was one which you might suppose he had borrowed from a scare-crow; all round it there pro-

> jected a fringe of his own gray hair. He lived alone, in a house which was never cleaned; and he slept on a bedstead, with no other furniture than a blanket nailed on the one side. I wanted him to visit me. No, he said, he could not go out by day, because he could not spare time from his great picture; and if he went out in the evening, the Academicians would waylay him, and murder him. In this solitary, sullen life he continued till he fell ill, very probably from want of food sufficiently nourishing; and after lying two or three days under his blanket, he had just strength enough to crawl to his own door, open it, and lay himself down, with a paper in his hand, on which he had written his wish to be carried to the house of Mr. Carlyle, (Sir Anthony,) in Soho-square. There he was taken care of; and the danger from which he had thus escaped seems to have cured his mental hallucinations. He cast his slough afterwards; appeared decently dressed in his own gray hair, and mixed in such society as he liked.
>
> ' " I should have told you, that a little before his illness, he had, with much persuasion, been induced to pass a night at some person's house in the country. When he came down to breakfast the next morning, and one asked how he had rested, he said, remarkably well; he had not slept in sheets for many years, and really he thought it was a very comfortable thing. He interlarded his conversations with oaths, as expletives; but it was pleasant to converse with him: there was a frankness and animation about him, which won good-will, as much as his vigorous intellect commanded respect. There is a story of his having refused to paint portraits, and saying, in answer to applications, that there was a man in Leicester-square who did it. But this, he said, was false: for that he would, at any time, have painted portraits, and have been glad to paint them." '—vol. ii. pp. 123—126.

Barry expired in poverty in the year 1806, being then nearly 65 years of age.

From Barry we turn to William Blake, an extraordinary lunatic; his whole time, and a genius of no common cast, were devoted to the embodying of those wild and absurd visions, in which the poor man constantly indulged to the hour of his death. A due estimate of his excesses can be formed alone by a perusal of his very singular histories. He has published some works.

> 'He informs us, that certain painters were *demons*, let loose on earth to confound the "sharp wiry outline," and fill men's minds with fears and perturbations. He signifies that he himself was, for some time, a miserable instrument in the hands of Chiaro-Scuro demons, who employed him in making "experiment pictures in oil." "These pictures," says he, "were the result of temptations and perturbations labouring to destroy imaginative power by means of that infernal machine, called Chiaro-Scuro, in the hands of Venetian and Flemish demons, who hate the Roman and Venetian schools. They cause that every thing in art shall become a machine; they cause that the execution shall be all blocked up with brown shadows; they put the artist in fear and doubt of his own original conception. The spirit of Titian was particularly active in raising doubts concerning the possibility of executing without a model. Rubens is a most outrageous demon, and

by infusing the remembrances of his pictures, and style of execution, hinders all power of individual thought. Corregio is a soft and effeminate, consequently, a most cruel demon, whose whole delight is to cause endless labour to whoever suffers him to enter his mind."—vol. ii. pp. 166—167.

It appears, however, that Blake was an excellent tinter, and that he was the companion of Flaxman and Fuseli. After residing for seventeen years in South Molton-Street, he removed to Fountain Court, in the Strand, where he died, in the 71st year of his age, in 1828.

The calm temper of Opie's life has left but little of interest for the biographer to communicate. He was of humble parentage, and made his way to fame and competence by the exercise of a very fine genius, which he had improved by extended cultivation. His chief power lay in the very highest walk of art—history; and he shewed, in his figures and groups, a freedom and energy to which the public had been, up to his time, utter strangers. One of his inimitable achievements as a painter was, as West remarks, the truth with which he represented the effect of colour, as seen through a greater or less degree of atmospheric medium. The distance, therefore, of objects from each other was better fixed in the paintings of Opie, than in those of any other artist.

The most painful part of our task now remains—to allude to the life of Morland. Hassell has very accurately characterized this ill-starred son of genius, in one short sentence—

'"This ill-fated artist," says Hassell, "seemed to have possessed two minds—one, the animated soul of genius, by which he rose in his profession—and the other, that debased and grovelling propensity, which condemned him to the very abyss of dissipation."'—vol. ii. p. 235.

The wonderful power of Morland in giving a nameless charm to the most familiar scenes, has made him one of the most extensively popular artists in the country. Had he followed the career which his great original talents invited him to pursue, there would have been no bounds to his success; but the spirit of low debauch corrupted his mind, and left him to history, to meet with that punishment, which the scandalous debasement of his fine faculties deserved.

Passing over the life of Bird, (an artist of great merit,) as it contains nothing particularly interesting, we arrive at the last of the series—that of Fuseli. He was a Swiss, of good family, and received a very enlarged education. When arrived in London, where he came with literary views altogether, he was encouraged by Sir Joshua Reynolds to devote himself to painting. He adopted the advice, and rose to wealth and fame. His works, from the very beginning, are characterised by an erratic fancy, chastened by a native taste, and a deep and laborious study of the best models. The "Nightmare" may be said to have given the first impulse to his name. Fuseli continued, for many years, to give productions to the world, which certainly no ordinary genius could furnish. Most of these are well known to the public. One of the most striking circumstances in his personal history, is the amour with Miss Wolstoncraft, which is detailed by the husband of that lady, with a tranquillity that puts into the shade all that we have ever heard of the boasted good temper of the Stoics. Fuseli was conceited of his classical erudition, and he was very fairly quizzed by his companions, &c. for the weakness.

Fuseli died in 1825, in his 84th year. His peculiar style did not meet with adequate encouragement in this country; his subjects are much too ideal and refined to be understood or appreciated by the general public. His colouring, as we all remember, was singularly original. Whoever entered the apartment in which any of his works were exhibited, was instantly attracted by the strange hues, whether of hell or heaven, which glared from Fuseli's canvass. Fuseli's literary compositions are of a very high order, and will, perhaps, contribute a great deal more to diffuse a just taste for art, than his paintings.

We have now gone over the contents of these two volumes, to which another will, we are told, shortly be added; and we have not, we think, left the reader much in the dark as to our opinion of the manner in which they are executed. We are more and more struck, at every succeding page, with the absolute impropriety of such a task as this biography being undertaken by any but one who is an artist himself, or who possesses, as Burke possessed, a wonderful capacity for being any thing. What we want is, not merely the story of a painter's life, but sound and original criticism on his works; an examination of his faults and excellencies; what influence he had in raising or depressing art in his time; and the reasons why he had not received encouragement, if he deserved it, or why he had received it, if he did not. In a collection of biography, where men of one profession alone are included, we expect that some general result, connected with the subject of that profession, will be aimed at, and reached by, the biographer, otherwise his classification is gratuitous. These are some of the deficiences of the present work, and the knowledge of them will, we trust, be an inducement, with some competent person, to supply, what he must admit to be yet a desideratum—a Biography of the eminent Painters of Great Britain.

Art. XI.—*A Letter on the Present Distress of the Country, addressed to his Constituents.* By Charles Callis Western, Esq., M.P. for the County of Essex. Chelmsford. 1829.

At every meeting of Parliament, there has usually been some single leading question, which has been more particularly the distinguishing characteristic of the session. Last year, the Bill for

ation was the topic that seemed to monopolise
rmer period, the Corn Trade, and then, again,
em, each had their day, and formed the prominent
dgway's pamphlets, and the running bass of the
At the present moment, the distress of the coun-
round which are gathered our political eagles,
tains extraordinary notice, being, from its peculiar
by the generally closed beaks of our political
ng some plausibility to the croaking of our political

t number, we gave a brief reply to those who are in-
ok with despondency on the foreign relations of our
and the recent proceedings in Parliament have confirmed
ments, and justified the speculations which we then ad-
wish that it were possible to satisfy, in the same
oubts of those who look with apprehension on our in-
rs. What has been already brought forward on this
d fill volumes; and the brief limits of our number pre-
doing more than noticing a few facts, and hazarding a
tions.

sts. there can, unhappily, be no doubt: the fact
men, nor can any one regret more sincerely
s t
ence of the evil, or more earnestly desire its
But we cannot coincide with those who would represent our distress as of terrifying magnitude; nor do we believe that the subject would have elicited proportionate attention, had other subjects of deep interest been before the public, to furnish remarks for our journalists, and topics for Parliamentary Debate. Let us listen with attention to the complaints of the sufferers, and let every practicable remedy be applied to their relief: but let us not go too far; let us not needlessly despond, nor, by an ill-judged result of a laudable compassion, contribute to augment the evils whose existence we deplore.

Great distress has, many times before this, afflicted the country, and then, as now, we were assured that national ruin was inevitable. Yet, from these misfortunes, the elastic nature of our resources has never failed to rescue us. It rests, then, with those who assert the contrary, to prove that there is something in our present malady that shall produce a result different from that of former depressions. No such argument has yet been advanced, nor can any proof be adduced, that the present is more than a passing cloud which, for awhile, obscures the sunshine of our prosperity.

Let us see what the complainants themselves assert, respecting the nature of their suffering. Numerous petitions have been laid on the tables of both Houses of Parliament, complaining of the present distress:—but of these petitions we would remark, that they do not at all convey to our minds the idea of deep misery which ome members would seem to infer. They present, on examination, some curious particulars. A great number of them are petitions from the inhabitants of &c. &c., complaining of the present distress, and praying for the repeal of the duties affecting malt and beer. Now, whatever may be the suffering in other parts of the country, these petitioners let slip the fact, that the repeal of the malt tax was the end that procured their signatures, and that the cry of distress was used as a means to forward their purpose. Others, again, are petitions, apparently pretty snugly got up, which complain, in general terms, of the state of the nation, the pressure of taxation, the burdens of the army and navy, and so forth, being the usual form of such compositions, but which have no distinguishing peculiarity, and which very little, if at all, exceed in number those presented in the average of sessions, though, for the above-mentioned reasons, they attract unusual attention. When the Catholic question was before the public, the whole nation seemed to unite in subscribing to petitions; the same was the case with the free-trade system, and with various other questions of importance. But on the question of the distress of the country we have no such mass of evidence or opinion. On comparing the petitions and signatures of the present day with those of previous times, we cannot but see that the latter are much superior to the former both in weight and character. Yet, surely, if the distress were such as has been by some represented, we should be overwhelmed with the accumulation of addresses to Parliament. Is it probable that those who have taken so much trouble on questions of abstract legislation, and of decrees by which they were not themselves to be benefitted, should remain in passive silence, when their own personal interests were at stake and their own fortunes affected? "Men do sooner forget the death of their father than the loss of their patrimony," says Machiavel, and we confess that the petitions which have been laid before Parliament, instead of proving the state of things which some members would indicate, are to ourselves a confirmation of the opinion, that the present distress is partial in its extent, and will be temporary in its duration.

Then as to the remedies which have been proposed for our relief. Each political quack prescribes his favourite nostrum, and assures us of its infallible success. Some would resort to the dubious trial of an alteration in our currency, which is the aim of the pamphlet at the head of this article; others, more bold, hint at the expediency of extracting a benevolence from the national creditor; while another (we speak in the singular number, for there is only one such), proposes pouncing at once on army, navy, ambassadors, ministers of state, and "all that sort of thing," giving a sly remark as he passes on the expense of having a king, and, for anything we know, sighing for the blessings of a cheap anarchy. To these various gentlemen we would repeat the Hindoo fable, of an elephant that came into a village where all the inhabitants were blind, and baffled their attempts at discovering his true nature: the man who had felt his trunk thought that he must be like a plantain-tree, another who had felt his leg thought that he must be like a column, while a third, who had felt his ear, thought that he must be like a winnowing fan. So, each of these gentlemen may be very well acquainted with the isolated views of their propositions, but be much mistaken as to their united effect and practical importance.

The two assertions in the King's Speech, relative to the distress of the country, which have given rise to debate, are,—that the distress is partial, and that it is beyond the operation of legislative enactment. The validity of the former opinion, we think that the attempts of various members have been unable to shake; and the truth of the latter is, in our judgment, established by the fact that all the leading members have each separate plans for our restoration to prosperity, and each condemns the system of the other as baneful and inefficient. For ourselves, we believe that the present distress arises from a variety of unconnected causes, which in a singular manner began to take effect at about the same time, and then the dulness of many branches of trade acting reciprocally, a result has arisen which, to a superficial examiner, appears truly alarming, but which a minuter discrimination can discover to contain grounds for present regret, but not for future despondency. The minds of many men have presented the affair with a kind of kaleidoscope illusion, by giving to a number of disjointed facts the appearance of belonging to a regular system: let not us participate in the deception.

Upon observation and enquiry, we find that the basis of the present complaints is, that although the transfer of goods are nearly the same now as in former times, yet upon these transfers there is not the same degree of profit to be obtained. Now every tyro in Adam Smith must be aware that a diminution of profit is the natural effect of increased national capital; and all who are conversant with the passing events of their own times, cannot fail to know that although the incomes of men are now reduced, according to a numerical standard, yet that, by the improvement of machinery and competition of capitals, a much greater range of comforts and luxuries can be enjoyed by the majority of the nation at present than at any former period. Let a comparison be instituted between the manner of living of an individual possessing a thousand a year now, and fifteen hundred a year twenty years ago, and we believe that the balance will be in favour of the former, as far as regards his command of the comforts and elegancies of life.

When we say that a thing is "bad," we mean that it is "worse" than something else with which we mentally compare it. Thus, in speaking of "bad trade," we mean that trade is worse than it has been at some former period. But at what former period? Has trade been less profitable in 1829 than in 1828, or in any year since 1825? In 1825 trade glowed with the unnatural excitement of disease; everything wore the hilarity of intoxication, and the succeeding depression was an unavoidable consequence. But with this intermediate exception, let us compare the trade of 1829 with that of any period since the war. We shall find that the competition of capital has been effecting a gradual reduction in the rate of profits, which we allow to have been smaller, but not disproportionally, in the last than in preceding years; we shall find that one of those temporary stagnations in some of the manufacturing districts, arising from over-production, and almost periodical in their occurrence, has, last year, harrassed many of our traders; but we cannot find, nor has any one been able to point out, symptoms which can threaten national declension, or which can indicate greater national malady than disease in some members, such as has frequently before occurred, such as seems inseparable from the nature of commerce, and such as time has never failed to remedy.

Many of our merchants recollect, and those who do not recollect have heard of, the large profits and splendid fortunes that were made during the war; and it is to this glorious period that they turn their thoughts, and contrasting them with the present times, complain of the dulness of trade in the latter, and thence infer the declining state of the nation. The war certainly gave an extraordinary impulse to many branches of commerce and manufactures. Our navies swept the seas, where none but a British vessel was secure; in commerce England was paramount mistress; our merchants transacted the business not only of their own country but of half the world; and our manufacturers could force their productions on those who must either have British goods or none at all. Such a state of things could not continue when the conclusion of the war deprived us of its unnatural support. Nor let it ever be forgotten, that our country during the war resembled a spendthrift, who, by broaching his capital, dazzles the world for awhile by his profusion, but entails certain difficulty on his descendants. Of the millions which were annually raised by the funding system, some part went abroad to pay our troops and defray our other continental expences, and, even thence, much returned to purchase British manufactures; but a very large proportion was expended at home, and the capital of the country was thus made to give an artificial prosperity to the whole of our internal system. Immense profits were made, and prodigious fortunes were amassed, by individuals; and comparing the present times with those of the war, it must be allowed that our merchants and manufacturers had then opportunities which they now enjoy no longer. But we must not consider one class alone, we must look at the whole nation, and we shall then see that it is as unreasonable to wish for such "good old times," as it is to wish for a return to the restrictive system, or any other plan that benefits a small class at the expense of the whole community.

We have said that the present distress arises from a variety of unconnected causes. In the first place we would remark, that the competition of capitalists has diminished the rate of profit to a very low standard. Formerly, a much greater extent of business was carried on by merchant speculators. Of late years, every probability of fluctuation in price has been so eagerly watched, and so speedily anticipated, that this branch of traders have found their incomes rapidly diminishing; a great part of the business formerly transacted in this manner, is now carried on by the method of consignment. But by this alteration, although individuals are injured, the public generally, who thereby procure their merchandise at a cheaper rate, are obviously benefitted. The extent of business is much the same now as in former years, but it has, in many instances, changed hands, and those who have suffered by the alteration, are now raising a cry of national distress, while those who are gainers by the change keep their own secret.

Another great cause of the present want of profit to our merchants, and consequent cry of dull trade, is one little known, namely, that they are, in many branches, superseded by the shopkeepers. This class of men now forms the most flourishing part of the community. Let those, who say that distress is felt among all classes indiscriminately, look to the profits of our retail traders. After a good deal of minute investigation and careful inquiry, we are led to believe that the average rate of profit to most London shopkeepers is about thirty per cent. on every transaction; an enormous sum, which we at first esteemed incredible, but which we are now convinced is correct. In many of the staple commodities of life fifty per cent. is obtained. The power which such profits give of accumulating capital is of course immense, and the shopkeeper, after increasing his retail trade as far as circumstances permit, finds himself possessed of capital which he cannot employ in his shop. Formerly, the merchant used to bring goods from abroad, which he or the manufacturer sold to the wholesale dealer, and the wholesale dealer to the shopkeeper. The first step, then, of the shopkeeper was to supersede the wholesale dealer, by purchasing his goods directly of the merchant, or manufacturer, thereby securing to himself the profits of the wholesale dealer. When the latter class of men suffered by this alteration, there was just as much reason for complaint, as there is now, when, by a still further increase of opulence, the shopkeepers are enabled to import their own goods from abroad, and, in some instances that we have found, to become shipowners also, and the merchants are thus driven from many parts of the markets, which are now occupied by the shopkeepers, who thus secure the merchants' profits in addition to their own.

It is obvious that such merchants are greatly injured by these alterations, and that they must seek some other channel for the employment of their capital. Most probably the capital of several of these men will be invested in shop-keeping, and the public will then be still further benefitted by the profits of this part of trade being lowered by competition, and the price of retail articles reduced accordingly. It is unnatural that the profits of any branch of trade should long continue higher than those of any other branch. The present prejudice against the name of "tradesman" will, undoubtedly, keep many from becoming retailers, but many will not be detained by such scruples. When a man, with a wife and family, finds that he has the option of being poor as a merchant, or of becoming opulent as a shopkeeper, it will not be long before his pride allows him to pursue the latter alternative; and such is the actual state of the case with many men at the present moment.

These, and similar secondary causes, are, in our opinion, the points to which we must look for explanation of our present cry of distress. As to our manufacturers, the opinion of their distress is now so generally fading away, under the influence of late accounts, that we feel it unnecessary to do more than refer the sceptical to the examination of facts. In this branch of trade, the variations of activity and depression are so frequent, as to be naturally expected by all who are concerned, and we believe that the manufacturers themselves were the people least surprised by their late reverses. The occurrence, however, of distress in their department, at the same time with the distress in other branches of trade, induced many, not generally inclined to be dejected, to believe that radical disease existed in our national constitution. Over production occasioned a glut in the market, and the manufacturers no longer produced; and they themselves, and the artisans in their employ, did not mourn in silence. But consumption was still going on, and the stocks on hand having now diminished, a demand for goods is again created; and we at present hear, from most parts of the country, that the manufacturers are again at work, and trade resuming its wonted briskness.

We have made diligent inquiries among practical men, and we find that trade is every where experiencing a reviving impulse. It seems, indeed, to be an opinion gaining ground among well-informed men, that the return of spring will see a termination of the frozen stillness which still hangs over some portion of our trade. That season, as usual, will bring a demand to the shopkeepers, who again must apply to the manufacturers, and business will resume its usual train. For those who seem to take pleasure in believing that our nation is on the verge of ruin, we cannot do better than refer them to the speech of the Duke of Wellington, on the 13th of February, in reply to Lord Holland:—"I firmly believe, that, notwithstanding the distress which at present afflicts the country, it never was in a state in which it could embark in a war with so many advantages"—"even to what they were when all Europe was arrayed against us."

Art. XII.—*Third Series of the Munster Festivals. The Rivals. Tracy's Ambition.* By the author of the "Collegians." 3 vols. 8vo. Saunders and Otley. London. 1830.

2. *Laurie Todd: or the Settlers in the Woods.* By John Galt, Esq., F.A.S.. &c., &c. 3 vols. 8vo. Colburn and Bentley. 1830.
3. *The Country Curate.* By the author of the "Subaltern." 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn and Bentley. London. 1830.
3. *Tales of a Briefless Barrister.* 3 vols. 8vo. Colburn and Bentley. London. 1830.
5. *The Lost Heir; and the Prediction.* 3 vols. Bull. London. 1830.

These are but a few of the mass of novels beneath which our table, if it could utter a sound at all, would send forth a groan that would be heard from the Land's End to Johnny Groat's. We wonder how it is, that in these times of "universal distress," of "national bankruptcy," and ruined agriculturists, people can be found to read for amusement. That many such selfish beings there are, who can smile upon the misery that appears every where around us,—at our Theatres, in our Bazaars, in our Parks, and streets, and ball-rooms,—who can absolutely find spirit amid all this hurly burly, revolutionary, and woeful crisis of our country, to read—not one novel, but two or three hundred, in the course of a month or two, there can be no good reason to doubt. For, if there were no readers, there would be no circulating libraries; if no circulating libraries, no novels, no contract authors, no Colburn and Bentleys. It is now in literature as in other trades; great consumption is followed by great supply. It is, perhaps, not improbable, according to the present aspect of things, that the latter will soon overtake the former, and then comes the shock that necessarily arises from a glutted market. Then shall we hear the cry of distress that ere-while has resounded from the stocking and cloth manufacturers, come forth with a trumpet voice from the manufacturers of novels. But let us not, to our present evils, add those which are, as yet, only in the distance. Let us, for the present, be as merry as we can.

Of the fourteen volumes, whose titles we have above enumerated, we do not expect to retain the slightest possible recollection after the expiration of about one fortnight. Perhaps, in the course of a month or two, we shall occasionally be reminded of some or all of them, by seeing their "fallen leaves" wrapped round our pepper or cheese, or some other of the various condiments which swell the items of our home consumption. If so, we shall deeply sympathise with the ill-fated author, and give him or them, as the case may be, all we have,—a tear!

Our friend, Mr. Griffin, seems to have knocked himself up at the festivals of old Munster. Either they have exhausted him, or he has exhausted them, for he is now quite a different sort of fellow altogether. We always thought him a lad of genius, a promising youth from Tipperary, or some where thereabout. But he has grown dull. A cloud has come upon his mind, and we fear that if he be not a methodist already, or a methodist preacher, he is in the high road to promotion in that fascinating pursuit. We still think that, now and then, we discern through the 'Rivals,' glimpses, few and far between, of the superior mind which illumined his former labours. Of native fire, energy, imagination, feeling, eloquence, our friend has enough; indeed, rather too much, perhaps; for these qualities serve him on all occasions, and supply the place of that attention to the business of life, and of that keen observation of men and manners, which are among the very first requisites of a novelist.

The story of the 'Rivals' is a common-placed tale of "love and murder," or at least very nearly so, since there is plenty of the former, and a great deal of killing, equivalent, in Irish phrase, to the latter. The heroine, Miss Esther Wilderming, an heiress and niece to a gentleman of good property, in the county of Wicklow, is wooed by two suitors. Riordon, the favoured lover, a moody, musing, melancholy young gentleman, and a patriot, who sympathises in the wrongs of his country, and the oppression of its peasantry. The other suitor, named Lacy, of a directly opposite mode of thinking, a thorough-paced partizan of Government, determined to win his way to fortune and influence through every grade of villainy and crime; in a word, one of those political bloodhounds, with the originals of which, the history of the disturbed times in Ireland must have so abundantly supplied the author. The rivalry of these two suitors is, by their political differences, exacerbated to a degree of the most deadly hatred. Riordon, suspected of being the contriver and leader in a very clever and successful effort to rescue a captive peasant from the police-barracks, is obliged to fly the country. Before doing so, he has a farewell interview with Esther, in which they plight eternal vows of truth and affection. After leaving his love, Riordon has a nightly rencontre with his rival, the details of which are left in obscurity; but the result is, the finding of Lacy by some passers by, wounded almost to the death. Riordon sails for South America to join the cause of independence. In the course of his four years' absence, an account (which is generally credited) reaches Ireland of his having perished on the field of battle. At the end of four years, during which Esther has been pining and wasting away, she consents (the consent is, to our seeming, not well *motived*, nor rendered probable or excusable to the reader) to marry Lacy, the hated rival and persecutor of her betrothed Riordon. However, the very night she signs the contract, she is taken suddenly ill; she apparently expires, and is regularly *waked*, and buried in a lonely church-yard in the neighbourhood. On the very same night, as chance or fate would have it, Riordon, whose bones, it turns out, after all, were not "whitening on the plains of Colombia," appears in a pass of the Wicklow hills, and in a storm *of thunder and lightning,* to his foster-brother, Lenigan, and scares the poor man almost out of his wits. However, after convincing him that he is still of this world, Riordon sends him with a letter to his beloved Esther, and from him, at their next meeting, learns her fatal catastrophe. The forlorn lover, like a second Romeo, resolves to visit all that remains of his mistress in the tomb; and, accompanied by Lenigan, he repairs to the lonely church-yard, breaks open the vault, forces the lid of the coffin, and takes from it his buried love. In the delirium of the moment, he madly determines to bear the corse thence to an abandoned hut, in the mountains; but, exhausted in body and mind, he feels unable to prosecute his intention, till, opportunely finding, outside the wall of the cemetry, a man with a horse and car, (who, it afterwards turns out, was waiting there for some body-snatcher), he tricks the carman into a belief that he is the person who employed him; and, throwing himself and his inanimate load into the vehicle, they are borne to the hut. Here, in the course of the night, the lover and his companion are overwhelmed with wonder and thankfulness at the miracle of Esther's resuscitation. Like Juliet, she is brought forth from the tomb to live again; but more fortunate than the daughter of Capulet, Esther revives in the arms of a living and healthy lover. The transition from a grave to the bridal couch, is the necessary destiny of the heroine. Some time after this, Riordon, in one of his evening walks, meets his rival, Lacy, who, having some scent of his being in the country, is in pursuit of him; a fierce personal struggle ensues, which ends by Riordon flinging his enemy over a precipice. An hour or so afterwards, Lacy is brought, wounded, and apparently dying, to the cottage of Riordan, where he is accommodated with a room; and the owner, to avoid the instigation of his own murderous thoughts, leaves home, and wanders about the hills. In his absence, Esther, who had before enacted, so unexceptionably according to nature, the part of a corpse, now undertakes that of a ghost, and converses with Lacy in good set terms, and in her quality of supernatural visitor, during what the French would call, and with reason, *un bon quart d'heure*, which, in plain English, is equivalent to a full half hour. This scene is out of all bearing and probability, and cannot be swallowed by the most credulous and open-mouthed of romance-readers. To pursue the story any further in detail, would be irksome; suffice it to say, that Lacy leaves the cottage; is cured of his wound; is baffled, in his personal as well as political projects, by Riordon, and at length retires from public life, with broken spirits and crushed hopes. After an interview with Esther, on a summer evening, in which she gives him a world of good advice, Lacy retires home; and, instead of adopting (which is seldom the case) this wholesome counsel, he becomes moody, morose, and melancholy, and, before the end of the year, sets out for the world to come. It will be evident to our readers, from this brief, but not unfaithful, outline, that the merit of this tale is not in the plot. Upon this there is a great deal to say, and much of that so obvious, that it could not have escaped the author; and we are, therefore, the more surprised that he should not have eschewed the temptation. The merits of this composition,—and great they are, we take a pleasure in acknowledging,—are to be found in the detached scenes of Irish low life. Here our author is pre-eminent, and shows the hand and mind of a master. Like the giant of mythology, he is strongest when nearest his parent earth; his peasant scenes are inimitable; their dress, manners, and deportment are *fac similes* from reality; their feelings and emotions are warm transcripts from life; and their conversation, eloquence, wit, and humour as faithfully reported, as if they had been taken down in short hand, from the lips of the speakers. In the delineation of the classes above the peasantry and those of middle life, the author, though often successful, is not so invariably excellent. In the description of these, there are, no doubt, many strong and vigorous touches, and much of individual and local colouring; but there is, also, observable a lamentable want of *keeping*, or consistency of character. We proceed to the second tale, entitled 'Tracy's Ambition.' Into the details of this story we cannot at present enter, nor, indeed, would it be either edifiying or amusing, and it has little or nothing of continuity of interest, and by no means an intelligible succession of events. It is like what the French call *une pièce à tiroir*,—that is, like a curious cabinet; it contains, in separate drawers, many things that are rare and precious, but there is wanting that general symmetry, that fusion of parts, and uniform harmony of proportion, without which, as a whole, it must want charm and interest. The tale is given in shape of an auto-biography of the hero Tracy, a comfortable, but not very wealthy farmer, in one of the western counties of Ireland. Poor Tracy sacrifices the unostentatious, but heartfelt happiness of his family, the affection of his dependents, and of the surrounding peasantry, together with his own self-respect and contentment, to the delusive hopes of advancement and influence, held out to him by a crafty, ambitious, and designing neighbour, a Mr. Dalton. This latter is a more largely-developed and vigorously traced portrait of the same noxious animal as that exhibited in the Lacy of the former tale. For the ability with which he has described, and the strong and glowing colours in which he has painted this prototype of that deadly and loathsome species of reptile which so long fattened and flourished in the festering life-blood of Ireland, the author deserves the most unqualified eulogy. The portraits of his subaltern friends,—the informers, swearers, decoy-men, and betrayers of the deluded peasantry,—are given with true and frightful energy. We can pursue the details of this story no farther than to state, that Tracy is cheated out of a sum of money, the loss of which is sufficient to ruin him, by his false friend, Dalton; his wife falls a victim to the fury of the insurgent peasantry, in an attack directed against himself; and he sinks down into an almost broken-hearted man. In the *concluding pages,* however, he is relieved from his difficulties by the return of a wealthy brother-in-law from India, and poetical justice is done upon Dalton, the arch villain of the plot. Before closing these remarks, we shall give some instances of that want of sustained consistency, or keeping of character, sometimes observable in these volumes. Tracy, a simple-minded, and but ordinarily educated farmer, in one passage of his auto-biography, with most preposterous magniloquence, thus expresses himself: 'Ambition is said to be the passion of advanced years. But when it does awake, it acts upon the soul like the waters of the fabled fountain of Bimini, re-kindling faded energies and aspirations, and renewing the old man's youth like the eagle's.' Now, we would venture a temperate wager, that no farmer, "great or small," in all Ireland, and the Isle of Man to boot, ever heard of the fountain of Bimini, and its youth-renewing waters. Indeed, we doubt that, even amongst the country gentlemen of the sister island, (perhaps we might go farther,) there could be found one to whom a question relative to the said fountain of Bimini! would not prove a downright poser. The other example is, where Tracy, meaning to say that, on a certain fast day, he put neither milk in his tea, nor butter on his bread, thus expresses himself in the following ludicrously affected phraseology, worthy alone of a third or fourth-rate pretender to literature, in the polished meridian of the Minories or of Whitechapel:—'I joined in observing the abstinences of the vigil, by forbearing to qualify the acerbity of the narcotic with a spoonful of cream, or to increase the pinguifying influence of the bread by the addition of butter!!!' Apollo, in his mercy, deliver us from such declamatory farmers as these!

Such are the vices into which negligence betrays the ablest pen. It is not in anger, so much as in sorrow, that we note these hallucinations of a man of genius and great promise, who, if he remain only stationary in the ranks of literature, and do not attain a place in its most eminent class, has only himself to blame.

We hardly remember through what it was, except through the gin and beer smelling criticisms of old Blackwood's Magazine, that Mr. John Galt ever became known on this side of the Tweed. His language can only be understood amongst the wildest Covenanters of Scotland, and if they can be pleased with the peculiarly lethargic current of his ideas, they, of course, are at liberty to please themselves. But we, who are not Covenanters, do hereby sincerely declare, that with the exception of Blackwood's last double number of childish reviews and drowsy tales, and ideotic politics, we have not recently seen any thing so utterly and totally stupid, as Laurie Todd. The very name is prosy and empty. The apparent object of the tale is to attract settlers to Canada, where it seems the author has been engaged for some time, in superintending some public work. But the effect of the narrative, if it were much read, of which there is little chance, would be to deter emigrants from directing their prows towards a quarter of the globe, where they might be likely to meet with such a horrible bore as Laurie Todd.

Eheu quantum mutatus ab illo! Is the "Subaltern" really transformed into a 'Country Curate'? Has the well-disciplined soldier surrendered all his military propensities, and exchanged the tent for the pulpit? And the slayer of men, has he become a teacher of peace? has he—the roving bachelor—at last settled down in some hill-encircled village, married a rural maid, and taken a green-latticed cottage, by the side of a murmuring stream, with little pebbles shining in it, and ducks and geese gabbling upon its fair bosom? Alas! great are the changes indeed, to which a soldier's life is subject. The "Subaltern" is not the same man whom we knew some three or four years ago. These two volumes bear no more resemblance to his former graphic sketches, than an old shovel hat bears to a smart foraging cap, or a half-washed surplice to a red jacket sparkling with a pair of epaulets.

There are here about nine or ten different tales, after the fashion of Miss Mitford, but possessing just as much of her inimitable spirit as cider has of champagne. They are called 'The Pastor,' 'The Poacher,' 'The Schoolmistress,' 'The Shipwreck,' 'The Fatalist,' 'The Smugglers,' 'The Suicide,' 'The Miser,' 'The Rose of East Kent,' and 'The Parish Apprentice.' The reader can easily imagine the sort of stories which are told under these very novel titles; the pastor all benevolence and attention to his duties; the poacher an innocent rustic, who lays down with great force the law of nature against the laws of game; the schoolmistress a type of misfortune, and a pattern of patience; the horrors of a shipwreck, and a romance thereunto appended; a fatalist who is going as fast as he can to the devil, and smugglers who are running after him in the same delightful road. We would fain help the gentle reader's imagination to a further acquaintance with the lucubrations of the worthy curate, were we not afraid of the yawns which we fancy we already see crying out to us for mercy.

If the volumes which contain the tales of a "Briefless Barrister," have really emanated from a professional man, then do we join most cordially in the hostility of the Attornies to his precious person, and almost wish, unless he give up writing novels, that he may remain with that comfortable epithet attached to his gown during the remainder of his life. His three volumes are filled with two stories called 'Secret Thoughts are Best' and 'New Neighbours.' In the former he gives a new edition of "Wild Oats," shewing *as how* a young foolish fellow runs away from his home, gets into all the vices of London, becomes acquainted with a gang of gypsies, is taken up for a burglary, and then repents and becomes a philosopher and a gentleman. From 'New Neighbours,' we learn the art of becoming acquainted with those who live next door to us, an art, by-the-bye, very little known in London, where we lived for years between a Mahomedan and a Jew, without ever knowing of our happy lot until a Police report brought the matter within our cognizance. The "Briefless" author is a regular special pleader, using for the expression of a single idea the greatest number of words. His inventive faculty does not appear at all to be allied with imagination; it is a sort of volition, which being disposed to produce a tale, runs on with every kind of stuff which can help to fill up a page, such as, 'he then sat down and wrote a letter:' 'he knocked at the door and asked if Mr. B. was at home, and being answered in the negative, he turned his face towards the street again and walked away:' 'he took off his hat, which having held in his hand for some time, he put on again, and wished Mr. C. a good morning.' But here is at hand a literal specimen:—

> 'Conjecture after conjecture endeavoured to solve the difficulty, but no solution of a satisfactory nature could be found.'—vol. iii. p. 101.

Again—

> 'Although in the baronet's manners and feelings there was something of littleness and circuitousness, in spite of his great politeness and high descent, yet in his son there was a remarkable up-and-down-rightness, and a hearty, wholesome straightforwardness. When his father, therefore, began in a roundabout way to interrogate him concerning the long visit which Lord Summerfield had made at Mr. Franklin's, the young man presently and promptly replied, "I have heard nothing about it, and I know nothing of it; but if you wish to know, I will ask Maria; I have no doubt that she will tell me."'—vol. iii. pp. 101, 102.

We feel a pang of remorse for having put at the tail of these precious productions one, which in point of energy and of dramatic interest, is worth them all. We do really think, that there is more of that description of talent, which may be called the story-telling faculty, in 'The Lost Heir,' than in all the novels put together, which have been published this season. The scene shifts from America to France at the time of the Revolution, and the action is full of the bustle and interest of that dreadful period. 'The Prediction' is also a finely wrought tale, and, like its companion, is clothed in bold, and often very beautiful diction. They are both, we understand, from the pen of Mr. Power, the actor, whose representations of Irish character have made him a great favourite on the stage. It is with unfeigned gratification that we see a person in his profession devoting his leisure hours to the muses. We wish him all imaginable success.

NOTICES.

ART. XIII.—*An Enquiry into the Natural Grounds of Right to Vendible Property or Wealth.* By Samuel Read. 8vo. Edinburgh. 1829.

DR. JOHNSON, in one of his conversational paradoxes, asserted that no professed cook could write a good book on cookery, and no practical merchant a good book on trade; for this plain reason, that a cook seldom thinks of any thing besides his culinary processes, or a merchant of any thing besides his own trade. But, to write a good book, it is necessary to have extensive and philosophical views; to look beyond the narrow details of practical affairs; and to make comparisons, and draw inferences from things which fall not within the confined sphere of practical men. This, though it sounds paradoxical, appears to apply not unjustly to the subject of political economy, not so much as it regards the writing of a book, as to the study of the science, if we may call by that name the vague and inconclusive reasonings usually thus designated. The merchant, or the agriculturist, who studies political economy, must not confine his views, therefore, to what belongs to his own avocations. He must escape as far as he can beyond the little circle of his personal affairs, and extend his reasoning to the multifarious pursuits of other men, and the influence which these have over the general wealth and happiness of the community, and of the world.

Mr. Read seems to us to have acted in conformity with these views. We recollect that his first pamphlet on the subject, called forth not a little of the sneering wit of Ricardo's disciples; who deemed it impossible that a Scotch bleacher could discover flaws in their favourite systems; but Mr. Read's pamphlets have now grown into a goodly volume; and, so far as we understand the matters discussed, (Political Economy being, at best, rather incomprehensible,) he seems to have brought forward arguments which are likely to puzzle the Ricardoists to find replies. Mr. Read, indeed, has evidently investigated the subject with a great deal of originality and independent thinking. Political economy has, hitherto, been confined to the production and distribution of wealth, whereas Mr. Read carries it a step further, and begins by investigating the right to wealth or property. This innovation evidently gives a more definite and important object to the science, and causes it to assume a form altogether novel. We cannot, at present, spare room to detail any of Mr. Read's views or reasonings; but those who are desirous of seeing the principles of Ricardo, Macculloch, and Malthus, dissected with no sparing hand, will find this book well worth perusing. It is not, indeed, well written, and is encumbered with notes which ought to have been worked into the text, but it is plain and generally intelligible, and that is a great deal more than can be said of most books on Political Economy.

Art. XIV.—*History of France and Normandy, from the Accession of Clovis to the Battle of Waterloo.* By W. C. Taylor, A.B. Whittaker, Treacher, and Co. London; 1830.

It is impossible not to feel that a vast and important improvement has lately taken place in the means of instructing the rising generation. Science is rendered intelligible to the infant capacity, and history is literally turned into a Reading Made Easy. We think Mr. Taylor is entitled to the praise of having assisted in bringing about this useful change; and, if we wanted any proof of his ability to succeed in an object of such vast moment, we should find that proof in the very agreeable work before us. Like a man of sense, he professes to offer the attractions neither of novelty of subject, nor of elegance of style; all he is anxious to accomplish, is an accurate history, and simple and comprehensible narrative. We congratulate Mr. Taylor on his success. No child who has almost learned his letters that can misunderstand the text of this history, and yet in vain do we look for a single sentence which can be called tame or vulgar.

Art. XV.—*Stories of Travels in Turkey.* 12mo. Hurst and Chance. London: 1830.

Two of the most beautiful engravings that we have any where seen, except in an expensive Annual, meet the spectator at the threshold of this pretty little work, to sooth him, and to turn his critical bile, if he have any, into the sweetest milk of human kindness. The object of the author of this work, is to form a plain and popular narrative of those facts which modern travellers have established, respecting the history and the present condition of European Turkey. Personal prejudices, feelings, and predilections on the part of authors, very often distort those statements which would otherwise be soluble. The author of this work has produced a castigated version, as we may call it, of the principal results of their labours, and has, in this manner, furnished the precedent of an exceedingly valuable system, of making the treasures collected by enterprising travellers serviceable to the ordinary occasions of education.

Art. XVI.—*A new Supplement to the Pharmacopœias of London, Edinburgh, Dublin, and Paris, forming a complete Dispensatory and Conspectus, &c.* By J. Rennie, A.M., A.L.S. 8vo. Baldwin and Co. London: 1829.

We are happy to find that a work which, for its ingenuity, its comprehensiveness, and accuracy, deserves so well the patronage of the profession, has arrived at a second edition,—a goal, the attainment of which is a pretty fair criterion of the merits of any literary performance. Although this 'Supplement,' a title which the modesty of the author has conferred on a very copious and substantial Pharmacopæia, is intended as a work essentially of reference for the mature professional man, yet it is so perspicuous, and so rudimental, that we only wonder how it should not become a familiar class book to the student. The author is evidently well acquainted with the world: he has written an elemental work, for so we may call it, in which he has not taken it for granted that the young reader is already well acquainted with the subjects of which he treats. For the country practitioner, we cannot imagine a production more indispensable. It is what no other work, that we are acquainted with, is,—a convenient medical cyclopædia, embracing, in a brief and cheap compass, the best and soundest information on any subject which a miscellaneous practitioner is called on to consider in the course of his professional labours.

Art. XVII.—*A Manual of the Economy of the Human Body on Health and Disease.* 8vo. pp. 417.—Edinburgh, Daniel Lizars, 1830.

We only wish that we could always see attempts to popularise professional subjects placed in the hands of such sensible and judicious compilers as the author of this work. We have had from time to time no small number of dietetic publications poured in upon us, of various merit, and we own that we took up this Manual under a strong persuasion that very little novelty could be found in its pages. We were, however, very agreeably disappointed. The works of which we have had such an abundance, have been confined to mere injunctions as to the choice of food, and to some general reasons that ought to operate with the patient, why he should adopt a particular regimen in preference to any other. We own we were not fully alive to the deficiency which all these books were chargeable with, until we saw that deficiency supplied by the author of this Manual. We have here then for the first time in a popular form, a very lucid and admirably correct explanation of the structure and functions of the human body, and the general economy of the human system. This exposition will have the effect in some measure of shewing the *rationale* of those prescriptions, which under other circumstances were adopted in perfect ignorance by the unprofessional public, and consequently it will tend to produce a more general and willing submission to the jurisdiction of medicine. We are strongly impressed with the opinion that nothing will more certainly contribute to extend the practice of the sound physician, than judicious works like the present, which is calculated in the first place to remove the prejudices against which too often the physician has to contend; and in the next place, the uninformed public is in a better condition of ascertaining those stages of illness, when the superior knowledge of a medical man ought to be appealed to. We think this a very sensible and most valuable work.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Connected with Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

Dr. Bowring and Mr. George Borrow are about to publish The Songs of Scandinavia, containing a selection of the most interesting of the Historical and Romantic Ballads of North-Western Europe, with specimens of the Danish and Norwegian Poets down to the present day. Dr. Bowring is also about to publish the Bohemian Anthology.

The Family Cabinet Atlas is announced for immediate publication.—Constructed upon an original plan, it will furnish the information of the larger and more expensive Atlases, in a clear and accurate manner, and yet be smaller than any one hitherto published.

The first Number of a New Quarterly Review, confined exclusively to the subject of Mining! was to make its appearance this month.

The Rev. George Croly is engaged in a History of the Jews.

The annual meeting of the Proprietors of the London University was held on the 24th ult. when a full exposition of the affairs of that institution was made. The total capital in shares and donations amounted to 163,462*l*, 10*s*.; the expenditure for the year ending 31st December, was 133,607*l*. 10*s*. The number of students enrolled for the present session amounts to 596, of whom 224 have entered for branches of general education, 106 for law only, and 256 for medical classes only. Several of the speakers who attended the meeting complained of the apathy manifested by the Dissenters in general towards the University.

The justly celebrated Mr. Sheldrake has in the press a Treatise on the Prevention and Cure of Spinal Curvature, and its Consequences; on the Cure of Malformations of the Hands and Feet, and on the Cure of other Defects of the Extremities that are occasioned by debility or disease.

The Hunterian Oration, in honour of the celebrated John Hunter, was pronounced at the College of Surgeons, on the 15th of February, by Mr. Guthrie. We are happy to learn that the difficulties which prevented the formation of a catalogue to the Hunterian Museum, now in the College, and which arose from the loss of the MSS. connected with the different articles, are on the eve of being overcome; and that the part of the catalogue, which relates to natural history, is almost ready for the press. The osteological part of it is in a similar state of forwardness; and all that relates to the morbid anatomy is almost completely printed.

Perhaps there are persons who may be interested in knowing, that the first volume of the Marquis of Londonderry's Narrative of the War in Germany was written by Mr. Gleig. The second volume, just published, the Noble Lord declares, is from his own pen.

The late destruction of the English Opera House by fire, has deprived the Beef-Steak Club of a place of rendezvous. This is very singular. Most of the first persons in the realm belonged to it. Its meetings are held by session, the steak is dressed in the room where the members assemble, and a tremendous fine imposed for non-attendance, or want of punctuality. Five guineas a minute, or so, is the rate of fine, and expulsion punishes the third offence of this kind.

The French seem to think, that they are never to have enough of Napoleon. Two more works respecting him are in preparation: one by M. Pons, who was with Buonaparte at Elba; and the other by M. Thiers, embracing the history of the consulate and the empire.

Mr. Jacob has in a state of forwardness a work on the Production and Consumption of the Precious Metals.

Mr. Moore is engaged in a Life of Petrarch, between whom and Lord Byron this poet has shewn that many singular analogies exist.

A curious work, entitled Revelations de Faits Importacs, is announced at Paris, by M. Morin. He was a Conducter of Police in 1814, and may, probably, have some strange mysteries to disclose.

The Life of Robespierre is to form one of the amusements of the spring at Paris.

The Rev. Hyde Cassan, author of some political pamphlets, has announced the Lives of the Bishops of Bath and Wells from the earliest times.

Samson, the guillotine man during the revolution in France, who has been for some years dead, is soon to figure once more as the subject of an extensive memoir. We happen to know, from a French correspondent, that when the present Mr. Samson was applied to to lend his assistance in completing the memoirs of his father, the sensitive Jack Ketch of Paris, was absolutely melted into tears! Old Samson was a man of education and attainments; his "dreadful trade" by no means hardened his character, for it is to him that France owes the abolition of that horrible system of torture, which used formerly to be employed to extort confession from supposed criminals.

One of the greatest singularities of modern times, is the publication of a newspaper in Egypt! It is now about ten months in existence. The press at which it is printed belongs to the Viceroy of Egypt at Cairo, and is only a vehicle for the ordinances and decrees of Government.

The Baron de la Bergorie has published, at Paris, a very curious work on the state of Agriculture in ancient Greece, from the time of Homer to Theocritus.

A bookseller at Zwickhau has published a *pocket* edition of the popular writers of various countries, translated. This *pocket* edition consists of only two hundred and fifty volumes, each volume sold at sixpence!

A descriptive account is shortly expected of the Coins of the French Revolution. The announcement of such a work will call to mind Dr. Kelly's curious chapter on these coins, in his admirable work, the Cambist.

MONTHLY LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS,

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Davenport's Supplement to the Amateur's Perspective, 4to. 15*s.* bds.

Conversations upon Chronology and Ancient History, 12mo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.

Iconology, by W. Pinnock, 12mo. 8*s.* hf-bd.

Transactions of the Agricultural and Horticultural Society of India, vol. i. royal 18mo. 6*s.* cloth.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of Madame du Barri, vol. i. royal 8vo. 6*s.* cloth.

NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

Fitz of Fitz-Ford, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.

The Manners of the Day. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.

MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

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SIR Thomas Munro, the memoirs of whose life we noticed in our last number, might be said to have served as a prototype in many things for Sir Stamford Raffles. Each rose by the force of his talents and industry, in the service of the East India Company, from an obscure to a considerably exalted station; both were men of exceedingly energetic minds, fitted by nature for the organization and government of uncivilised communities, and so independent in their thoughts and modes of action, that it was with difficulty they even yielded to superior authority. Sir Thomas Munro, with some of that tact or pliancy which is supposed to characterise Scotchmen in general, contrived, however, to stand well with those who had the direction of his destiny, at the same time that he preserved his opinions. The Englishman had the misfortune to forget sometimes that he was a servant at all, and during the greater part of his career was looked upon with jealousy, if not distrust, by those who found it necessary to employ him. In Java, he sold the lands of the Company without consulting them, or any of their officers; he introduced reforms, and adopted measures, on a scale that was suited only to the permanent possession of that island by British power. His political measures in Sumatra drew down upon him the censure of the Court, particularly his emancipation of the Company's slaves, as also his establishment of a station for the suppression of the slave trade, both of which acts were not only unauthorised, but in direct opposition to the Company's interests. He was, in fact, too sanguine a man, too enthusiastic in his theories of public good; he had too benevolent a heart, and too strong a head, to be a thorough subaltern any where, but especially in a sphere fifteen thousand miles distant from the seat of controul.

In their attachment to literature and science, Sir Thomas and Sir Stamford also, in some measure, resembled each other. Here, however, the latter greatly outshines the former. The "History of Java," and the publication of Mr. Finlayson's account of the Mission to Siam, connect Sir Stamford's name with our literary annals; whereas Sir Thomas Munro has left nothing behind him but a mass of official documents, luminously framed indeed, and well expressed, but destined only for the lumber room. The fondness of the Governor of Madras for science, was limited to chemistry, in which he made no figure; while, to the Governor of Bencoolen's pursuit of zoology, we are chiefly indebted for the formation of one of the greatest ornaments of this metropolis, the gardens in the Regent's Park, which may be said already to rival the Jardin des Plantes, the great boast of Paris.

Considering that this Memoir is edited by Lady Raffles, we should wish to speak of it, in a critical point of view, with the greatest possible indulgence. We must, at the same time, observe, that she has not been well advised as to the plan which she has followed on this occasion. The paragraphs which are scattered through the work for the purpose of connecting the correspondence with which it is filled, are too few to deserve the title of a Memoir; the letters introduced are many of them mere repetitions of the same topics, addressed to different persons; and the pervading fault of the whole is, that they relate to possessions, the most important of which are no longer British, and all of which are at so great a distance from England, that they excite amongst us scarcely the slightest interest. When to these objections we add that all these letters are collected in a thick quarto volume, of more than eight hundred pages, costing two guineas and a half, at a period when we may literally purchase a cabinet library for that sum, we hope we may be allowed to say, that Lady Raffles' literary advisers did not much understand what they were about. The facts connected with Sir Stamford's life, which are found in this volume, might have been detached from the letters, and wrought into a highly interesting memoir; and if such a work had been well executed, and comprised in a single octavo, as it easily might have been, we have no doubt that it would have been popular; whereas in the form in which his life is now published, it will necessarily be confined to a very limited circulation.

Though we have spoken of Sir Stamford Raffles as an Englishman, yet, in point of fact, he was rather a West Indian, having been born on board the ship *Ann*, off the harbour of Port Morant, in the Island of Jamaica, on the 5th of July, 1781. His paternal grandfather held for a long time, with unblemished character, a situation in the Prerogative Office, Doctor's Commons; and his father was one of the oldest captains in the West India trade out of the port of London. His family would appear to have come out of Yorkshire, but upon this point we have no certain intelligence; nor is it of much consequence how many generations we can count backwards in the pedigree of a man, who is indebted to his own exertions for his celebrity. At the early age of fourteen, having been then but two years in an academy at Hammersmith, he was placed as an extra clerk in the East India House. He always deplored the insufficiency of his education. Before and after office hours he endeavoured to make up for his misfortune in this respect, and contrived not only to make himself master of the French language, but to "prosecute inquiries into some of the branches of literature and science." Little, however, is known of the course of his studies at this period. Indeed the greater part of his history before leaving England is told in a few words.

'The early youth of Mr. Raffles was a period of obscurity and labour, without friends to aid him, as well as without the hope of promotion; his family only searching for that mode of life in which he was most likely to acquire the greatest pecuniary success, without regard to the natural bias of his mind, or to the talents which he possessed. At fourteen he was chained down to the duties of an office; at this early age, and a friendless boy, it is not likely that he would at first be intrusted with much which was interesting; but his was a master mind, and soon burst its shackles, and manifested a high and noble resolve to devote itself to the good of others, and a yearning to obtain the station for which it felt itself best fitted.

'His attention to his dull routine of duty was unremitting; he worked early and late; he studied, as he himself says, in stolen moments; by his extra labour at his office he obtained an addition to his salary, which was not appropriated to any selfish purpose; but all he earned was carried home to his parents, as they were at this time in difficulties. His affection to his mother was always one of the strongest feelings of his heart. At this time, with that self-denying devotion to the happiness of others, which was his distinguishing quality through life, he deprived himself of every indulgence, that he might devote to her his hard-earned pittance: and in after-days of comparative affluence he delighted in surrounding her with every comfort.

'Such a sedentary life of labour was, however, ill adapted to the delicacy of his frame; and it was feared that symptoms of consumption were becoming confirmed; he was ordered to relax his exertions, and to leave his office for a time; he obeyed, and obtained a fortnight's leave of absence. The use which he made of this short period of recreation is very characteristic: he seized on the moment to indulge that love of mountain scenery, so strong in most youthful minds, so happily undying and unfading in its exciting joyous feeling. He resolved to go into Wales, set off on foot, and walked at the rate of thirty and forty miles a day, accomplished his object, and returned to his desk with restored health. As a school-boy, his garden was his delight; to this was added a love of animals, which was perhaps unequalled. It has been observed, that it is one of the characteristic properties of a great mind, that it can contract as well as dilate itself; and the mind which cannot do both, is not great in its full extent: this observation was forcibly realised in him; he spent hours in fondling and domesticating those objects of his care and attention. He entered with the most child-like simplicity into occupations and pleasures which many would consider beneath their notice. A mountain scene would bring tears into his eyes; a flower would call forth a burst of favourite poetry. It was, perhaps, peculiar to himself to be able to remark, on his last return to England, that he had never seen a horse-race, never fired a gun.

‘His facility in acquiring languages was extreme. He made himself master of French, with scarcely any assistance, on his first going into the India House; and as he never forgot any thing which he had once attained, he always continued to speak this language with great fluency, though he had little opportunity of practice. As an instance, in the year 1818, during his government of Sumatra, a lady was singing in his house one of Moore's Melodies, "Rich and rare were the gems she wore," when some French gentlemen present regretted that the beauties which he was so admiring were lost to them: he immediately translated the whole into French verse, much to the surprise of all present.

‘His taste for drawing was shewn at an early age, though he never had leisure to indulge it as he wished. In music he was always fonder of melody than of harmony; perhaps because he did not sufficiently cultivate this delightful science.

‘His studies, from his facility of acquirement, were desultory; but he was always acquiring something; and was never for one moment unoccupied; later in life, if obliged by illness to relinquish his occupations, he covered his couch with papers on the first cessation of pain, and was immediately engaged, either in reading or dictating.

‘Little is known of his religious feelings on first entering the world. Early religious instruction was not then, perhaps, so general as at present, and he was not one of the happy few who received it; but, as he advanced in life, prosperity warmed his heart towards the God who led him forward in his course of usefulness; adversity taught him to look to another state of being for the happiness which he felt himself capable of enjoying: perhaps his most prominent feelings on this subject were humility and faith. From his first setting out in life, he gave the praise to God for all the blessings which he enjoyed, and was deeply impressed with a sense of his own unworthiness. He constantly mourned over his own weakness, and deplored his want of power to do that which he felt he ought to do, and his failure in the performance of every duty: from the earliest period he acquiesced in every privation, as the wise purpose of an Almighty Father working for his own glory, which, though mysterious to the limits of man's understanding, would be brightly and clearly known hereafter.

‘Beginning life under the influence of such principles and feelings, it will not be matter of surprise, that his own exertions proved his best patron, and procured him friends, whose good opinion was at once honourable to his talents, and favourable to his advancement. Such friends, at a very early period of his connection with the East India House, he had obtained; for a vacancy having occurred in the establishment, his peculiar qualifications were allowed to secure his accession to it, notwithstanding the claims of others who possessed an interest of which he could not boast.’—pp. 3—5.

The Court of Directors having, in an evil hour, determined, in

1805, to send out an establishment to Penang, or Prince of Wales's Island, Mr. Raffles was appointed assistant secretary, on account of the aptitude for business which he had already displayed. On his way thither he made such progress in the Malayan language, that he was enabled at once upon his arrival to enter efficiently upon his new duties. From the beginning he accustomed himself to converse as much as possible with the natives; a habit which he always pursued in the different islands in which he was subsequently stationed. In this manner, besides making himself well acquainted with the different dialects which prevail in those regions, he obtained an ascendancy over the native inhabitants which often materially facilitated his operations. This trait of character he also possessed in common with Sir Thomas Munro, and it was at once a proof of his good sense, and of his zeal for the service in which he was employed. A great variety of laborious duties devolved upon him at Penang, in consequence of the indisposition brought on by the climate, which proved fatal to two governors, the whole of the council, and many of the new settlers. The prevailing disease, which had nearly numbered Mr. Raffles also amongst its victims, drove him to Malacca for better air; and it is most probably to this circumstance that the Company is now indebted for the retention of that station in the consolidated government of Penang and Singapore, as secured by treaty with the Netherlands. The inquiries and observations of the secretary while recovering his health at that place, pointed it out as infinitely preferable to Penang, in every respect, for an establishment, and in consequence of his reports, orders which had been sent out from the Directors for the demolition of Malacca,—in which one may see an edifying specimen of the aptitude of such a body for the superintendence of such extensive possessions as they possess in Asia,—were recalled, and a *point d'appui* was preserved, now acknowledged to be of considerable importance.

The next appointment which Mr. Raffles obtained, shewed the great confidence which was reposed in his abilities. He was selected by Lord Minto to assist as his agent in the operations for the reduction of Java, in 1809, and thus eventually became connected with the island, upon which the chief portion of his celebrity is founded. The most interesting incidents in his career at this period, and until the close of his administration in Java, having been already detailed in his excellent history of that island, we shall here only observe, that he appears throughout the whole business to have conducted himself with the best intentions. The soundness of his discretion in acting on several important occasions without authority, may indeed be questionable. But it does not appear to us that in relieving him in the manner they did of the government of Java, the Company made any thing like a reasonable allowance for the difficult circumstances in which he was placed. Such being the impression we have received, as well from the work just mentioned, as from the correspondence now before us, we feel pleasure in quoting a private letter which was addressed to Mr. Raffles, at an early period of his administration, by Lord Minto.

'Calcutta, 15th Dec. 1812.

'My Dear Sir,—I shall be impatient for the materials which are called for, because I am anxious to deliver, without reserve or qualification, the very high and favourable view I now have of that whole series of measures beginning with the expedition to Palembang, and ending with the arrangement of the two courts of Solo and Djocjocarta, connected and combined with each other as those measures were. I consider the result of the latter proceeding as very glorious to your administration, during the short period of which more will have been accomplished for the security of the European power, the tranquillity of the island, and the solid improvement of general prosperity and happiness, than several centuries have been able to perform, when the superiority of European power was exerted, unencumbered by the scruples of justice and good faith.

'Nothing can be more excellent than all your arrangements in the eastern districts of Java.

'With regard to Palembang and Banca, your latest reports have enabled us to approve, without reservation, the arrangement formed at Palembang, and the annexation of Banca to the territories of the East India Company, our minds being satisfied upon the two points of justice and expediency. The sovereignty of the Sultan of Palembang is indisputably subject, both to the laws of conquest in so just a war, and to the effect of cession from the authority under which it is now held.

'Believe me ever, my dear Sir, most truly and affectionately your's,

'MINTO.'—pp. 130, 131.

Before Mr. Raffles quitted Java, he was appointed by his friend, Lord Minto, to the Residency of Bencoolen; but his health was then so exhausted, that his medical advisers considered it necessary for him to return to England, where he arrived in the summer of 1816. His first ambition was to vindicate his late administration, a task in which he unfortunately did not succeed, at least so far as the Company were concerned. They coldly gave him credit for good motives, but would express no opinion on his measures. We have but a scanty notice of his residence in England on this occasion.

'Mr. Raffles's health was so much impaired by his residence in India, that his friends strongly urged the necessity of relinquishing all thoughts of returning to that country, but to this advice it was unfortunately not in his power to attend; previously to leaving England, however, he was anxious to record the information which he had collected regarding Java. The island had been transferred by the English government, in total ignorance of its value, to the Dutch. The presence of Mr. Raffles in England created an interest in the subject as far as his personal influence extended. To diffuse this interest more generally, and to make the country sensible of the loss sustained by the relinquishment of so flourishing a colony to a foreign and a rival power, he determined to write his History of Java, which he completed with his usual quickness. A few sheets were rapidly written off every morning for the printer, and corrected at night on his return from his dinner engagements. It was commenced in the month of October, 1815, and published in May, 1817.* It was at this time that Mr. Raffles was presented to his Majesty, then Prince Regent, and received the honour of knighthood.

'During this period Sir Stamford enjoyed the pleasures of society with a zest which may be well imagined, when the vigour of his mind and the variety of his tastes are considered. He left England, indeed, at an age when he had no opportunity of judging of the attractions of its best society; but whilst he was occupied in his public duties in the East, he seized eagerly every opportunity to gratify his thirst of knowledge, and to improve the talents with which God had blessed him; he, therefore, in every station, surrounded himself with all of every class from whom he could derive information; and he returned to England with talents ripened, and with a taste formed for all the intellectual enjoyments of life. During the fifteen months which he thus passed, he had the happiness to obtain the friendship of many, whose sympathy in after scenes of anxiety and sorrow with which it pleased God to visit him, proved a source of comfort and consolation. He had also the high gratification of being one of those whom their Royal Highnesses Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold honoured with proofs of regard. He was a frequent guest at Claremont. His last dinner, before he set out on his last expedition, was there, and the ring which, on that day, the Princess gave to him, was the gift which, of all such gifts, he prized most.'—pp. 286, 287.

After a tour through the Continent, during which he commenced a correspondence, continued for several years after, with the Duchess of Somerset, Sir Stamford Raffles returned to India, and entered upon his duties as Resident at Bencoolen, in the island of Sumatra. He thus describes the *comforts* which awaited him on his arrival. 'This is, without exception, the most wretched place I ever beheld. I cannot convey to you an adequate idea of the state of ruin and dilapidation which surrounds me. What with natural impediments, bad government, and the awful visitations of Providence which we have recently experienced, in repeated earthquakes, we have scarcely a dwelling in which to lay our heads, or wherewithal to satisfy the cravings of nature. The roads are impassable; the highways in the town overrun with rank grass; the Government-house a den of ravenous dogs and polecats.' In short, the settlement was in a most miserable condition. The chief revenue of the government was derived from taxes on gambling and cock-fighting. No wonder, therefore, that murders and robberies were of daily occurrence, and that Bencoolen, although one of the Company's first settlements in point of time, was a complete sink of vice. It was, moreover, the Botany Bay of India, whither numbers of convicts were annually transported. The Company retained possession of Bencoolen solely on account of its produce in pepper; but the system of forced labour upon which they acted there was so radically bad, that the supply of pepper was generally much below the expenditure. Sir Stamford Raffles applied his energies to the reformation of the evils which surrounded him on every side. He emancipated the slaves, abolished the system of compulsory labour, introduced an entirely new scheme of government, and, in a very short time, embroiled himself with the Dutch authorities, who had then possession of the greater part of Sumatra. He penetrated into the interior of the island, and explored its resources with his accustomed accuracy and expedition. We do not propose accompanying him in this tour. A single extract, however, from one of his letters upon the subject, may be read with interest.

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* Early in this year Mr. Raffles married Sophia, daughter of J. W. Hull, Esq., of the County of Down, Ireland.

'"I should not omit to inform you, that the immediate occasion of my visiting Passumah was to reconcile contending interests which had long distracted the country. For the last ten years these people had been at war with us, or rather we had been at war with them, for we appeared to have been the aggressors throughout. I was assured that my person would be endangered, that the Passumahs were a savage ungovernable race, and that no terms could ever be made with them, and I was not a little gratified to find every thing the reverse of what had been represented to me. I found them reasonable and industrious, an agricultural race more sinned against than sinning.

'" In the vicinity of Nigri-Cayn were several hot springs, and we soon succeeded in making very comfortable warm baths.

'" On the next day we proceeded to Tanjung Alem (the point of the world), another village in the Passumah country, which we reached in about six hours' walk, through one of the finest countries in the world, having before us nearly the whole way the volcanic mountain called Gunung Dempu, from which the smoke issued in large volumes.

'" At Tanjung Alem we remained two nights. We found the villages in this part of the country most respectable, many of them having more than five hundred inhabitants; the houses large, and on a different plan to those on the coast, each village, which may rather be considered as a small town, had a fosse or ditch around it, with high palisades. We passed the site of two or three towns which were represented to have been destroyed by the petty hostilities between the chiefs.

'" During our stay at Tanjung Alem, the chiefs entered into a treaty, by which they placed themselves under the protection of the British government, and thus all cause of dispute and misunderstanding was at once set at rest. I must also note another occurrence of moment: an old woman of rank died, and we witnessed all the ceremonies; they commenced by all the females of the village repairing to the house of the deceased, and setting up a squall something like the Irish howl for an hour or two. After this the body was removed to the Bali, or hall of audience, where we were to dine; we, however, preferred dining in another place, but in the evening it was expected that we should be present at the ceremony, which consisted of dancing and singing, in the presence of the whole village assembled in the hall where the body lay. On the next morning the head of the village killed a goat and sprinkled the blood about the house of the deceased, and all the maidens within hail attended at the Bali, contending with each other who should exclaim loudest; 'Oh, mother! come back, mother, come back!' This continued till they concluded the body would keep no longer, when it was hurried off, and quietly carried out of the village to a grave, in which it was interred without further ceremony.

' " The people, though professedly Mahomedans, seem more attached to their ancient worship and superstitions than I expected. I clearly traced an ancient mythology, and obtained the names of at least twenty gods, several of whom are Hindus. In each of the villages we found a Lang'gar, similar to that noticed at Merambung, but generally better constructed.

' " The utmost good-humour and affection seemed to exist among the people of the village; they were as one family, the men walking about holding each other by the hand, and playing tricks with each other like children; they were as fine a race as I ever beheld; in general about six feet high, and proportionably stout, clear and clean skins, and an open ingenuous countenance. They seemed to have abundance of every thing; rice, the staple food of the country, being five times as cheap as at Bencoolen, and every other article of produce in proportion. The women and children were decorated with a profusion of silver ornaments, and particularly with strings of dollars and other coins hanging two or three deep round the neck. It was not uncommon to see a child with a hundred dollars round her neck. Every one seemed anxious for medicine, and they cheerfully agreed to be vaccinated. The small-pox had latterly committed great ravages, and the population of whole villages had fled into the woods to avoid the contagion." '—pp. 318, 319.

It was the business of Sir Stamford to make himself as popular as possible amongst the natives, whom he visited on this occasion. How far he succeeded, the following affecting incidents mentioned by Lady Raffles will shew.

'The pleasure of this journey was great to Sir Stamford, as it opened to him a field of future usefulness. He saw that it was not only the barren coast which he had to improve, but a country rich in all the bounties of nature, and a people ready and willing to profit by his influence and advice. One old Chief, on taking leave, actually fell on his neck and wept; and soon after walked the whole way from Janjungalum, the most distant place visited, to see him again at Bencoolen. Such simple uncivilized people are soon won by kindness; they are like children, easy to lead, hard to drive. It was Sir Stamford's extreme simplicity of mind and manners that rendered him so peculiarly attractive to them, as they are always ready to be kind and attentive, provided they meet with encouragement and sympathy, thus affording a proof that the heart is the best teacher of true politeness. The editor on reaching Merambung, laid down under the shade of a tree being much fatigued with walking: the rest of the party dispersed in various directions to make the necessary arrangements, and seek for shelter; when a Malay girl approached with great grace of manners, and on being asked if she wanted any thing, replied, " No, but seeing you were quite alone, I thought you might like to have a little bichara (talk) and so I am come to offer you some siri, (betel) and sit beside you." And no courtier could have discussed trifling general subjects in a better manner, or have better refrained from asking questions which were interesting to herself only; her object was to entertain a stranger, which she did with the greatest degree of refinement and politeness.'—p. 321.

After putting Bencoolen in some sort of order, Sir Stamford was appointed British Agent in the Eastern Seas, the object entrusted to him being the establishment of a post, which, from its geographical position, should be best adapted for affording protection to British trade in the Indian Archipelago. Such a spot he found in Singapore, at the southern entrance of the Straits of Malacca, which from the many advantages it affords to British interests in those seas, may be called the Malta of the east. In occupying this important station, the Agent had to contend, not only against his old enemies the Dutch, but against the Company's government at Penang, who, having failed in their attempts for a similar purpose, thought it right to thwart all his proceedings. Notwithstanding this double opposition, Sir Stamford resolutely persevered, and completely succeeded in the performance of the duty assigned to him. The advantages of the station are now well known, and very highly prized by the Company. It is amusing to observe the bitter hostility with which the Dutch treated Sir Stamford personally on every occasion. He was in their eyes an evil genius, at whose presence they seemed to feel their empire in the east tremble to its centre.

'Sir Stamford returned to Bencoolen, and the only event that occurred on the voyage was, the vessel striking on a bank in the Straits of Rhio during the night. It was feared she would not be got off, and a small boat was prepared to endeavour to carry him to Singapore, with the Editor and their child, an infant four months old; but just as they were leaving the vessel, hopes were entertained that by throwing all the water overboard to lighten the ship she might be got off, and before morning the attempt succeeded. It was then considered fortunate that the accident occurred so near an European Settlement; but on stopping at Rhio and sending in a boat, stating what had happened, and requesting a supply of water, the Dutch Resident refused all intercourse, asserted that Sir Stamford went as a spy, and would not give the assistance solicited; it was, therefore, with considerable anxiety that the voyage was continued; fortunately in passing through the Straits of Banca, a good Samaritan appeared in one of the beautiful American vessels, so numerous in these seas, when the Captain generously, and at considerable risk, for the wind was strong and in his favour, stopped his course, and with great difficulty, by means of ropes, conveyed some casks of water, and went on board himself to inquire into the cause of distress; the captain's name is forgotten, but his kindness has often been acknowledged with gratitude and praise.

'It is difficult to convey an idea of the pleasure of sailing through this beautiful and unparallelled Archipelago, in which every attraction of nature is combined; the smoothness of the sea, the lightness of the atmosphere, the constant succession of the most picturesque lake scenery, islands of every shape and size clustered together, mountains of the most fanciful forms crowned with verdure to their summit, rich and luxuriant vegetation extending to the very edge of the water, little native boats, often with only one person in them, continually darting out from the deep shade which concealed them, looking like so many cockle-shells wafted about by the wind. Altogether it is a fairy scene of enchantment, deserving of a poet's pen to describe its beauties.'—pp. 402, 403.

We must add to this specimen of Dutch hospitality, a note which, on another occasion, the Governor of Batavia addressed to Sir Stamford, in answer to an application for permission to Lady Raffles to go on shore, her ladyship being at the time much indisposed on board a vessel in the Batavia roads. The singular acrimony which it breathes, mixed with its pomposity, are perfectly ludicrous.

'" Monsieur, '" Batavia, Juin 25, 1823.

'" J'ai reçu, avec une extrême surprise, la lettre que M. le Capitaine Hull m'a remise de votre part.

'" J'ai chargé M. Macqoid de vous donner, verbalement, ma réponse, et ne doute point qu'il ne s'acquitte avec exactitude de cette commission.

'" Je veux cependant ajouter encore à ce qu'il vous dira de ma part, que j'étois loin de m'attendre à vous voir arriver à *Batavia* après tout ce qui a eu lieu depuis 1819.

'" Vous ne pouviez ignorer, Monsieur, qu'une pareille visite que vous auriez pu éviter, ne peut que m'être extrêmement désagréable.

'" L'indisposition de Madame Raffles est cependant un motif que je respecte trop pour m'opposer à votre sèjour à Batavia pendant quelques jours.

'" Je regrette, Monsieur, de ne pouvoir après tout ce qui a eu lieu vous accueillir, comme je me fais toujours un devoir et plaisir de recevoir les fonctionnaires d'un Gouvernement si intimement lié avec celui que j'ai l'honneur de représenter ici.

'" Vous connoissez trop bien l'etat des choses, Monsieur, pour ce que j'ai besoin de vous observer, que toute communication ou entrevue personelle entre nous doit être évitée. Je ne pourrais que répéter de nouveau toute la série de plaintes que j'ai cru de mon devoir d'adresser à mon Gouvernement comme à votre, depuis plusieurs années, contre un grand nombre de vos actions dirigées contre les intérêts de mon Souverain ; une pareille communication n'offrirait aucun agrément ni pour vous ni pour moi-même." '—pp. 552, 553.

The establishment at Singapore obliged Sir Stamford to make frequent journies thither from Bencoolen. Having, at length, in a great measure, accomplished his object, he seems, about the middle of the year 1820, to have begun to taste some of the consoling effects of his active exertions for the improvement of the immediate seat of his administration. Lady Raffles had presented him with two lovely children, a girl and a boy, the one called after the late Princess Charlotte, the other after Prince Leopold. 'My dear little Charlotte,' he says, describing his life at this period, 'is, of all creatures, the most angelic I ever beheld. She has inborn graces which, as she expands, must attract the admiration of every one; but she has a soft heart, and is so full of mildness and gentleness, that I fear she will have many trials to go through in this unfeeling world. Her brother Leopold, however, will take her part, for he has the spirit of a lion, and is absolutely beautiful. My life is at present rather monotonous, not, however, unpleasantly so, for I have all the regular and substantial employment of domestic comfort in the bosom of a happy and thriving family; and in the daily pursuits of agriculture and magisterial duty, I find abundance to interest and amuse.' The account given of his occupations at this time by Lady Raffles is still more engaging.

'Perhaps this was one of the most happy periods in Sir Stamford's life; politically he had attained the object which he felt so necessary for the good of his country (the establishment of Singapore). He was beloved by all those under his immediate controul, who united in showing him every mark of respect and attachment, and many were bound to him by ties of gratitude for offices of kindness, for private acts of benevolence and assistance which he delighted to exercise towards them. The settlement, like many other small societies, was divided into almost as many parties as there were families on his first arrival; but these differences were soon healed and quieted, and a general interchange of good offices had succeeded. The natives and chiefs appreciated the interest which he took in their improvement, and placed implicit reliance upon his opinion and counsel.

'The consciousness of being beloved is a delightful, happy feeling, and Sir Stamford acknowledged with thankfulness at this time that every wish of his heart was gratified. Uninterrupted health had prevailed in his family, his children were his pride and delight, and they had already imbibed from him those tastes it was his pleasure to cultivate; this will not be wondered at, even at their early age, when it is added, that two young tigers and a bear were for some time in the children's apartments, under the charge of their attendants, without being confined in cages, and it was rather a curious scene to see the children, the bear, the tigers, a blue mountain bird, and a favourite cat, all playing together, the parrot's beak being the only object of awe to all the party.

'Perhaps few people in a public station led so simple a life: his mode of passing his time in the country has been already described. When he was in Bencoolen he rose early and delighted in driving into the villages, inspecting the plantations, and encouraging the industry of the people; at nine a party assembled at breakfast, which separated immediately afterwards, and he wrote, read, studied natural history, chemistry, and geology, superintended the draftsmen, of whom he had constantly five or six employed in a verandah, and always had his children with him as he went from one pursuit to another, visiting his beautiful and extensive aviary, as well as the extraordinary collection of animals which were always domesticating in the house. At four he dined, and seldom alone, as he considered the settlement but as a family of which he was the head; immediately after dinner all the party drove out, and the evening was spent in reading and music and conversation. He never had any game of amusement in his house. After the party had dispersed, he was fond of walking out with the Editor, and enjoying the delicious coolness of the night land wind, and a moon whose beauty those only who have been in tropical climates can judge of; so clear and penetrating are its rays that many fear them as much as the glare of the sun. Though scarcely a day passed without reptiles of all kinds being brought in, and the Cobra de Capello in numbers, the Editor never remembers these pleasures being interrupted by any alarm.'—pp. 451, 452.

The climate, however, soon made lamentable ravages in this abode of domestic happinesss; the 'lion-spirited boy' fell an early victim, and he was followed by Charlotte, and by a younger brother. Of four children only one was preserved by sending her to England. 'What a sad and lonely house,' he writes in March, 1822, 'without nurse and the children—never was there such a change—we wander from room to room, solitary and dejected; but God's will be done, and we must be content.' These calamities, added to his own, and Lady Raffles' declining health, determined Sir Stamford to return to England as soon as he could be exonerated from his office, an object which he was unable, however, to get accomplished, until the latter end of the year 1823. Misfortune still did not cease to pursue him. Every body remembers the letter in which he gave that animated and picturesque account of the burning of the ship *Fame*, in which he and his family had embarked for England.

' "*Bencoolen, February* 4, 1824.

' "We embarked on the 2d instant in the Fame, and sailed at daylight for England, with a fair wind, and every prospect of a quick and comfortable passage.

' "The ship was every thing we could wish; and having closed my charge here much to my satisfaction, it was one of the happiest days of my life. We were, perhaps, too happy; for in the evening came a sad reverse. Sophia had just gone to bed, and I had thrown off half my clothes, when a cry of fire, fire! roused us from our calm content, and in five minutes the whole ship was in flames! I ran to examine whence the flames principally issued, and found that the fire had its origin immediately under our cabin. Down with the boats. Where is Sophia?—Here. The children?—Here. A rope to the side. Lower Lady Raffles. Give her to me, says one; I'll take her, says the Captain. Throw the gunpowder overboard. It cannot be got at; it is in the magazine, close to the fire. Stand clear of the powder. Skuttle the water-casks. Water! water! Where's Sir Stamford? Come into the boat, Nilson! Nilson, come into the boat. Push off, push off. Stand clear of the after part of the ship.

' "All this passed much quicker than I can write it. We pushed off, and as we did so, the flames burst out of our cabin window, and the whole of the after part of the ship was in flames; the masts and sails were now taking fire, we moved to a distance sufficient to avoid the immediate explosion, but the flames were now coming out of the main hatchway; and seeing the rest of the crew, with the Captain, still on board, we pulled back to her under the bows, so as to be more distant from the powder. As we approached, we perceived that the people on board were getting into another boat on the opposite side. She pushed off; we hailed her: have you all on board?—Yes, all, save one. Who is he?—Johnson, sick in his cot. Can we save him?—No, impossible. The flames were issufrom the hatchway; at this moment the poor fellow, scorched, I imagine, by the flames, roared out most lustily, having run upon the deck. I will go for him, says the Captain. The two boats then came together, and we took out some of the persons from the Captain's boat, which was overladen; he then pulled under the bowsprit of the ship, and picked the poor fellow up. Are you all safe?—Yes, we have got the man; all lives safe. Thank God! Pull off from the ship. Keep your eye on a star, Sir Stamford. There's one scarcely visible.

'"We then hauled close to each other, and found the Captain fortunately had a compass; but we had no light, except from the ship. Our distance from Bencoolen we estimated to be about fifty miles, in a south-west direction. There being no landing place to the southward of Bencoolen, our only chance was to regain that port. The Captain then undertook to lead, and we to follow, in a N. N. E. course, as well as we could; no chance, no possibility being left, that we could again approach the ship; for she was now one splendid flame, fore and aft, and aloft, her masts and sails in a blaze, and rocking to and fro, threatening to fall in an instant. There goes her mizen mast; pull away, my boys: there goes the gunpowder. Thank God! thank God!

'"You may judge of our situation without further particulars. The alarm was given at about twenty minutes past eight, and in less than ten minutes she was in flames; there was not a soul on board at half-past eight, and in less than ten minutes afterwards she was one grand mass of fire.

'"My only apprehension was the want of boats to hold the people, as there was not time to have got out the long-boat, or to make a raft; all we had to rely upon were two small quarter-boats, which fortunately were lowered without accident; and in these two small open boats, without a drop of water, or a grain of food, or a rag of covering, except what we happened at the moment to have on our backs, we embarked on the ocean, thankful to God for his mercies! Poor Sophia, having been taken out of her bed, had nothing on but a wrapper, neither shoes nor stockings; the children were just as taken out of bed, whence one had been snatched after the flames had attacked it; in short, there was not time for any one to think of more than two things. Can the ship be saved?—No! Let us save ourselves, then. All else was swallowed up in one grand ruin.

'"To make the best of our misfortune, we availed ourselves of the light from the ship to steer a tolerably good course for the shore. She continued to burn till about midnight, when the saltpetre, which she had on board, took fire, and sent up one of the most splendid and brilliant flames that ever was seen, illuminating the horizon in every direction, to an extent of not less than fifty miles, and casting that kind of blue light over us, which is of all others most horrible. She burnt and continued to flame in this style for about an hour or two, when we lost sight of the object in a cloud of smoke.

'"Neither Nilson nor Mr. Bell, our medical friend who had accompanied us, had saved their coats; but the tail of mine, with a pocket handkerchief, served to keep Sophia's feet warm, and we made breeches for the children with our neckcloths. Rain now came on, but fortunately it was not of long continuance, and we got dry again. The night became serene and star-light; we were now certain of our course, and the men behaved manfully; they rowed incessantly, and with good heart and spirit, and never did poor mortals look out more for daylight and for land than we did; not that our sufferings or grounds of complaint were any thing to what have befallen others, but from Sophia's delicate health, as well as my own, and the stormy nature of our coast, I felt perfectly convinced we were unable to undergo starvation and exposure to sun and weather many days; and aware of the rapidity of the currents, I feared we might fall to the southward of the port.

'" At daylight we recognized the coast and Rat Island, which gave us great spirits; and though we found ourselves much to the southward of the port, we considered ourselves almost at home. Sophia had gone through the night better than could have been expected, and we continued to pull on with all our strength. About eight or nine, we saw a ship standing to us from the Roads; they had seen the flames on shore, and sent out vessels to our relief. And here certainly came a minister of Providence, in the character of a minister of the Gospel, for the first person I recognized was one of our missionaries. They gave us a bucket of water, and we took the captain on board as a pilot. The wind, however, was adverse, and we could not reach the shore, and took to the ship, where we got some refreshment and shelter from the sun. By this time, Sophia was quite exhausted, fainting continually. About two o'clock we landed safe and sound, and no words of mine can do justice to the expressions of feeling, sympathy, and kindness, with which we were hailed by every one. If any proof had been wanting that my administration had been satisfactory here, we had it unequivocally from all; there was not a dry eye, and as we drove back to our former home, loud was the cry of 'God be praised.'

'" But enough; and I will only add that we are now greatly recovered, in good spirits, and busy at work getting ready-made clothes for present use. We went to bed at three in the afternoon, and I did not awake till six this morning. Sophia had nearly as sound a sleep, and, with the exception of a bruise or two, and a little pain in the bones from fatigue, we have nothing to complain of.

'" The loss I have to regret, beyond all, is my papers and drawings; all my notes and observations, with memoirs and collections, sufficient for a full and ample history, not only of Sumatra, but of Borneo, and almost every other island of note in these seas; my intended account of the establishment of Singapore; the history of my own administration; eastern grammars, dictionaries, and vocabularies; and last, not least, a grand map of Sumatra, on which I had been employed since my arrival here, and on which, for the last six months, I had bestowed almost my whole undivided attention. This, however, was not all; all my collections in natural history; all my splendid collection of drawings, upwards of *two thousand* in number; with all the valuable notes and papers of my friends, Arnold and Jack; and, to conclude, I will merely notice that there was scarce an unknown animal, bird, beast, or fish, or an interesting plant, which we had not on board; a living tapir, a new species of tiger, splendid pheasants, &c. domesticated for the voyage. We were, in short, in this respect, a perfect Noah's ark.

'" All, all has perished; but, thank God, our lives have been spared, and we do not repine.

'" Our plan is to get another ship as soon as possible, and, I think, you may still expect us in July. There is a chance of a ship, called the Lady Flora, touching here on her way home, and there is a small ship in the Roads which may be converted into a packet and take us home, as I have a captain and crew at command.

'" Make your minds easy about us, even if we should be later than you expected. No news will be good news." '—pp. 566—569.

The fire, it appears, originated in the store room, immediately under the apartments occupied by Sir Stamford and his family, and was occasioned by the disgraceful carelessness of the steward going with a naked light to draw off brandy from a cask, which took fire. The loss of all his books, manuscripts, drawings, correspondence, records, and other documents, which he suffered on this occasion, has necessarily deprived his widow of many valuable materials. Among them were a map on a large scale of Sumatra, detailed accounts of Borneo, Celebes, Java, the Moluccas, and Singapore. In natural history, the loss to science was still greater. The choice of all his collections were on board that ill-fated vessel, including upwards of two thousand drawings taken from life, executed in a very superior style, under his own eye. 'A loss like this,' he observes, with his usual feeling of resignation, 'can never be replaced, but I bow to it without repining.' After a short interval spent at Bencoolen, he was again at sea with his family on board the *Mariner*, and it is delightful to observe the philosophical temper with which, under the pressure of so many calamities, he disciplines his mind to study.

'" 20th April.—I this day commenced to apply to study, and devoted the early part of the morning to Euclid, and the remainder to the arrangement of my papers, &c. As far as circumstances admit, I propose to divide my time and application as follows, during the voyage; appropriating eight hours in each day to study, reading or writing, and with an intention of making up one day for any loss of time on another.

	HOURS.
'" Breakfast being fixed at nine, and dinner at four, I appropriate before breakfast, from seven to nine - - - -	2
'" Between breakfast and dinner, from ten to one, and from two to four - - - - - - - -	5
'" In the evening, from eight to nine - - -	1
Hours	8

'" Before breakfast. One hour mathematics or logic. One hour Latin, Greek, or Hebrew.

'" After breakfast, from ten to eleven. In committing to paper, and arranging and reviewing what I studied before breakfast.

'" From eleven to one. Writing an account of my administration in the East.

'" From two to four. General reading, and reading out to Sophia.

'" In the evening for one hour. Reading a play of Shakespeare's or other entertaining productions.

" By this arrangement, I have in the morning, by rising at six, one hour for exercise before breakfast, and half an hour for the same after breakfast. One hour from one to two for tiffin and exercise, and after dining from five to seven, three hours for exercise or relaxation in the cool of the evening. As the servants are always behind hand in furnishing the meals, I may freely trust to their affording me time for dressing by such delays, which will only eventually break in on the proposed three hours' relaxation for the evening, a portion of which may well be spared; or half an hour may be added to the day by going to bed at half-past nine or ten, instead of nine as proposed.

' " My object in making this memorandum is, that I may hold the rule as inviolable as I can, and by frequently recurring to it, revive my sleeping energies, should I at any time be inclined to indolence. I should not, however, omit to add, that all reading and study on a Sunday is to be confined to the Bible and religious subjects. The Greek and Hebrew, however, as connected, may, nevertheless, form a part of the study of that day." '—pp. 576, 577.

The Mariner arrived safely in England in August, 1824. Lady Raffles had the happiness to find her only remaining child restored to perfect health at Cheltenham, whence they removed to London. Her husband's days were, however, already numbered. He enjoyed but short intervals of health, which he devoted chiefly to the establishment of the Zoological Society, until the 5th of July, when he died suddenly, at an age when men in general find their constitution most hardy. But his had been already undermined.

' The period of two years which Sir Stamford had now spent in England, had rapidly passed away; for who takes note cf the days of happiness? It was his often-expressed hope that he had experienced sufficient trial to purify his soul; and it is humbly trusted that the many and heavy afflictions with which he was visited, were sanctified by the grace of God, and were made instrumental, through faith in a Saviour, to prepare him for the world where sorrow and sighing are no more.

' The few letters which have been introduced in the last pages, are sufficient to prove that the death-blow had been struck—the silver chord was broken at the wheel. His sense of enjoyment, indeed, was as keen as ever, his spirit as gay, his heart as warm, his imagination still brighter, though his hopes in this world were less. He was contented with the happiness of the present moment, and only prayed for its continuance. That his prayer was not granted is his everlasting gain; yet even here, and after so many trials and privations, he enjoyed no common pleasures; the delight of being united to friends from whom he had been so long separated; the charms of society; the interests of literature and science; the general improvement of man; and, above all, the nearer charities of domestic life, all combined to engage and occupy his mind. His heart was full of enjoyment; and in the retirement for which he had so long sighed, and surrounded by all the ties which it had pleased God to spare to him, he indulged his happy spirit. In the midst of all these best of worldly treasures, in the bosom of his family, that spirit which had won its way through a greatly chequered course, was suddenly summoned to the throne of God, on the day previous to the completion of his forty-fifth year, the 5th of July, 1826.

'"Be ye therefore ready also, for the Son of Man cometh at an hour when ye think not."'—pp. 599, 600.

Thus terminated the active and diversified career of Sir Stamford Raffles, marked more by cloud and sunshine, considering the comparatively limited sphere of his exertions, than, perhaps, any other on record. Several of his official papers are given in the Appendix, and also a catalogue of the specimens which he presented to the Zoological Society.

ART. II.—*The Resources of the United Kingdom: or the Present Distresses Considered, their Causes pointed out, and an Outline of a Plan for the Establishment of a National Currency that would have a fixed value, proposed.* By W. R. A. Pettyman. London: J. Ridgway. 1830.

IT is impossible to cast the most cursory glance over our domestic history, without being struck by the evils which have originated in our spirit of party, and, accordingly, numerous writers have not failed to point out the advantages that would result from its extinction.

Eminent among these, Bolingbroke,—equally the rival of Ulysses, in his plastic mind and in his storm-tossed life,—made an effort to rescue his companions from their Circean bondage; but his biography informs us that, like his predecessor, he was enslaved by the enchantress whom he attempted to disarm; and was among the most illustrious, but most intoxicated, of her spell-bound captives. Hume, too, peeping, from his tub in the north, with cynical contempt on the operations of his southern neighbours, employed himself with classifying the symptoms of our national plague, and with lashing the follies, whose wild transports he was too passionless to experience.

Great is the disadvantage of risking a comparison with these illustrious names; and diffidence might suggest that where Hume and Bolingbroke had failed, success could hardly be expected from any similar attempt. Yet, as the effect of a cannon-ball depends not only on its own weight, and on the skill with which it is directed, but also on the medium through which it has to pass, and on the nature of what it assaults, so does the success of an opinion depend, not only on the talent with which it is propounded, but on the prejudice which it has to encounter in its passage, and on the disposition of the public mind to submit to its influence. The advantage thus gained over predecessors compensates for many points of inferiority, and, at any rate, gives fair encouragement to exertion. We live in an age of which it is the characteristic distinction to gather wisdom from former errors, and not to consider one folly in the light of a precedent for another. This gives men reason to hope, if not to expect, success in attempting reforms which greater talents have failed to accomplish.

The moderation and candour of the leading men in the last and present sessions, cannot but have struck all who are accustomed to view the conduct of opposed parties. With very few exceptions, *salus populi* has, on both sides, been the *suprema lex* of our debates, and never was a period when personal invective was less frequently employed, or when its employment was so much confined to men of little repute. Let us not regard this as a solitary oasis in our parliamentary annals; let us take a wider view, and hail it as an omen of future union, and of a progressive improvement. "Nothing is more usual," says Hume, "than to see parties which have begun upon a real difference, continue even after that difference is lost. When men are once enlisted on opposite sides, they contract an affection for the persons with whom they are united, and an animosity against their antagonists: and these passions they often transmit to their posterity." Let us encounter and overcome this vain prejudice. Separation still, in some measure, exists, even where difference has ceased; but animosity is advancing in decay, and we appear to have almost within our grasp that most desirable consummation,—a nation enjoying serenity undisturbed by faction, with her councils guided by the combined wisdom of all her ablest statesmen.

Party has been well divided into two genera, *party from principle,* or *party* properly so called, and *personal party,* generally known as *faction*—distinctions now commonly understood and admitted. Discord has thrown her apple into the British Parliament; we have no Venus in the case, but the decision has too frequently lain between the wisdom of Minerva and the riches of Juno; and the lives of most of our public men have been a kind of diagonal between two faces; they have been actuated partly by public principle, and partly by private interest, and the generality of our national divisions have been of a mixed nature, half party and half faction.

Against parties of principle we can say but little. Combinations of men, united to effect alterations which they esteem beneficial, have been long believed to possess practical advantages which more than counterbalance their speculative defects, and the occasional evils which mark their course are, perhaps, not more numerous than might be expected from the usual imperfections attendant on human affairs. But the base union of selfish men in factions; the assemblage of men of high talent joining their powers for the express purpose of injuring their more fortunate fellow-men, for the express purpose of clogging the wheels of government, for the express purpose of obstructing even what is good; and, not content with proposing so iniquitous an end, stooping for its attainment to means equally iniquitous; not only poisoning the springs of domestic enjoyment, but shaking the whole kingdom with their seditious violence; these men keep themselves beyond the letter of the law, but by the complicated intricacy of their wickedness they present an anomaly of human nature, even to the misanthrope. They are political vampires, and against such principles all honest men should unite in a crusade of extermination.

The evils arising from "party spirit" have been so numerous; it has been the cause of so much bad feeling, and even the source of so much national calamity, that every true lover of his country must desire its extinction. Bolingbroke well represents its influence as "destroying our inward peace, weakening our national strength, and sullying our glory abroad." And he adds, "it is time, therefore, that all who desire to be esteemed good men, and to procure the peace, the strength, and the glory of their country by the only means by which these can be procured effectually, should join their efforts to heal our national divisions, and to change the narrow spirit of party into a diffusive spirit of public benevolence." There is hardly any class who would not experience the benefit of such an alteration; but those who have the greatest influence, have also, or ought to have, the greatest interest in its promotion.

It has been said, we believe truly, that ministers of state, though they may begin their career as warm-hearted patriots, generally become misanthropes before its conclusion. Assuredly, the violence of factious rancour has had no small share in this ruin of fine minds, and this unhappiness of sensitive genius. The free nature of our constitution requires that a minister should be constantly prepared in his place in Parliament to hear his measures canvassed, to explain their expediency, or to defend their necessity; nor would any minister, conscious of integrity, shrink from such exposure. But the petty, and wearying, and *unnecessary* opposition, the wilful misrepresentation, the trivial cavilling, the personal insults, the teasing slander, the incessant stream of mean and unfair, and even wicked practices, which are ever in vogue against a ministry, both in Parliament, and out of Parliament, these are the things which embitter the duties of men in office, and form a real stain on our national character. Nor let us be told that men, who take upon themselves the offices of ministers of state, ought to be prepared to endure all this buffeting. The political world is, as the old Marshal Privulzio said of the battle of Marignan, "a combat of giants," and that country stands at a disadvantage in the struggle of nations, whose men of genius are obstructed in their public duties by the storms of faction, and are obliged to give precedence to the rough nerves of vulgar minds. To be a good minister requires an assemblage of extraordinary qualities, such as are rarely met with, and such as are, in the average of minds, found to be opposed and incompatible. A perfect minister should unite a glowing enthusiasm with a capacity for business; a power of forming a comprehensive plan, with a versatility in the minutiæ of detail: sensible of the impulses of passionate ardour, he should yet be beyond their sway; nothing should be above him, and nothing should be beneath him; he should be equally conspicuous for the quickness of his imagination, and for the solidity of his understanding. Habits of routine, and knowledge of form, can never do much in the formation of a statesman; they are the mere instruments of political harmony. In the mind, as in the body, art may improve, but cannot originate: simple education could no more impart to a common mind the powers of a fine statesman, than could all the fencing-masters of Ferrara give to a deformed dwarf the dignity of the Apollo Belvidere. Such considerations should surely make us careful how we let party degenerate into faction, how we slide from opposition of measures into opposition of men, and should make us reflect how easily, and almost inadvertently, we may injure our country by selfish and unworthy associations.

Besides the alteration which the extinction of faction would produce, with respect to men in office, let us consider how far it would affect the measures which have ever been deemed of paramount importance by men out of office. How great a change would soon occur in our present system of patronage; how great would be our gain by having all offices open to the competition of talent, when the stratagems of faction no longer rendered it absolutely necessary to secure, on any terms, numerical superiority. Again, how different would be the position of the question respecting parliamentary reform, when the nature of parliamentary "oppositions" no longer made borough-influence practically indispensable in carrying on the mechanism of government. We believe that there is no part of our constitution which the removal of this evil would not affect. Medea renewed the youth of Æson by drawing away the old blood from his veins, and pouring into them a fresh infusion, and we think that the extinction of our old spirit of faction would produce a similarly magical effect in our political renovation.

Impressed with this conviction, let us inquire how far the present posture of affairs offers an opportunity for furthering such an improvement. Those who wait till they find a ministry in perfect accordance with their wishes, must remain for ever unsatisfied. By temporarily countenancing practical evils in the useless expectation of unattainable speculative perfection, they resemble the old alchemists, living in poverty while seeking the stone that should turn everything into gold, and dying miserably while searching for the elixir that should give them eternal youth. But we will say more than this. We will assert that a cold neutrality, where opinions coincide, is hardly what an honourable man can justify to himself. Warm, and cordial, and frank support is what may be reasonably demanded by every minister, anxious to perform his duty, from those who do not differ from him as to what that duty is, and as to the means requisite for its fulfilment. And such we believe to be the position of party at the present juncture.

In this country there has always been arrayed against every administration a mass of wit and talent, which, had it been organised by principle instead of being directed by faction, might be referred to with pride as a memorial of national ability, instead of remaining a record of national weakness. The members of the present administration have, in a peculiar manner, been exposed to the shock of unmerited calumny. Till the period when the malady of the late Lord Liverpool occasioned the dissolution of the cabinet of which he was the head, its various members presented the semblance, if they possessed not the reality, of internal harmony, and mutual confidence. But when this Nestor of the council was removed, it was discovered that differences on important topics existed between the several leaders. It was apparent that a policy, distinct from that which they had united in supporting, would be advanced if Mr. Canning became premier; and those who thought that such a course would be prejudicial to the interests of their country, declined joining an administration from which such measures were to emanate. So great and so justly merited was the popularity of Mr. Canning, and such the manner in which the dazzling brilliancy of his genius, as it were, held spell-bound the understandings of his supporters, that it seemed to them unintelligible how any could dissent from his peculiar views. His political opponents were stigmatised as his personal enemies, their firmness was called obstinacy, and their differing from his opinions was the presumption of blindness. Some of the advocates of liberality were found to be the most intolerant of persecutors. So far from applause following those, the firmness of whose principles had led them to resign their honours and emoluments, they were pursued with the keenest malice, and an almost singular instance of disinterested sacrifice was met by a "roar of foaming calumny," almost equally unprecedented in virulence. The patriotic reforms of Mr. Peel were no longer remembered, nor was the Duke of Wellington secured even by those achievements which have identified his name with that of Britain. He stood amidst the storm

> Qualis frugifero quercus sublimis in agro
> Exuvias veteres populi, sacrataque gestans
> Dona ducum; nec jam validis radicibus hærens
> Pondere fixa suo est.—PHARSAL. I. 135.

"The tide of popularity has turned," and its retiring wave left stranded the noble vessels which its full current had once buoyed up.

Popular clamour had begun to subside, when the present ministers were invited to office; but immediately on their acceptance of it, not only before any act had been committed worthy of censure, but even before it was known what line of policy would be pursued, a second storm of factious invective arose, outstripping the ferment of the previous outcry, and almost unparalleled in the annals of party fury. Never did the public press present such united opposition. Irish declamation, Scotch sophistry, and English doggedness, seemed to form a second Cerberus, possessing three heads, but moved by one spirit, and using its monstrous terrors to scare to a retreat the adventurers into the shades of Downing-street. Had the ministers been men of ordinary nerve, they might have been forced into submission by the violence of the clamour, although sensible of its injustice; the fabric might have tumbled from the shock of the explosion, though secure against the skill of the engineer. But they stood unintimidated, and their conduct has been justified by the result.

The British nation seldom perseveres in error: its mistakes rather arise from sudden fits than from continuous habits, and the evils that it brings upon itself are thus violent, but not durable. The struggle of cherished prejudice, the delusion of erroneous system, and the dread of appearing inconsistent, actuated a vast number, which was still further exceeded by those whom want of opportunity debarred from correct information, and those whose blundering intellects are incapable of comprehending, though they are permitted to judge, the projects that burst from genius; but experience of the beneficial effects of the Duke of Wellington's administration gradually allayed the tumult of opposition. Men, finding that their previous opinion had been too hastily formed, and that measures were brought forward which they did not anticipate, suspended their judgment; and the union of all the finest qualities of a statesman since elicited in our premier, combining a perception quick to discover evil, and a resource fertile in its remedy, directed by patriotic firmness, and acting with masterly decision, has made his adversaries waver in their opposition, at the same time that it has fulfilled all that his most sanguine friends could hope, and much more than they could have expected.

Considering the subject dispassionately, without adulation to those in power, and with the highest respect for the great talents possessed by many who are not in office, we think that it will be impossible to select two statesmen, now living, who would more ably occupy the posts held by our present premier and secretary for the home department; we mention these alone, because they undeniably give the pervading colour to the administration. So much brilliant panegyric has been poured upon the former by men of all parties, that we might be more suspected of party feeling if we withheld, than if we bestowed, our tribute of admiration.* His Grace declared in his place in Parliament, that the resignation of his former office, (the Commandership-in-Chief,) so congenial to the habits of his whole life, and the assumption of an employment in a great measure new to him, and for many reasons distasteful, was the greatest sacrifice that he was ever called upon to make. We have never heard his bitterest enemies doubt his word, therefore we have no hesitation in taking the fact for granted: and with such an example before them, surely some glowing feelings should arise in the breasts of his opponents, even in this cold age. It is one thing, like Curtius leaping into the chasm, to dare death for our country, when assembled thousands are around to madden us with their applause; it is another thing, and, in our opinion, a much more patriotic deed, silently and in secret to pursue the wearying detail of that minister's life, who, contrary to his inclination, entering office from principle, fulfils its tedious labours as a duty, and, stemming the billows of unkind fortune, dedicates himself wholly to the public good. Such men have a positive right to expect the candour and confidence of their countrymen, and their memory should outlive the decay of their statues. Yet such a man have we found, hunted by obloquy, the target of malice; not only subjected to the violence of an ignorant mob, but exposed to the wilful misrepresentations of the interested, and the shameless opposition of the factious. Let us turn from so disgusting a picture.

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* By the bye, it is a singular coincidence that it was on the 15th of June, 1215, that our barons commenced that conference at Runnymede, which terminated on the 19th, with the signature of the Magna Charta; and just six centuries afterwards, on the 15th of June, 1815, commenced those conferences which terminated at Waterloo on the 18th, so happily for Europe, and so gloriously for England.

The whole tenour of Mr. Peel's political life disposes us to view him with esteem. Unlike the minions of faction, who have wriggled themselves into office, he was never a violent partisan, but has always pursued a firm, yet mild and temperate course. Notwithstanding the clamour raised by his recent policy on the Catholic question, we think that there has seldom been a minister to whom all parties would so explicitly point as an honest man. He took office when it became him, he acted as became him when he was in office, and he resigned office when it became him. There was no mean truckling to obtain power, nor was there any discontented repining when opposed to ministers. His measures for the improvement of our code are a practical refutation to those who would set him down as a mere minister of routine, and not as an enlightened statesman. Of him we may justly exclaim with the Grecian chief—

Αἲ γὰρ
*Τοιοῦτοι δέκα μοι συμφράδμονες εἶεν.**—Iliad β. 371.

To those who follow Burke in the opinion that we must look from measures to men, and gather from the character of our ministers what is likely to be the nature of their policy, we sincerely hope that the above reflections will be sufficient to show, that they have no excuses on this ground for forming themselves into factious combinations. But let us advance. Let us inquire what is the difference, or rather, if there be any difference, to divide the members on the right and left of the speaker's chair, or of the woolsack.

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* Oh, would the Gods in love to Greece decree
But ten such sages as they grant in thee.—Pope.

We need scarcely remark that the old badges of Whig and Tory, are now as inappropriate as would be those of Guelph and Ghibbeline; we are no more separated by the differences of the former, than the Italians now are by those of the latter. The divisions of legitimate party were gradually fading away, when the French Revolution recalled them into existence, and the diversity of opinion on vital questions, kept them definite till the termination of the war. Till that period there was a struggle of mind against mind displaying prodigies of giant strength, and the contests of the present day, when brought into comparison, merely resemble the skirmishes of the Greeks and Trojans, after the gods had left the fight. Since 1815, party spirit has sometimes flagged, and sometimes shown itself in sudden and violent bursts; the causes of its existence have been gradually diminishing; the repeal of religious disabilities deprived it of its last apparent support, and if it still live on, it must be by means of foul and unsound subsistence. During the agitation of the Catholic question the case was different; the bone of contention was then palpable and obvious, though much unnecessary snarling was vented in its discussion; but now, when that question is allowed to be irrevocably determined, we believe it to be impossible to show any reason for a division into parties. Let us remember, that when the "Whigs," (so they are still called) took office under Mr. Canning, the difference of opinion on this question was the main ground on which the "Tories" separated themselves from his administration. But now that the removal of Catholic disabilities has annihilated the validity of any division on this account, if the old axiom be true, that "things that are equal to the same thing are equal to one another," then it cannot be denied that no organised opposition to the present administration can be justified. Such opposition must proceed from a "personal party," not from a "party of principle;" it would merit no confidence, it must be stigmatised as factious.

Since the assembling of Parliament, the conduct of parties has justified the sanguine anticipations of the friends of united councils. Lord Darlington has acknowledged that the principles of the present administration are not at variance with those of the Whigs; and Mr. Brougham declared that if his voting against the Address could have any influence in embarassing ministers, he would rather vote in opposition to his judgment than concur in a purpose so prejudicial to the interests of the country. The latter, indeed, (our English Briareus, who seems to possess a hundred hands with which he executes the schemes of his fifty heads), has been mainly instrumental in effecting the beneficial revolution now taking place in the system of party government. His friends in general have followed his wise example, and the session promises a degree of unanimity unparallelled in our parliamentary history.

Imperfections must be looked for in all concerns where men are agents; but in the present instance the blemishes are too inconsiderable to attract much attention, the friction too unimportant seriously to retard the machine. On looking at the component parts of the minorities in the divisions, we cannot but recal the old maxim that "the exception proves the rule." With every credit for the rectitude of their intentions, the *regular* oppositionists are mostly just the men who would be cumbersome as friends, and who are innoxious as opponents; men who make some shew in the easy art of finding fault, but who would resemble Antæus in the grasp of Hercules, if they were elevated from their *alma mater*, the opposition benches.

The present state of our country certainly demands the collective wisdom of her statesmen, and it may with confidence be hoped that her maternal cries will not pass unheeded by her sons. Let those sons but combine with fraternal cordiality, and Great Britain, despising alike the pitiful sneers of the weak, and the bullying vaunts of the powerful, may bid defiance to her keenest foes, and, secure in her united strength, can never recede from her position as the first of nations.

ART. III.—*Narrative of the War in Germany and France in* 1813 *and* 1814. By Lieut.-General C. W. Vane, Marquess of Londonderry, G.C.B., G.C.H., Col. of the 10th Hussars. 4to. pp. 420. London: Colburn and Bentley. 1830.

THE Marquess of Londonderry has shewn great good sense, we think, in throwing off that yoke of authorship under whose embarrassments it was his bad fortune to have produced his first work to the world. He certainly gained from the tutelage to which he had submitted, not a few of those advantages of decoration which writers in general are anxious to grace their style withal; he derived from it an ease, a fluency, and energy of diction which we readily admit do not intrinsically belong to the noble Marquess; and what we especially miss in the present narrative, is that order of arrangement, by which chronology as well as lucidness are most abundantly provided for, and which certainly was not wanting in the narrative of the Peninsular war.

But "rude am I in speech," is that sort of appeal which, in love or literature, will resolve the most obdurate of hearts, when it proceeds from the lips of a soldier, who, if he even did shew any great skill in the set phrase of peace, upon either occasion, would, perhaps, thereby only demonstrate how much less profitably than a military man might be, he had been employed. The art of bookmaking may be quite tolerable and useful, when applied to works of imagination and amusement; but the sacred interests of history should be exempted from all profane interference. A witness who is to attest the truth of what he saw, before the tribunal of posterity, should not be tampered with; no prompting should be permitted in his case; and no interpolation of the evidence, so much as allowed to be suspected. Besides, what a disastrous blow to all our sympathies, when reading over the affecting story of a battle in which our countrymen fought, we discover that it is the lamentation of a professional author, instead of the genuine affliction of the ostensible writer, that engages us! Our firmness has unquestionably been sometimes put to the test by the pathetic description of a General of Division; nay, a tender-hearted ensign has beguiled us of a genuine tear by the details of a letter, "written on the field of battle:" but as for the simulated sorrows of a bookwright, as he mourns over the ravages of war, we can only compare them to the abstract countenance of woe which an undertaker is so well able to put on just as the funeral begins to move.

The very artlessness which is betrayed throughout this volume, the absence of all those fruits of literary discipline which it shews, furnish what is to us, even in such a shape, a rather agreeable proof of the integrity of the narrative; and thus, in this sense, the very weakness which we might complain of in the writer, becomes the chief strength of the historian. What Lord Londonderry himself says upon this point must not be omitted.

> 'In reference,' he observes in his advertisement, 'to my former Narrative of the Peninsular War, I stated very explicitly the obligation I was under to a gentleman for the arranging of my letters, and thus aiding my first attempts in submitting them to the press. In the present case, I have no such statement to make. The work, such as it is, is written and compiled wholly by a soldier, not by an author; and whatever the amount of its deficiencies may prove to be, I must take them upon myself.'—p. vii.

After such a declaration from such a quarter, confirmed as it is by internal evidence in the work itself, we proceed to the Narrative with a degree of satisfaction and a sense of security respecting the genuineness of the story, which, we confess, had nigh abandoned us on the perusal of the former production.

Perhaps it is not such a fault as all readers will be disposed to condemn in Lord Londonderry, that he has failed to give to this history that sort of interest which is calculated to recommend it to general readers. The book may be fairly said to be little more than a tame register of military manœuvres, or, in fact, than a military despatch in quarto transmitted to Downing-street. There is no attempt whatever at breaking up the grave and solemn march of the technical history, by either popularising the account of an action, or blending with its details some striking incident or another, (many of which must usually occur amidst the scenes of war,) which might serve to awaken general curiosity. The work may, therefore, be said, in this sense, rather to furnish the materials for history, than to be a history itself.

We have also to complain of the too great proneness of Lord Londonderry to conceal facts, and altogether modify his narrative, lest he should trespass beyond the bounds of official confidence.

It is extremely unfortunate that his Lordship should be so scrupulous, because in the case of one so particularly conscientious, it is much to be feared, that in reserving what he thinks he ought not to tell, he may include that which the public have a right to know from him. There never was a period in our recent history, of which more remains to be known of what ought to be communicated to the public, than that interval, brief as it is, with which this book is occupied; for though a time of ceaseless and rapid military operations, it was also an era of busy intrigue,—diplomacy far surpassing arms in effecting the catastrophe which they conjointly brought about. The feeble ray of light, indeed, which the noble writer vouchsafes upon the dark transactions of that period, so far from shewing them in an intelligible shape, only serves to satisfy us of the depth of the obscurity which surrounds them.

It was in April, 1813, that our author, then Sir Charles Stewart, proceeded to Germany on a mission from our government, somewhat, it would appear, of a mixed nature; it was, we dare say, infinitely more extensive than his Lordship would lead us to believe. The state of the continent was remarkably critical at the moment of his arrival. Buonaparte had just, by his flight from the frost and the Cossacks of Russia, awakened the north of Europe from that lethargy under his sway, in which an almost superstitious belief in his invincibility had long enthralled it. This was the moment for England to interfere in that direction, not by an ill-concerted expedition to Walcheren, but by the dexterous employment of those golden subsidies, which it is supposed that even the virtue of Prince Metternich was ultimately unable to resist. Russia and Prussia had almost confederated against Napoleon, and the Crown Prince of Sweden was about to join the alliance. This mass of hostility, which thus was formed on the shores of the Baltic, it was the darling project of England to increase if she could, as it rolled along the surface of the continent to the very gates of the French capital. The necessary steps to carry her policy into effect were instantly adopted by this country, and arms and stores were prodigally supplied by us to the Prussians, Swedes, and newly raised Hanoverian corps. Our relations of friendship, so long suspended with some of the northern powers, were revived, and our author, at that time Sir Charles Stewart, was appointed minister, in conjunction with Lord Cathcart, at the head quarters of the Sovereigns of Russia and Prussia. He was also especially accredited, as to military matters only, at the Court of Sweden. It is important to pause here for a moment, and to observe how little there was in the aspect of things at that time to warrant the most remote apprehension of that fate, which, in less than a twelvemonth, fell upon Buonaparte. Curious it is likewise to mark, how accident after accident, and chance upon chance arose, to contribute to swell the full measure of the load under which the

Emperor of France at last sunk a victim. Any thing but patriotism, let it be however observed, any thing but a virtuous adherence to principle, any thing but a heroic love of liberty, and a consequent hatred of tyranny on the part of the allies, formed the disposing cause of Napoleon's ruin. Without half a million sterling from England, the Russian fleet, in the first place, could not move an inch. Bernadotte swore by his own grateful and faithful heart, that he could not sustain his military operations without two millions from the same quarter; and even the magnificent firm of the Russian and Prussian Sovereigns must decline business, unless supplied with a capital, in English money, of two millions more. Even with this encouragement, and notwithstanding the obligations they contracted in consequence, it is ten to one that had they foreseen the little amount of spoil which ultimately came to their share, a single member of the legitimate confederacy would have ever crossed the Rhine. It is impossible to believe, from the blunders which were committed by the allied armies in the beginning of this campaign, that the sovereigns could have all acted on the understanding that they were fully committed to a permanent and uncompromising war against Napoleon. Many things were done, much was left undone, which shewed that, as yet, at least, no settled principle of mutual co-operation had been agreed on. The desultory and indiscreet operations of the armies seemed to result from counsels that were still in a state of suspense, as if awaiting some contingency to give them shape and design. But here we must be permitted to interrupt our course of observation for a moment, to make room for an anecdote, honourable alike to the soldier who records as to the soldier who is the subject of it; and which also shews, that the confused and vaccillating state of the affairs of the allies did not prevent, occasionally, the manifestation of individual valour and conduct amongst the troops.

'The Emperor ordered a grand review of the troops in camp, near Jauer. His Imperial Majesty went along the line, and was received with enthusiasm by the soldiers. Observing a favourable moment, when he was surrounded by his general and staff officers, and in front of the troops, his Imperial Majesty called Sir Robert Wilson to him, and addressed him in the following gracious speech:—"Sir Robert Wilson, I have duly appreciated the services, gallantry, and zeal, which have distinguished you throughout the war: in testimony of which I have determined to confer on you the third class of the Order of St. George:" and then, as if desirous of doing it in the most gratifying manner, the Emperor directed General Augerausky to take his cross from his neck, and he delivered it to Sir Robert Wilson. The gratifying mode, the well-chosen moment, and the pride experienced by a British officer in seeing one of his companions in arms thus decorated in front of the Imperial army, justify me in recording this event in my narrative.'—pp. 52—53.

It is only by allowing that there was a defect in the plan of the allies, arising from the causes just hinted at, that we can account for the success of Buonaparte in driving his enemies from their positions in the neighbourhood of Bohemia, and finally almost locking them up in a *cul de sac* on the Austrian frontier. What shall we say then of the foresight of the allies, when we find that their very existence depended altogether upon the decision which Austria, yet only a neutral, should make between them and Buonaparte? Nothing could exceed the anxiety of England at this crisis, when Napoleon, having his head quarters at Breslaw obtained, through Austria, an armistice from the Emperor of Russia. The conduct of the Russian and Prussian sovereigns with respect to the negociations which ensued under the mediation of Austria was any thing but creditable to them. They both refused positively to send plenipotentiaries to communicate directly with the French authorities; but they were satisfied that "negotiators in their behalf, but not invested with full powers," should proceed to a common rendezvous, "to confer with Prince Metternich and the French authorities." The distinction thus made, however absurd, yet sheds some light on the state of indetermination in which the allied camp was thrown at that time, because it is exactly such a course as belligerents would pursue who secretly wished for peace, but who had a strong motive for appearing to oppose it. In the meantime the protraction of these conferences gave the princes and great officers of the alliance time to think of pleasure as well as of business, and as one of those traces of civilization which sometimes are found to intervene between and soften the rugged scenes of war, we quote the following descripton of the course of life pursued at the head quarters of the sovereigns at Peterswalde and Neudorff, and the adjacent villages.

'The quarters of the ambassadors and foreign general officers attached to the Sovereigns were always allotted by the staff in those towns or villages where the head quarters were established. Marked attention, as to accomodation and conveenience, was always shown to His Britannic Majesty's servants, indeed, the general respect and deference with which they were always treated, strongly indicated how much value was attached to the powerful co-operation of the British government. About ten o'clock every morning the Sovereigns had a parade of the guards and troops in the cantonment. On these occasions, every effort was made to demonstrate the perfect union of the alliance. The Sovereigns wore the uniforms of the regiments they had been appointed to in each other's army; they headed those corps of which they were the colonels, in the routine and forms of parade; and the staffs of the armies mingled together, as if they belonged to one directing head, and had but one impulse. After the attendance at parade, a levee was usually held for business at the Sovereigns' quarters, and ministers, ambassadors, and officers, transacted such affairs as they were charged with. The dinner hour was two, and the Sovereigns invariably invited one or more of the ambassadors, ministers, or military commissioners to dine with them. Excellent supplies always existed; and nothing could be more regular than these repasts.

'In the head quarters of the Sovereigns more especially at the period of the armistice, many of the princes of Germany, and their courtiers and nobles, of the first distinction, belonging to the different potentates, were assembled; resorting, as they now did, to the seat of deliberation and war, for every thing that was valuable or important to them. Many were joined by their consorts, and the beauty and attractions of the Princess Pauline of Wirtemburg, Madame d'Alopaeus, the Princesses of Courlande, and others, deserve to be eloquently described, and, with other anecdotes, might prove more intereresting to many than my military narrative. But my duty is not to deviate from, but to adhere to, the dry detail of the campaign. However, it will be seen from the above that female society of the most perfect description was within our reach; and its allurements and dissipations divided the minds of soldiers and politicians from their more severe duties.

'Exercise after dinner, des courses, or parties of pleasure in the neighbourhood, and reunion in the evening, filled up the period of each day, when the army was stationary; and each ambassador or minister, of any calibre, kept his own table, and always received a certain number of guests.'—p. 75, 76.

It will be remembered by the reader, that the armistice was ratified on the 4th June, 1813, and was continued from time to time until the 10th of August. Wherefore should such a delay have taken place? How was it that Austria could not sooner make up her mind? The Marquess of Londonderry is most provokingly silent as to the history of this most interesting interval, which thoroughly and faithfully understood, must present matter of deep importance for history. To all the world it cannot be otherwise than obvious, that, in the circumstances in which he was then placed, delay was an object of paramount importance to Napoleon. They who voluntarily procured that delay, must, beyond all doubt, have had a leaning to the cause of that Emperor, for both he and his army were in the condition of men, who had but just risen from the effects of an exhausting fever, and every instant of repose, consequently, was to them a fresh accumulation of strength. The allies conducted themselves exactly in such a manner, as that the course which they pursued, would suit afterwards with either relation—a state of hostility, or a state of friendship—with Buonaparte. The Austrian monarch who was to give to the other sovereigns the cue, was himself kept in suspense, but he shewed that he was ready to adopt the course which circumstances might point out as most safe and prudent for himself. At the moment we are speaking of, Wellington—so far as was known in Austria—still remained within the lines in Portugal. That illustrious chief had returned to those lines the year before, it must now be admitted, under circumstances that were by no means encouraging; for, after having gained the hard-earned, and, in some respects, accidental victory of Salamanca,—we say accidental, because a blunder of Marmont's was the immediate cause of the defeat of the French,—Wellington proceeded to Madrid without being able to occupy that metropolis for any time, and from which he was forced to retire amidst the harrassings and threats of the enemy, making forced marches back to Portugal. Here he remained for no inconsiderable period in a state of total inactivity. An Austrian, or even a Prussian minister having regard merely to these facts, must necessarily be impressed with very unfavourable opinions as to the future success of the British forces in Spain, and the more so as it was now well known, that the French forces were augmented, that they were in a more healthy state, and were led by better generals than formerly ; and, further, that the strong holds throughout Spain were garrisoned by French troops. The supposition, then, was a very probable one, that in no little time the arms of France would have triumphed over the peninsula, and left not a space for the foot of an English soldier upon the whole of its continent. Was it any wonder that the counsels of Austria, and, through them, the counsels of the allies, were haunted with doubt and dismay, and that the whole host of speculators, sovereigns and ministers as they were, sought refuge from the apparitions of their own fears in procrastination? But in a moment all was changed; Wellington had roused from his lair, and crossing by a rapid movement the Ebro, won the field of Vittoria. We presume that the news of this victory arrived at the head quarters of the allies towards the end of July; we know, at all events, that the notice for terminating irrevocably the armistice with Napoleon, was given on the part of the allies about the same period. Thus was the cabinet, over which Austria as mediatrix presided, then teeming with every sordid and selfish calculation, at once broken up. Prince Metternich made a point of confidentially communicating a few days beforehand to the representative of the English government, the sort of declaration which Austria would make, as if Austria had all along made up its mind to join the alliance against Buonaparte. If, then, Austria made her decision; if by that decision the confederacy against the French emperor was rendered effectual to crush him in due time, was it not the duty of a brother officer and a countryman, to have conspicuously held up the man to whom the glory of producing such inestimable results was due? To say the truth, however, the Marquess has not been quite so squeamish with respect to another and rather an equivocal member of the Alliance,—we mean the Crown Prince of Sweden. The conduct of his Royal Highness as it is represented by Lord Londonderry, appears to us from the very beginning to have been controuled by the irregular impulses of a mean and shirking disposition. Bernadotte never cordially entered into a friendly relation with England, notwithstanding the humiliating lengths to which Lord Castlereagh went, in his private communications, to conciliate this adopted child of legitimacy.

The fault, or rather crime, of the Crown Prince was in affecting cordiality under the circumstances, and hence it was, that between his natural aversion and his pretended regard for England, his actions were marked by indecision, vacillation, and gross inconsistency. As illustrative of this conduct, we may mention, that when the gift of military stores, sent by the generosity of Great Britain, for the service of the Swedes, was brought to shore at Stralsund, the generous Bernadotte would have very quietly allowed us not only to pay the expences of the debarkation of those stores, but absolutely to discharge the rent of the storehouses in which they were temporarily kept in his (Bernadotte's) own dominions, but for the very spirited and praiseworthy remonstrance of Lord Londonderry! The Crown Prince, in the meantime, in all the interviews which our minister had with him, talked, in splendid terms, of the deeds which, in conjunction with the Allies, he pledged himself at no distant time to perform. The royal boaster, who all the time, kept at a respectable distance from the theatre of war, was in the habit of calling for maps, of evolving them with a majestic attitude before his company, and thereupon he would, with a most impotent mimicry of political omnipotence, push here and there, as his great designs required of him, ancient boundaries and time-honoured landmarks with the most elevated indifference; on parchment, however,—all on parchment. Now and again Londonderry, with that eye to business, which never winks in the forehead of a single son of the "country of shopkeepers," used to pose the grandiloquent bravo by some simple proposition—"I want to see your army in motion." "Ah," replied the cunning Bernadotte, "it is not prudent to collect our masses too early, lest the enemy should be aware of our points of concentration." His answers seemed generally to have satisfied our minister, and we are not surprised at their being so easily swallowed by him, since they were recommended by such condiments as the Prince Royal was, according to this authority, capable of combining with them.

'Whenever the Prince Royal,' we are informed by Lord Londonderry, 'conversed, it was always with the greatest affability and cordiality. It is impossible to resist the fascination of his eloquent expressions, or be indifferent to his insinuating tone and manner; and when armed, as he always is, with a bottle of Eau-de-Cologne in one hand, and a white handkerchief in the other, inundating every thing lavishly around him with the perfume, it requires some hardihood to be quite collected and insensible to beautiful phraseology, so as to discover the drift or solidity of the extraordinary man into whose presence you are at all times admitted, and accosted as "Mon Ami."'—p. 88.

Now this very specious person, with his white handkerchief, appears after all to be a very finished dissembler, as is most unequivocally shewn in some of the pages of Lord Londonderry's work. It seems that the present Duke of Cumberland was extremely anxious at this time to have a command in some service or another, or, as it is more vaguely expressed in this narrative, his Royal Highness 'was anxious to see the active operations that might take place.' The eagerness of the Duke was mentioned to Bernadotte, who at once put an extinguisher upon the ambition of the young

Prince, by saying, that any nomination to command over such troops as received pay from England, must originate with England. Lord Londonderry, however, shortly afterwards is thunderstruck on being told by the Duke of Cumberland himself, that Bernadotte actually pressed upon his Royal Highness the command of all the Hanoverian troops in a most urgent manner, and that too within a very short period after the Prince Royal had so resolutely stated that such appointments must come from England! This conduct Lord Londonderry calls "disingenuous;" which diplomatic phrase, when translated into current language, means, we presume, utterly base and hypocritical. Of the two royal personages thus brought together, we may observe that Lord Londonderry mentions the following very curious, perhaps it may be found instructive, anecdote:—

> 'During the stay of the Prince Royal at Mecklenburgh, we had no little difficulty as to the etiquette of this small court with the two princes. The Prince Royal, as heir to the throne of Sweden, considered that he should take the *pas*. The Duke of Cumberland, *most properly and rationally*, could not brook his blood should give way, at his uncle's court, to Bernadotte, much less did he incline to cede the fair princess who presided there. The old Duke of Mecklenburgh, under these circumstances, entreated me to settle some plan for them to get from the saloon into the dining room. After some reflection, I proposed that the two ladies of rank present, the Princess of Solms and the Landgravine of Darmstadt, should go out together, and that the Royal Princes should follow hand in hand. This was adopted after considerable difficulty; but the Duke of Cumberland soon assumed his birth rights, and took the first place by the Princess; which the Prince Royal not only perceived, but certainly resented it, by showing extreme ill humour during the dinner.'—p. 91.

Here is one of those ridiculous situations into which fortune loves occasionally to thrust some of the great ones of the world, in order, perhaps, to afford a means of consolation to others in their comparative state of inferiority. To our minds, the Duke of Cumberland, as well as his compurgator Lord Londonderry, behaved on the occasion with egregious silliness. For, in the first place, the Royal Duke was a resident in his uncle's abode, and, from the circumstance of relationship to the host, was one of those inmates from whom the duties of hospitality were to be expected by a stranger guest. In the next place, the laws of precedency gave the *pas* to the Prince of Sweden, and it is utterly ridiculous in a man like Lord Londonderry, himself the creature (we speak it with no disrespect,) of conventional regulations, to applaud the Duke of Cumberland for not yielding the place of honour to Bernadotte; birth is out of the question in such a case, and, if the authority which gave Bernadotte the right of precedence, is to be set at nought, what becomes of the rank of the Duke of Cumberland himself? But it is most agreeably ludicrous to think of the two overgrown children setting out together from the saloon, "hand *in hand*," too, we suppose, as our first parents marched out of

Paradise; and, no doubt, like them also, advancing with "wandering steps and slow," while the "hastening angel" of the scene, Lord Londonderry, caught with either hand the lingering pair,

————"and to the dining-room
Led them direct."

But to return to Prague, the seat of the conferences. The 10th of August was approaching, the day for the termination of the armistice. Even yet Napoleon's existence, as Emperor of the French, lay upon the cast of a die; for, notwithstanding all the inauspicious clouds which ranged themselves on his side of the horizon, that Emperor might still have made his peace with the allies. The proposals of Austria, which he declined, must not have been of a nature so extremely difficult to be assented to, since Caulaincourt declared that they met his approbation, and that all he wanted was competent authority to close with Metternich at once. In what a state of jeopardy, then, was the gigantic plan of England, the progress of which even so far had cost her such amazing sacrifices! But the fate of Buonaparte was decided. Austria enrolled herself amongst the allies, and afterwards afforded unquestionable evidence of the sincerity and cordiality with which she co-operated for the common object. It would be scarcely pardonable in us, were we to waste time in going over the diary, so minutely furnished to us by our author, of the various movements and operations performed by the allied armies, with the view of driving the enemy across the Elbe in the first instance, and pursuing him,—they scarcely dare yet imagine whither. One point, however, merits a little attention, and that is the embarrassment which now arose with respect to the individual to whom the supreme command of the allied forces should be entrusted. The Emperor Alexander was anxious for it, but Austria, in consequence of the high authority which she had a right to assume amongst the allies, thought that her choice ought to prevail, and Prince Schwartzenburgh was finally elevated to the rank of Generalissimo. Notwithstanding the concentration of all military authority in the hands of one person, very little, if any indeed, of the good results which we expect from a unity of influence, arose for some time from this appointment. The attempt on Dresden, which subsequently took place, by the allies, is a reproach on the advanced state of modern warfare. The Austrian columns of attack, for example, proceeded up to the glacis of the town, without any breach in it having been previously made, and unprovided with ladders, or any other implements whatever by which they could possibly make a lodgement. Again, the hour chosen for approaching the town was precisely that which was the most unfavourable to the assailants. If the practice of the best generals had not convinced us, certainly common sense must have informed us, that the time for advancing to a rampart should be a time of darkness—arrived at the point of attack, the storming party will wait for the light to begin operations. This principle, which was never departed from in the Peninsula but with disastrous consequences to the offensive party—witness the repeated stormings of St. Sebastian—was literally reversed before Dresden. The assault began late in the evening, the enemy had full light to observe the approach of the allied columns, now necessarily unable to effect any good purpose in consequence of the darkness which involved them, and which, of course, favoured the operations of the garrison. It was before Dresden that Moreau, the famous French general, who had but recently arrived from America and joined the allied forces, was killed by a cannot shot. We expected some original account of the unhappy termination of this warrior's career from a brother in arms, but we have been disappointed, as the only novelty connected with the death of Moreau, which proceeds from the pen of Lord Londonderry, is the fact that after he received the wound, a groan or an expression of complaint never passed the lips of Moreau; and that the instant after the fatal shot struck him he tranquilly smoked a cigar.

There can be no doubt that the defeat of the allies before Dresden was attended with greater disasters than their friends have ever been willing to avow; at all events that defeat, and the hasty retrograde movement which they were forced to make in consequence, had a wonderful effect in opening the eyes of the sovereigns afresh to the blessings of peace. On what a straw were the hopes and wishes of England doomed to rest once more! 'From the general complexion of affairs,' says Lord Londonderry, 'it appeared that if Buonaparte persevered in making propositions, *there was great probability they would be listened to!*' Then it seems that the Emperor of Russia became disgusted that the supreme command was given to an Austrian in preference to himself, and Prince Schwartzenburgh informed our author personally that he deemed it judicious to act for the present altogether on the defensive. What a leveller of high boasters and lofty pretenders does true history ultimately prove! The whole of this glorious crusade against French principles, which the allies took up as a duty; which they were ever ready, they said, to make sacrifices to promote; nay, which they contracted with England, for a very handsome consideration, to carry on,—this crusade, they were, at any instant, ready to break off, and if they did not succeed in bringing the war to a premature close, the cause is to be ascribed solely to the impracticable obstinacy of Napoleon himself. But the time for the developement of that singular man's destiny had arrived, and every event connected with him must contribute to bring it about. The allies rallied; and in several encounters with the French, gained advantages which encouraged them to still further and better combined exertions, and ultimately produced the victory of Leipsic. Even after this success, the harmony of the alliance was in danger of being every hour shattered to pieces by the operation of the mean, selfish views of the individual powers which composed it. Russia did all she could to establish the seat of war in Saxony, in the hope of making that duchy her own spoil. Prussia had a strong interest in keeping the war away from Silesia, in order that she might recover there her strong holds; and the great aim of Austria was to rouse the Tyrolese. Each of the powers wanted to destroy Buonaparte, but to destroy him in their own way, and with an exclusive view to their own aggrandizement respectively.

The account of the battle of Leipsic, by the Noble Marquess, deserves to be attentively perused, because it is a sober catalogue of events—a mere collection of items, recording the operations connected with the battle; they are given without embellishment, or any attempt to produce effect, and resemble very much indeed the progress of a real action in the field, which some persons would be astonished to find contained so little of the picturesque. An anecdote connected with this battle deserves to be mentioned. The despatch which brought the account of it to England was, as we remember, written by our author, and he now informs us that it was penned on a stone in the field of battle. In the next place, the copy, we believe the first that arrived in this country, was conveyed, at great personal risk, by a Mr. Solby, a Prussian, extensively connected in England, through the midst of the French armies.

During the retreat of the French which ensued, it will be remembered, that the Polish Prince Poniatowski met his death by plunging into the Elster. 'The Prince,' observes Lord Londonderry, 'urged by what the French call *un beau desespoir*, was drowned in that river; decked, it was said, with brilliants, and too heavily charged with coin, for a retreat *a la nage.*' The levity of the noble writer on the fate of Poniatowski, and the facility with which he gives currency to what is evidently no more than a calumnious *on dit,* may be very well pardoned in one who cannot comprehend the heroic love of freedom, which would induce such a person as Poniatowski to take the only chance—joining the French—that was left of rescuing his country from oppression. Would not the Prince have been able effectually to retain his coins had he, like other princes of his day, turned traitor to the cause which first he had disinterestedly preferred?

But what astonishes us most of all in the history of this retreat is, that whilst Napoleon was retracing the line of his communications even towards France, driven by the allies, we find all of a sudden that Prince Metternich is carrying on an under current of communication with the French Emperor through a Monsieur de St. Aignau, and that too without the consent of England; so that Metternich was already striving to gain an excuse to shuffle out of the war, no doubt well convinced that Russia and Prussia would have also retired from it; and then what was to become of England and all her generous objects for Spain, Portugal, Sicily, and the Bourbons? Like a man holding a lump of fire, our author seems to be in a state of painful impatience whilst handling this matter, which he at last suffers to fall from his hands with most provoking rapidity. It is certain, however, that so bent were the allies on peace, that England was at length compelled to be a party to the negotiation; and it is not now denied, that when Lord Castlereagh was sent over to attend the conferences at Chatillon, he was instructed to agree to terms of peace "honourable to France." Our author, with very laudable consistency, expresses his disapprobation of these conferences, and the breach of principle in which they began, and, of course, he was very happy at their failure. The harmony and good humour, however, of all the ministers made the time pass very agreeably at Chatillon,—the diplomatists dining with each other alternately, and Caulaincourt smuggling, through the French advanced posts, the choicest liquors, &c. from Paris, for the tables of his brother ministers. What followed the rupture of these negotiations need not now be told, as few even of the youngest of the present generation are ignorant that, hostilities being resumed, the allies drove the French to Paris, and decreed that Buonaparte should be sent to Elba. Lord Londonderry's details respecting the manœuvres of Napoleon in this last struggle, demand the attention of every military man, as exhibiting the most consummate skill in the late Emperor in the art of strategy. One personal anecdote, an adventure of Lord Londonderry's, the circumstances of which occurred during the subsequent progress of the allies to Paris, must not be omitted. We perhaps regard it with greater interest, as being nearly the only trait of the kind with which the monotony of the narrative is relieved.

'I witnessed here a very interesting, but I fear, unfortunately, too usual an occurrence, that took place in the capture of the convoy and enemy's baggage, &c. at La Fere Champenoise. Being forward in the *Mêlée*, I perceived that some Cossacks, most probably from Bashkir, had not only secured a French colonel's *calèche* and baggage, but one of them had seized his wife, whose cries rent the air, and, with the aid of two other gallant Tartars, was placing her behind him. I will not detail the frequent histories of lawless troops, nor add to these pages instances of barbarity which I fear have been too justly given of the conduct of the Russian predatory hordes in their march through France; but I reflect with satisfaction, that it was my good fortune to rescue, even for a moment, a lovely and most interesting Frenchwoman from the hands of these wild soldiers. Being, however, unable to listen to her afflicting details, and not knowing in what manner better to place her in security, I ordered my own orderly hussar, of the King's German Legion, to place her for the moment *en croupe*, and carry her to my billet at head-quarters. I was unwilling, and indeed could not at that moment leave the field; but consoled myself with the thought, that when I returned at night to my quarters, I should receive the gratitude of a beautiful creature, and pictured to myself romance connected with this occurrence. But, alas! how little can we reckon on any future event, and how idly do we all build *des châteaux en Espagne!* I fear that my precautions were not so great as I flattered myself they were. The distance between the *champ de bataille* and Fere Champenoise was inconsiderable; the town was in sight; and from the number of officers troops moving about, I could not imagine my beautiful prisoner would ecaptured; but, sad to relate, either the same Cossacks returned, or ers more savage and determined, and perceiving my faithful orderly sar and prize, fell upon him, and nearly annihilating him re-seized their im; and although the strictest investigation was made throughout his le army, the Emperor of Russia, to whom I immediately repaired, and ted the melancholy tale (and who heard it with all that compassion and rest it could not fail to inspire), the beautiful and interesting Frenchan never reappeared again. I drop a veil over the horrible sequel h imagination might conjure up, and I took much blame for my ect of a sufficient escort. My hussar crawled to me next morning, dead from ill usage; and his pathetic tale placed me in a state of d scarcely less deplorable.'—pp. 289, 290.

s the allied armies approached Paris, a letter written by the press of France to Buonaparte was intercepted. The noble rquess describes it as an unaffected effusion of affection; it iled the impressions made on the Parisians by the reverses ch the French arms sustained—and it ended with the account dream, by which the young King of Rome was greatly dised a short time before. The child in his sleep began to cry erly, and frequently called on his papa. When awoke, he could be prevailed on to give the slightest explanation of the nature he dream. It is satisfactory to have Lord Londonderry's testiy to the laudable conduct of the empress during difficulties ost unexampled. With whatever reluctance she first yielded to state reasons, that called for her acquiescence in a marriage Buonaparte, she never remembered that repugnance afterds, but discharged her duties as a wife and mother, 'in a manner,' our author, 'that must hand her name down to posterity as aracter of the first order.' Nothing very novel or interesting elated by Lord Londonderry respecting the occupation of is by the allies, with an account of which the work closes; but otices an incident which, though apparently trivial, manifests most striking manner the utter confusion which reigned at the in the Councils of Great Britain. It will be remembered, that Conferences at Chatillon were terminated on the 18th of March, o which day the British Government was willing to treat with nce upon terms honourable to the latter, that is to say, upon basis of Napoleon's keeping the throne. And yet we find that n the 2d of February previously, the Duke of Wellington issued oclamation, which distinctly pointed to the restoration of the rbons! That the English Cabinet resolved originally upon demolition of the imperial throne, and on restoring the Bours, there is every reason to believe; and if Lord Castlereagh, at tillon, consented to a termination of the war upon conditions t of these results, he must have been either intimidated, or edled into such an agreement by Metternich; and as he was pelled to form his resolution hastily, there was not time suffit to communicate with the Duke of Wellington. What can be clearer, indeed, than that the fall of Napoleon,—speaking of it in a human sense—was a work of the merest chance? Our astonishment at the repetition of the negociations between him and the allies, is only exceeded by our wonder that those negociations should have as often failed; sometimes being broken off, no one almost knows why. Not one of the sovereigns engaged in the alliance ever dreamt, when he first unsheathed the sword, that Paris would have been the place where he should return it to its scabbard. At every step we almost see a perfect reconciliation on the eve of taking place; and when the catastrophe does at length occur, we imagine the whole to be a dream, so little are our senses prepared for such an abrupt termination of this singular drama.

So far as the warlike events of the period to which it relates are concerned, this work will be deemed an invaluable contribution to the fund of materials out of which the genuine history of this momentous war is to be written. We could only wish, that to the clear and elaborate details of military operations which it contains, Lord Londonderry had added an ample and honest exposition of the secret springs and motives of the transactions which he records. Much of the knowledge which the noble writer has deliberately hid from us, is essential to the just illustration of what he has disclosed. It is a great mistake for official men to leave the filling up of historical pictures to ignorant and incapable hands. By far the safest and most prudent course, as it is certainly the simplest, is for public servants to leave as little as possible to conjecture; for they may be assured that the truth will never be so bad as what the prejudices of mankind will induce them to suppose, in the absence of explanation, to have been the conduct of any government.

ART IV.—*The Fall of Nineveh, a Poem.* By Edwin Atherstone, Author of a "Midsummer Day's Dream," "The Last Days of Herculaneum,"&c. Vol. II. Containing seven books. London: Baldwin and Cradock. 1830.

THE first six books of this poem we recollect having read about two years ago, when we took leave to ask the author in a friendly way, whether, in singing to us the fall of the old City of Nimrod, he was not wasting his time and his powers in a very unprofitable attempt? He has answered our question by publishing seven books more; and as he seems delighted with his labour, and has not yet brought the Median army even to the siege, we have no idea as to the number of additional cantos which he may still choose to send to his printer. If the foe may be kept beating about the bush, advancing and retreating, talking and planning, looking about for allies, and enjoying at intervals the fresh air of the hills, through seven long books, we dare not say what may come to pass before the Assyrian king leaps into the fire, and the 'bloody city' be destroyed. In his poem on Herculaneum, Mr. Atherstone, if we rightly remember, assigned to almost every particular rock that issued from the volcano, and to every individual cloud of ashes which fell on the devoted town, a diversified effect in doing the work of ruin. It is very clear that his love of amplification has led him into similar mistakes in the labour which he is now pursuing. Many incidents that are supposed to have happened during the siege of Troy, the hostilities between Æneas and Turnus, and the crusade against Jerusalem,—as told by Homer, Virgil, and Tasso,—we find faintly imitated in the war against Nineveh. To these Mr. Atherstone adds a few of his own invention; he cares not how trivial they may be, provided only that they swell the number of his lines; and we verily believe that he will not reach the catastrophe, until he shall have described every lane and alley, every old man and woman, of the ancient rival of Babylon.

With respect to Mr. Atherstone's versification, we think still, as we have said on a former occasion, that it abounds in echoes, although subdued, of Miltonic song. We have seen many specimens of modern blank verse which are inferior to the best passages in the poem now before us. In his earlier efforts, our author, prompted doubtless by the ambition of his untried wings, was more bombastical, if possible, than Robert Montgomery himself. He literally roared in verse, as if he had been in an intellectual convulsion.

——— "A meteor, huge
As the full rounded moon, before their eyes
Bowls—and round the beetling cliff shakes out
Thick corruscations:"—
——— "O'er the coursers' heads
A bulky red rock flew, roaring along
Like cataract, when its tumbled waters boil,
And heave and foam in their deep bed below."

These are but moderate examples of the stormy language in which the gentle Edwin made some of his first essays. But time has laid his chastening hand upon our poet's brow; his tones are not yet quite as silvery as those of Nestor, but they have become much less astounding than they were, and promise, if he continue to versify many years longer, to die away in a gentlemanly quiet cadence, which, though not always particularly capable of engaging the ear of taste, may perhaps not frequently offend it. We do not at all hesitate to admit, that Mr. Atherstone is a poet, as poets now go. He displays in some passages a fine sensibility to the voices which nature, through all her works, is continually uttering to the soul of man, if he have but the time and the temperament to listen to and appreciate them. We fancy that our Edwin would have succeeded in pastorals. Lyrics are altogether out of his way, for we strongly suspect that he never was in love; and without having been enamoured of some hundred or two of dea girls, no man, as we know from Horace and Moore, can, from the lyre, awaken passionate sounds. The epic line also, we should have said, was not altogether in our poet's way; but we must nevertheless concede, that, with all his defects, he now and then cuts a respectable figure in the council and in the field. Some of his speeches are infinitely more pointed than those of Mr. Hume or Sir Charles Wetherell; and though his battles are rather cloudy and confused, yet they are relieved by episodical digressions, some of which might bear comparison with any blank-verse poem in our language below that of Milton.

We must ask the reader, in opening Mr. Atherstone's seventh book, to recal for a moment the awful menaces which the inspired Elkoshite uttered against Nineveh. "The Lord hath His way in the whirlwind and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of His feet." "The shield of His mighty men is made red, the valiant men are in scarlet; the chariots shall be with flaming torches in the day of his preparation, and the fir trees shall be terribly shaken. The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways; they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings. He shall recount his worthies; they shall stumble in their walk; they shall make haste to the wall thereof, and the defence shall be pepared. The gates of the rivers shall be opened, and the palace shall be dissolved. And her maids shall lead her as with the voice of doves, tabering upon their breasts." The conclusion of the prophecy is, if possible, still more magnificent. "Thy crowned are as the locusts, and thy captains as the great grasshoppers, which camp in the hedges in the cold day, but when the sun ariseth they flee away, and their place is not known where they are. Thy shepherds slumber, O King of Assyria: thy nobles shall dwell in the dust: thy people is scattered upon the mountains, and no man gathereth them. There is no healing of thy bruise; thy wound is grievous; all that hear the bruit of thee shall clap the hands over thee: for upon whom hath not thy wickedness passed continually?" These indeed are sounds that strike the heart, and bring Nineveh before us in all its grandeur and crime, trembling over the abyss into which it was about to be hurled by the wrath of the offended God. Nothing like the mingled sublimity and beauty of these prophetic warnings shall we find in Mr. Atherstone's work: they attach, however, a character of importance and interest to the subject he has chosen, and give a unity to his design, which is the grand desideratum of an epic poem.

We have no recollection whatever of the number of battles which were won and lost between Arbaces, the commander of the Medes, and the Assyrian monarch, in the first six books. The night which succeeded the last of those engagements is thus poetically painted at the commencement of the present volume.

'Night hangs o'er Nineveh: the winds are still,—
The rain hath ceased,—the thunders are gone by.

From out the rocky, slowly rolling clouds,
With melancholy eye, the wasted moon
Looks fitfully. Their arms to the pale light
Obscurely glimmering, on the lofty walls
Pace slowly the tired sentinels. But not
With night comes silence,—for the voice of pain
Is heard throughout the city,—and the feet
Unresting of the tenders on the couch.
O'erwearied with that day of blood and toil,
Soundly the warriors slumber: but the king
Rests not,—for of the battle are his thoughts,
And of the things to come.'—p. 3.

The picture of the battle-field at night is also skilfully touched.

'Like the dead stillness of the corse
From the fierce battle resting, gloomily
Beneath the dim light lay the gory plain.
Like to the blackened ashes, motionless
And cold, where late the mighty spirit of fire
Triumphantly his myriad banners waved,—
The silent battle-field, a drear obscure,
Grimly reposed,—shield, helmet, corslet, spear,
Harness, and broken chariot,—never more
Their owners' proud arms in the fight to aid,—
To the cold moon-beam gleaming.'—p. 7.

Sardanapalus has risen from his troubled couch to gaze upon his chilling scene: the introduction of Huzzab, or Azubah, as Mr. Atherstone more metrically calls her, to sooth the anguish of the King, is well imagined, and, in the diction, full of tenderness.

'In his heart
The stillness, and the desolation, spake
With more than trumpet tongue,—thoughts calling up
Such as, till then, within him never waked:—
Motionless, rapt, he stood; and sighs broke forth,
And heart-heaved groans. Gently, at length, his robe
Was drawn; and, when he turned to look, behold!
Azubah stood before him; and,—with voice
Mild as the brooding dove,—within her hands
His hand soft pressing,—her pale cheek and eye
With tear-drops bright,—after short silence, thus.
"Is thy soul troubled,—and shall I not soothe?
Shall I not sing the songs that thou hast loved?
The tales shall I not tell that gladdened thee?
Hast thou not triumphed?—wherefore art thou sad?
Go to thy couch; and I the harp will wake
To gentlest music, that thy wounded mind,
As with kind balm, shall heal,—and softest songs
I'll breathe to thee,—that slumber sweet shall fall,
And lull thy sorrows to forgetfulness."
'To her the king,—upon her cheek a kiss
Softly impressing; "From *thy* harp alone,

om thy voice,—if music to my heart
healing bring,—the heavenly charm might flow:
within me now is dark and dread;
eye in beauty findeth no delight,
in sweet sounds mine ear: the bloody field,
, groans, and sights of pain, and ghastly death,
my soul,—and comfort quite shut out:
or the days to come,—o'er them hangs night
shapes of terror filled, that from the gloom
out and threaten. Leave me then alone;
ic, nor soft discourse, for me hath charms,—
But silence only, and this solitude.
Go thou unto thy couch,—and visions bright
To happie s t it bear." '—pp. 7—9.

The King consults hose obscure answers afford no satisfaction to his ities of the fair Azubah, and the counsel of his min r, it Salamenes, induce him to offer to, what he cal e armies, time to bury the slain, and also an amnesty they submit to his authority, and surrender into his ha ali dead, Arbaces and the priest Belesis. The royal mess aioth, appears before the Median chieftains, who had alre d in the old Homeric way upon a variety of plans for p Upon proclaiming to the assembled hosts the proposals wi hich he was charged, he was received with tumultuous expressions of the fiercest anger. Mr. Atherstone has, we think, been particularly successful in depicting the effect which the words of the herald produced upon the three hundred thousand warriors by whom he was surrounded.

'As when, at sultry noon, the thunderous clouds,
Dark, motionless, and silent, threatening hang,—
No wind is felt, and not a sound is heard,—
If then th' etherial bolt, with sudden glance,
The black mass fire,—out roars the awful peal,—
Cloud calls to cloud,—air quivers, and earth shakes,—
Even so,—dark lowering, with amazement mute,—
His vehement words to hear, the multitude
Stood motionless,—even so at once out burst
On that dead stillness the tremendous shout.
A thousand swords leaped forth,—ten thousand tongues,
With dreadful accents, for the Assyrian's blood
Called out. Like waters that their mounds have burst,—
In rushed the vengeful throng. Nebaioth saw,—
He thought death coming,—and was proud to die:
His left arm stretching forth, to heaven he looked,
And, with a smile, invited them to strike.
'But,—as when loudest roars the hurricane,—
When pines bow down, and stubborn oaks are rent,—
With yet a louder voice the thunder god
From the opening cloud doth call,—so, o'er the din
Of furious myriads, the tremendous shout

Rose of Arbaces. With the speed of thought,
Behind Nebaioth leaping,—his huge shield,
To guard him, he thrust forth, and, with raised sword,
Death threatened on the dastard who dared strike.
Belesis too, and Abdolonimus,
And every captain,—from their leader's eye
The generous fervour catching,—called aloud,
And bade the soldiers back. Wild hubbub reigned.
Like ravencus wolves, whom from their slaughtered prey
The lion drives,—so raged the frantic host.
But the terrific weapon of their chief
To tempt none ventured; and his angry voice
Into their hearts struck terror. When, at length,
The storm was sinking,—in the sheath his sword
Arbaces thrust,—and to the heralds said:
" Proclaim ye silence now, that all may hear:
And, when there shall be stillness, take ye then
The herald of the king,—and unto all
Let him this thing make known; and let no man
His hand uplift to harm him,—for, if God
In this great enterprise do lead us on,
What arm can touch us? Surely a great shame
Had fallen upon us had this blood been shed."
 ' Then, as he bade, the heralds made proclaim:
And, when the noise was hushed, and, with loud voice,
The herald of the king through all the host
His mission had made known,—then thus again
Arbaces, to Nebaioth turning, spake:
" What thou hast seen and heard, that to the king
Tell faithfully,—so shall our trust in Heaven,
And in ourselves, to all be manifest;
And, of his strength, and ours, in juster scales
He may the issue weigh. But he is proud,
Fierce, headlong, boastful,—nor will wisdom learn,
Nor charity, nor justice,—but more deep
In guilt and foolishness, headlong will rush,
And in the foul flood perish! On *his* head
The bloody price might we not also put?—
That bid him ponder. For thyself, one word
Of counsel lastly hear. With speech o'erbold,
Twice our impetuous soldiers hast thou chafed;—
The third time tempt them not, lest not, as now,
Unharmed thou leave us; and, even now, with haste
I warn thee, go, —for, like to lions caged,
Fiercely they glare upon thee."
 ' Speaking thus,—
Nor time for answer leaving,—toward his horse
He led Nebaioth: and two heralds charged
Untouched from out the press to lead him forth:
Then with Belesis and the Arabian king
Briefly conferred; and to the captains cried.

'Gather ye now your squadrons in array
battle,—lest, at our bold words incensed,
n though the day decline, the furious king
rush upon us." At his word outspake
nal trumpets,—and the standards high
ifted,—and for combat all prepared.'—pp. 51—54.

There is, perhaps, a tinge of Mr. Atherstone's early disposition to bombast, to be traced by nice criticism through these lines; but it cannot be questioned that they exhibit the possession of no inconsiderable poetic power.

Sardar lus, who, with his ten hundred thousand fighting men, —a toler ood number by the way, considering the statistics of Assyria, a nundi 3200, or thereabouts,—was encamped beyond the walls of swer of the rebel hosts with fury, and both armies burn contest. Morning rises, and the din of preparation is heard er camp. The march of the Assyrian host in advance upon the enemy is gorgeously described. On the other side the Medes hold to their ground in firm array, and preliminaries being arranged, Arbaces obtains an interview with the king. We hardly know of what politics we are at present, for there is such a singular determination in this ministry of ours to trample down the banners of every party, and to act for the public good alone, that we should not be surprised if they would sometimes side with the radicals, sometimes with the Tories, sometimes with the Whigs. Had we lived in the days of Sardanapalus, however, which we bless the stars was not the case, as we should not then have had the felicity of reviewing this poem, we should, undoubtedly, have been in the rebellious camp of Arbaces. He was a noble, brave, considerate warrior, a capital fellow for leading a host of insurgents. There is nothing very new in the idea of his attempting alone to confer with the king, with the view of averting further hostilities. But the reader will, perhaps, admit that it is worth his while to look at the glowing and picturesque verses in which Mr. Athersone relates this parley.

'Meantime,
The coming of their enemy renowned
Through all th' Assyrian squadrons was made known:
And death the doom proclaimed on him whose hand
Against him should be lifted. Every eye
For his approach was greedy,—so his deeds
Had made him glorious,—every tongue was mute.
Upon a gentle mound, o'er all the plain
Conspicuous, in his chariot sat the king:
His nobles and chief captains, on their spears
Leaning, stood nigh, and o'er the plain looked out:
Nor long awaited. Soon a glittering car
Outshooting from the hostile ranks was seen.
Like to a meteor o'er a swampy vale,
Swiftly and smoothly gliding, on it burned.

A hum of expectation through the host,
As it drew near, arose; and every eye
To view the heroic Mede strained anxiously.
Him to conduct, th' attendant heralds then
Went forth; and, as they went, their trumpets blew.
Arrived,—from out his car Arbaces leaped;
And through the gazing ranks,—with steadfast brow,
And lightning eye, to this side and to that
Alternate glancing,—walked. In his right hand
A ponderous lance he bore; his golden shield
Behind him hung; his sword was on his thigh.
Mighty and dreadless as a battle-god,
To every eye he seemed: his ardent face,
On the beholder turned, like fire shone out,—
Fearfully beautiful. From far beheld,
Above the glittering ranks his snow-white plume,
Like some sea bird upon the sparkling waves,
Majestically sailed. Him, drawing nigh,
The king beheld; and in his bosom felt
Envy, and admiration,—not with awe
Mysterious quite unmixed, though unavowed,
And instantly shook off. To anger next,
And fierce disdain, his haughty heart awoke,
As, in his presence now, all unabashed,
With look imperial the lofty Mede
To him, as to an equal, proudly bowed;
And to his chiefs not less,—with rapid eye
Glancing on all.'—pp. 70—72.

Among the faults of versification which we have to charge against Mr. Atherstone, we apprehend he must himself acknowledge that his accentuation is often very peculiar. If he be a Scotchman he may, perhaps, plead his privilege to pronounce English words in any outlandish way that may best suit the conformation of his organs of speech. In the passage just quoted, there is only one instance of the licence which he claims in this respect:

'With look imperial the lofty Mede.'

Here, in order to make out the metre, we must pronounce "imperial" imperiäl, dividing into four syllables a word which, at this side of the Grampians, is usually pronounced as if it consisted only of three. "Vehemently" is also sometimes to be read with the accent on the second syllable, to suit Mr. Atherstone's taste in elocution; and, above all things, our dialectician seems to think it a great beauty in writing to terminate his lines not only with an adverb, but very frequently with one favourite adverb, which is neither more nor less than that horrid word "*utterly.*" We have not taken the trouble to count the number of lines which are thus musically ended; but we guess that they are not many under a hundred in the seven books now before us.

In most of his battle scenes, we regret to say, Mr. Atherstone

have failed. They are indistinct, monotonous, and
s of Homer's general or personal combats; they
ne- of that genius for which, in other parts of his poem,
e in to give Mr. Atherstone credit. For what purpose,
except as nient occupiers of the metre, he has introduced such
nam th, Menahem, Rabsaris, Nehushta, and, above all,
Jel e are at a loss to conjecture. It is amusing to
ob- hen the first and last of these melodious sounds
c r.

ite! turn your steeds, upon Jehoshaphat
ve,—and shout out aloud, that Jerimoth
y hear us, and turn back." '—p. 85.

* * * * *

' By fiery Jerimoth,
And fierce Jehoshaphat, unequal pressed.'—p. 87

* * * * *

' Him,—'gainst Jehoshaphat and Jerimoth
Hasting—Arbaces called.'—p. 89.

In short, Tom and Jerry were not more inseparable companions than Jehos-haphat and Jerry Moth, although at opposite sides in the combat. If we could get over the ludicrous associations of his name, we might, however, admire his heroism. He is the Tancred of the war, as the following scene, closely imitated from Tasso, will shew:—

' But Jerimoth, the while,—
Though long the fire of battle raged around,—
As in a deep sleep lay; nor, when to sense
Slowly returning, did he well as yet
The fight remember: a faint sound of wheels
Rushing,—a tramp of steeds was in his ear:
And in his brain disjointed images,
Like clouds first forming in a vacant sky,
Gathered, and grew to shape:—a strife of hosts
He saw,—chariots, and horsemen,—flight, pursuit,—
Victors, and vanquished,—and he inly said,
" It is a dream." But on his face the air
Blew freshening; and his thoughts, though dimly yet,
Brought back the past; and then again he said,
" Yet no! I dream not,—feel I not the shaft
Still rankling in me?" Musing thus, his eyes
He opened,—and the darkness passed away.
Within Meshullam's arms he found himself,—
And in his chariot borne. His feeble head
From the steel pillow raising, wildly then
Around he looked,—and, far behind him, saw
The battle's stormy ocean,—and, before,
The imperial city. With faint utterance then,
To turn the steeds he cried,—and instantly
The battle seek again: but from his mouth,

Even while he spake, out gushed a stream of gore;
And, forward sliding, in the car he sank,—
And, as the swoon came o'er him, inly said,
" Never again to battle shalt thou go!
The hand of death hath touched thee! Rise oh God!
Confound the rebel, and the city save!"
' Him, deathlike as he lay, Meshullam raised;
And from him wiped the gore; and on his breast
The corslet slackened. By a streamlet now
Arrived,—and underneath a spreading oak,—
The steeds Meshullam and his charioteer
Secured; and on the earth, with gentle hands,
The wounded warrior laid. The armour soon
From his lax limbs they took; and oft his face
With the cool water sprinkled. He with sighs
Deep, and convulsive quiverings far between,
To sense at length returned; and, his dim eyes
Unclosing, saw above the fresh green light,
And ether's deep blue through the restless boughs
Fitfully gleaming: but the gentle voice
Of wind-stirred leaves, or the swift streamlet's rush,
Heard not; for, like a tempest far away,
The conflict roared, and to all softer sound
The ear made deaf. Upon his elbow now
Slowly uprising, toward the field he looked;
Then, groaning, bowed his head,—for in his back
He felt the rankling shaft,—and to the fight
Knew that return was hopeless.'

Imitation though it be in almost every idea, nevertheless the passage is a pretty one; and we must say, that upon coming to it after our eyes were dimmed and our brains almost knocked fairly out by the eternal clashing of swords, and shields, and barbarous names, we beheld something of that ' fresh green light,' of which our poet speaks. Not that he has omitted to intersperse the vicissitudes of the bloody field with similes after the fashion of the Iliad. If the expression were not vulgar, we should say, that tropes of this class were as "plenty as blackberries," in the 'Fall of Nineveh.' Clouds and waves, thunder and lightning, wolves, dogs, lions, rhinoceroses, and earthquakes; every thing grand in heaven, or fierce on earth, is brought in by way of figure to relieve the clamour of the fray. Passing over the engagements of the minor gods, we shall confine ourselves to that which took place between the two leaders, and which, as will be seen, concludes in a very puerile way.

' Even to the monarch's car
Now reached he,—and Assyria's doom to seal
That moment hoped,—for, him in fight to shun
Longer disdaining,—from his chariot leap'd
The furious king,—and arm to arm opposed,

The battle dared. Then,—had not Heaven forbid,—
To the proud monarch brief had been the date;
For, ere his foot descending touched the earth,
Upon him at a bound on-springing fierce
His terrible enemy flew,—and, in one blow
His strength collecting, drove the hissing steel.
'As when the thunder-bolt descending strikes
Some lofty tower,—then, earth-ward glancing, sinks,
And is beheld no more,—in silent awe
Breathless and fixed, the multitude look on,—
And, if, from fate preserved, upon its base
The mighty wall shall stand,—or if to earth
In pond'rous ruin crumble,—a brief space
In anxious doubt await,—even so, that stroke
Terrific seeing,—in mute horror stood
The Assyrian host, and direst issue feared.
Like lightning fell the sword,—from off the shield
Like lightning glanced,—flat on the brazen wheel
Clashed,—in a cloud of sparkling shivers flew,—
And, like spent lightning, sank, and disappeared.
'The awe-struck Mede,—Heaven's own immediate hand
Believing manifest,—against the king,
Protected thus, his arm no more would lift;
But,—on him for an instant gazing stern,—
Thus spake: "Not yet thy hour, proud king, is come,—
Nor to this hand, perchance, thy fate is given.
As little unto thine *my* destiny,—
Nor this my day to fall." So he; then turned,—
And through the astonished host, with fearless look,
His backward path 'gan take. Nor they awhile,
His course opposed,—but to the monarch looked,
Command awaiting. He, surprised and awed,—
As at his feet the earth had opened wide
And harmed him not,--an instant speechless stood.'--pp.126--128.

The fact was, it would have been inconvenient for Mr. Atherstone's purposes to terminate this encounter by any thing short of a miracle. Accordingly, the two warriors, after being hotly engaged, gape at each other, one stands stock still while his adversary walks quietly away. At length Sardanapalus, who after all, was in truth a very different sort of a king from the effeminate, cowardly, being he is very commonly supposed to have been, bethinks himself that this easy escape of the Mede is rather too bad, and he orders him to be pursued. Arbaces, as might have been foreseen, though desperately wounded, hops into a chariot, and runs away helter skelter. The rumour spread that he was killed, and it went rather hard with the Medes, when one of their own body, practising a little stratagem, introduced himself and a few followers among the Assyrian combatants, and shouting that the Bactrians were approaching at the other side to take possession of Nineveh, induced the king to order his forces thither for its protection. The Medes took very good care not to pursue the enemy, and retreated quietly to their mountains. The Assyrians soon found out the deception, but the darkness of night forbade their return to the field.

We cannot resist the temptation that is upon us to transcribe the description which Mr. Atherstone gives of the march of the Medes after they overtook their wounded chieftain. The pictures of the wounded warrior in the cave, and the distant tents and city are beautiful and soothing after the turmoil of the battle.

'All night, in silent, slow, and gloomy march,
The sorrowing Medes their weary way pursued.
Upon a litter borne, their mighty chief,
Weak as an infant now, unto the heavens
His clear and bloodless eye for ever turned,—
His parched and tremulous lip, as with the Gods
In vision communing, and of their ways,
Dark and mysterious, with a troubled mind,
Awfully questioning: nor from him came
Token whatever of that agony
Which on him preyed,—nor any word he spake.
Dumah, his loved physician, by his side
Unwearied walked; and, ever and anon,
His fevered lips, with juice expressed of fruits,
Cooling and grateful, moistened. All the night,
The wearied, silent foot, slow winding on,—
The patient camels toiling 'neath their loads,—
The jaded steeds, low hanging their dull heads,—
The drooping rider and the charioteer,--
In mournful silence all,—like pageant dark
Of dreary dream,—o'er the dusk plain moved on.
'But, when upon the dull and leaden sky
The cheerful sun his liquid gold 'gan fling,—
Then,—customed worship offering first,—with food,
And drink, and respite brief from toil,—their limbs
They strengthened, and their drooping hearts revived.
Their journey then renewed; and, ere the morn
One half was wasted, to their mountain holds,
With gladdened spirits, reached. The dells among,
And pleasant valleys, of the middle heights,—
Their tents then pitched they: but the caverns some
Of living rock chose rather,—where, disturbed,
Lion, or tiger, or hyena grim,
From his ancestral den of ages past,
At their approach withdrew. Here, now secure,
With food themselves and wearied steeds they cheered;
Each, as he listed then, for sweet repose
His jaded limbs outstretched,—and, while the sun
From heaven's height his loud summons o'er half earth
To life and labour sent, throughout the camp
Sleep reigned, and silence,—as the solitude
In its long trance of ages rested still.
'Within a dark, and cool, and spacious cave,

unded leader his sick chamber found.
its depths, a gently flowing stream,—
liamond-bright,—with dreamy whisperings,
noon, and night, the echoing cavern filled.
its mouth, a cedar broad and high
entry,—and, with giant arms outspread,
ce sun kept aloof,—nor, save at hour
y morn, while yet his face with smiles
s diant only, and a youthful joy,
nis f y foot admitted. All the day,
With he unresting breeze a soft discourse
Mysterious the slow waving branches held,—
And many a deep sigh breathed, and many a sound
Harmonious, as of voices far away.
The song of leaves an the chief
Visions of youth and j ncy
In long day dreamings that o'er his soul
A healing balm diffus the mad throbs
Of his vexed heart to e subdued.
'Grievous, a s wounds;—the arm
Strong erewhil pered steel,
Now, like th furnace blast,
Strengthless Beside his couch
Dumah, wit lumbered not,
Still day and nigh wearied kept;
Nor of th' event coun , nor dared predict.
'His wounded friend first tended, and with words
Of hope and high expectance still consoled,—
Belesis to the mountain's summit now,
Apart unto his gods to pray, went up.
Then, having prayed, arose; and, looking forth,
Bright in the sun the towering city saw,—
The plain beneath with white tents numberless,—
The restless flash of chariots, and of arms,—
And, as he looked, his heart within him burned,—
And, toward the walls his arms uplifting high,
With voice prophetic her approaching fate,—
Suspended, not revoked,—he still denounced,—
And in the promise given, confided still.'—pp. 135—138.

This highly poetical passage forms the commencement of the tenth book. The remainder of that book, as well as the three books which follow it, fill up in various ways the time which was necessary to restore Arbaces to health after the exhaustion which he suffers from his wounds.

The mission of two spies, *secundum artem*, to the camp of the king,—an attempt to assassinate him,—a night attack by the Medes which is defeated " utterly,"—and the introduction of the Bactrian auxiliaries upon the scene, serve, with numerous debates, to afford materials for a good deal of prosing narrative, mingled, however, ow and then with nervous and brilliant strains of poesy, some of em not inferior to that which we have just quoted. The following picture, for instance, taken from the night battle, would, we ink, be a magnificent work, if it were realized to the eye by the enius of Martin.

'So Salamenes; and to him the king,—
Breathless awhile, and leaning on his sword,—
Patient attention gave: then cried, "away!—
Haste! get thee gone! and with what force soe'er
Thou canst: but not from battle now, be sure,
Will I withdraw the soldiers,—for their hearts
Are fire,—and every nerve is strong as steel.
If we fight darkling,—doth not even as we
The enemy?—But, by the mighty Bel!
We will a watch-fire kindle, that the field
Shall light,—and burn not like a reed away!
The wind is from the north,—the flame and smoke
Will pass—Ho!—fire the forest on the right,—
The cedar and the pine! Take every man
His flaming torch,—and we ere long will make
A new sun rise,—a night-sun of our own."
'With shouts of gladness, when the monarch ceased,
Rushed thousands to the work. Then hastily,
His task to accomplish, Salamenes went,—
Nor more to sway the headlong monarch strove.
But, as he walked, a frequent glance behind
On that strange battle cast he,—rock and dell
In lurid splendour,—and the raging hosts,
Like fiery foam on a dark sea of hell,
Tossing and working. From the plain anon,—
Shaking their torches,—shouting franticly,—
Toward the cedar forest, and the pine,
Thousands rush onward. A thin vapour mounts,—
A low flame gathers,—rises,—smoke, like clouds
That bring the tempest, all the forest top
In darkness wraps:—a moaning sound is heard,—
A crackling and a hiss:—bursts here and there
A sheet of flame,—and sinks,—and bursts anew.
'With roar incessant as of storm-vexed deeps,—
In mighty volumes streaming to the clouds,—
Goes up at length the universal blaze.
The sky, like to a fiery ocean, flames:
Mountain and plain, far as the eye can reach,
The camps,—the battle,—as beneath the sun,
Shine out distinct. Terrific is the din:—
The thunder-roaring of the flames,—the crash
Of branch and giant trunk,—the roll and jar
Of rocks descending,—and the ceaseless clang
Of armour, and the shoutings of the hosts,—
Horribly mingling to the heavens go up.
'The watchmen on the distant city walls
That uproar hear,—and in the sky amazed

The wond'rous splendour see. With crowds anon
The eastern wall is thronged;—and, till the morn,
Marvelling they stand,—and of the issue fear.'—pp. 192—1

Of a different hue, though, perhaps, equally gorgeous, is the c scription of the king's return to Nineveh after this victory, and his reception by the queen.

'Great was the glory of Assyria's king,
As, to the city of his majesty,
Triumphant o'er his enemies he went.
To sound of warlike instruments, two days,
In slow, proud, march, moved on the host,—two nights
Upon the plain they feasted, and reposed.
But, on the third morn,—when the warrior sun,
Victor o'er night and darkness riding forth,
His banner clouds in the orient bade uplift,—
Then,—splendid upon earth as he in heaven,—
Sardanapalus, with his glittering train,
Triumphal entrance in great Nineveh,
The glad, expecting city, rose to make.
  'On sight more gorgeous never sun looked down.
A myriad gonfalons of bright hue streamed,—
A myriad silver trumpets spake to heaven:—
Blazed the bright chariots,—the gold spangled steeds
Beneath their flaming riders proudly trode;—
Flashed helm, and shield of gold, and dazzling mail,—
And, with unnumbered martial instruments
Accompanied,—unto the mighty Bel,
And to Sardanapalus, king of kings,
Triumphal hymns the host together sang.
  'Her brazen gates wide flung the city then,—
And on the plain, with acclamations loud
The conqueror hailing, countless multitudes,
Dense thronging, poured,—and on her walls the throngs
Expecting stood,—and on her lofty towers.
Assyria's damsels there, and peerless dames,—
Like tulip beds, in richest vesture clad,
Made sunshine seem more bright,—and, to the breath
Of the sweet south, a sweeter fragrance breathed.
  'But,—beautiful amidst the beautiful,—
Amid a bright heaven the one brightest star,—
Assyria's goddess queen, in regal state
Magnificent,—to pomp imparting grace,—
To triumph majesty,—her lord to meet,
From the great central eastern gate came forth.
High throned upon a car, with gold and gems
Refulgent, slowly rode she. Diamond wreaths,
Amid her ebon locks luxuriant, gleamed,
Like heaven's lamps through the dark: her ample robe,
Sky-hued, like to a waving sapphire glowed;
And round one graceful shoulder wreathed,—one arm

Of rose-tinged snow,—a web-like drapery,
Bright as a ruby streak of morning, hung.
Beneath her swelling bosom,—chastely warm,—
A golden zone, with priceless gems thick starred,
Flashed gentle lightnings. The unresting fire
Of diamond, and the ruby's burning glow,
With the pure sapphire's gentle beam mixed there:
The flamy topaz, with the emerald cool,
Like sunshine dappling the spring meadows, played:
Gold was the clasp, and diamond. Bracelets light,
Of emerald, and diamond, and gold,
On each fine tapered, pearly wrist she wore:
And, round her pillared neck majestical,
A slender chain of diamond,- the weight
Sustaining of one priceless diamond,
Like dawn faint blushing, radiant as the morn,
That on her creamy bosom,—like a spark
Of sun-fire on rich pearl embedded,—lay.
With graceful ease, and perfect dignity,
Yet womanly softness,—like a shape of heaven,
In majesty of beauty,—pale, serene,—
With eye oft downcast, yet with swelling heart
Proudly exultant,—on her gorgeous seat
Reclined, of Tyrian purple, golden fringed,—
Of all eyes mutely worshipped, she rode on.
So, when, victorious o'er the giant brood,
Back to Olympus came the Thunderer,—
Imperial Juno,—on her golden car,
By clouds of fire upborne,—with smile of love,
Her lord to meet,—and ether-brightening brow,—
Through heaven's wide opened portals proudly rode.
  'In shining cars, behind Assyria's queen,
The sons and daughters also of the king,
To grace the triumph of the conqueror came.
  'He in his blazing chariot, like a god,
Exulting rode. His helm and mail laid by,—
The sunlike crown upon his head,—in robes
Attired, that like one waving gem appeared,—
Amid the thunder of applauding hosts,
Onward he came. His coursers' arching necks
With gems and gold were hung;—and, far before,
Behind, and round his chariot,—glittering bright
With gold and gems, like a phosphoric sea,—
His choicest captains, and his royal guard,
On their proud treading steeds rode gallantly.
  'The chariot of the queen at hand beheld,—
To right and left disparting, ample space
In midst the horsemen left. Low bowed each head,
As the bright vision passed,—and silence deep
Of admiration weighed upon all lips.
But, when the royal chariots, meeting, paused,—

n first, with blushing cheek, stood up the queen,
And welcome proud unto the conqueror gave.
'All day upon the plain the sound was heard,—
And in the city,—of wild revelry:
And in the palace of the king all night
Was mirth and banquetting. But there the queen
Sat not,—for in his heart the king grew bold:
He drank the grape juice unto drunkenness,—
And called his concubines,—and all the night,
As in the times gone by, held revelry,—
And all his good resolves forgot,—and all
The prophet's warnings,—and at danger mocked.'—
pp. 209—214.

How those warnings were at the ointed period accomplished, Mr. Atherstone as yet saith not. W must wait to see his remaining books before we offer any opinion upon his chances of success. We certainly think that he has improved materially in the tone of his composition. He has risen to a higher strain, and may, eventually, if he catch but a beam of inspiration from the grand menaces of the Elkoshite, prevail upon the public to think that he has done something worthy to be remembered.

Art. V.—*Popular Summary of Vaccination, with reference to its efficacy and probable cause of failure, as suggested by extensive practical experience.* By John Marshall, Esq. M. R. C. S., District Vaccinator to the National Vaccine Establishment. 8vo. pp. 95. London: T. and G. Underwood. 1830.

Nothing can be more timely than this excellent work. What with audacious quacks in the very sanctuary of the medical profession,—what with ignorant and presumptuous persons in parliament, who, just for a diversion, a party freak, or under the morbid influence of one of Bellamy's luxurious made dishes, uttered their unconscious phillipic against the Cow Pock, vaccination was well nigh undergoing a condemnation, from which the most frightful results were to be anticipated.

Against the thousand objections of scepticism, of ignorance, of perverted ingenuity, we set the evidence of Mr. Marshall as perfectly decisive. This gentleman has been for upwards of a quarter of a century a District Vaccinator, and his testimony amounts, in a few words, to this,—that Vaccination, when duly performed, is a perfect guarantee against the invasion of the small pox. This is conclusive. Twenty-five years' experience, and a sensible, enlightened mind, against the Reading-made-easy tyros, who began the book of nature only yesterday, are fearful odds.

We always believed that the failures which were ascribed to the cow pock, as a remedy against that dreadful malady the small pox, arose from the negligent manner in which vaccination was performed. It was distinctly shewn, even in Jenner's own time, that this was the case; and when we know that numerous examples occur, in which the symptoms, *to all appearance* of cow pock, take place, without the genuine disease itself being present, can we wonder that so many instances of what is called the failure of cow pock should be enumerated? There is one fact which, we think, ought to set disputes on this point at rest,—namely, that of those patients admitted into the Small-pox Hospital, who have been unsuccessfully vaccinated, not one was vaccinated by the officers of the Vaccine Institution, a fact, which goes almost the whole length of proving that where the operation for communicating the cow-pock is executed with due care, it will prove an infallible security against small-pox. Mr. Marshall adds, that a spurious pock is in existence in this country, which will produce some of the characters of the true disease; will raise pustules, and cause depressions, but which has proved to be useless as a protection. The true virus, in the infancy of the discovery, was found in cows in fourteen counties in England, although now it is very rarely, if ever, detected in these animals. It is fortunate, therefore, that the peculiar properties of this virus are of such a nature as to allow of no alarm to be felt in consequence of the modern scarcity of the pock amongst the cows, because, to use the language of the last Report of the Vaccine Board, "the virus does not appear to be weakened or deteriorated by transmission through any number of subjects, in the course of any number of years." In point of fact, the vaccine virus, which, at the present moment, supplies the whole world with a safeguard against small-pox, owes its origin to a very inconsiderable portion, which was drawn from a single cow, just thirty years ago, by Dr. Pearson. Mr. Marshall's History of Vaccination contains many curious and novel facts. Amongst the latter, we may mention, is to be found a statement for which we were certainly unprepared, namely, that vaccination was first tried by a Mr. Jesty, in the isle of Purbeck, nearly thirty years before the time of Jenner.

Our author maintains, in addition, that the cow-pock having duly influenced the system, exercises for all time to come a wholesome power over it; strengthening the body, and rendering it less liable to the invasion of disease, or more capable of supporting an attack should disease occur. The popular notion that periodical re-vaccination is essential, Mr. Marshall treats as unworthy of science; however, with great good sense and propriety, he suggests, that as re-vaccination is attended with no possible danger, and with certainly very little comparative inconvenience to the patient, medical men should comply with the entreaties of mothers to repeat the process more than once.

With reference to the mode of performing the operation itself, it would be perhaps a very unacceptable misapplication of our pages to occupy them with its details. We may, however, state that

Mr. Marshall recommends that the matter with which a child is to be vaccinated, should be taken from the child affected with cow-pox, on or before the eighth day from that on which the latter had been infected. The criterion indeed as to the time for taking up the matter is, according to our author, to be determined by the moment in which the vesicle is formed; that stage having arrived, (it generally ensues about the fifth or sixth day) the sooner the lymph is transferred for the purpose of being introduced into the arm of another child, the better. We well remember some years ago,—we fear the notion still prevails extensively,—that the faculty, and, almost to a man, the whole fraternity of magisterial, clerical, and lady amateur vaccinators in the country, were taught to consider the lymph, or matter, of cow-pock, as perfectly unexceptionable, so long as it could be obtained in a transparent state from a patient. This important error is sufficient to account for all the failures that are upon record, because all the symptoms of the true disease were mimicked with curious perfection by the counterfeit one, and thus whole families were induced to lie in repose upon the edge of the precipice into which they were liable at each moment to be plunged. Some exceedingly curious anomalies in the natural history of cow-pock are enumerated by Mr. Marshall, for which we must refer the reader to the work itself.

Parents are but too apt to accuse a medical attendant of unnecessary cruelty, when he multiplies the number of small incisions on the arm of a child in the process of vaccination. But this apparent cruelty is real humanity, for it is the means, and the only one, (the matter itself being unexceptionable) of securing the infant against the chances of failure. Mr. Marshall recommends from three to five punctures *on each arm.* This number may appear superfluous, but it will be thought so only by those who have not had the opportunity of knowing the perils to which vaccination is liable. The danger of failure in the forming of the vesicle is obviously less in five punctures than in three; then, where the vesicle does form, it may be broken prematurely by any accident—from which we have a security in a number. The best age, according to Mr. Marshall, for the operation, is from six weeks to three months. The younger age is, in our opinion, to be preferred. In the first place, the child being vaccinated at six or seven weeks old, will be aloof from all the irritation which accompanies dentition; its exposure during the run of the cow-pock to diseases that are contagious, will be, on account of its helplessness, infinitely more limited than when it grows older; and lastly, its consciousness of the seat of pain will be a mere vague sense of suffering that will never lead it, in a moment when the eye of the mother or nurse is averted, to interfere, itself, with the sore in any of its stages. Parents ought to be apprized that tearing off the covering, however unsightly it may be, which nature places over the punctures, is almost sure to invalidate the whole process, and render *re-vaccination* indispensable.

Nothing can be more satisfactory than the confident tone with which Mr. Marshall assures us of the infallibility of cow-pock as a guarantee against the small-pox. He certainly mentions cases in which vaccination has been resisted; and, what is more singular, he adduces instances in which small-pox, after making no impression by inoculation, was contracted in the natural way. But there is no part of this Treatise deserving of more attention, or, indeed, which is calculated more to arrest it, than that portion of the work in which he undertakes to prove the extinction of small-pox in many parts of Europe, and that solely by the agency of vaccination. In France, Germany, and Italy, travellers agree that the traces of small-pox, particularly in the junior part of the inhabitants, are scarcely to be seen; whilst in England, the birth-place of this transcendant discovery, the small-pox is allowed to indulge its predatory habits with the most perfect impunity. If vaccination be but a pretence, why does the legislature recommend it at all? If it be a sovereign security against a pestilential distemper, why is it that the same legislature should give to so invaluable a blessing no more than the hesitating and half-withdrawn encouragement of a miserable pittance, scarcely sufficient almost to afford shelter to the wretched infant, even for the moment that it is under the hands of the charitable officers of the *National* (!) Vaccine establishment? It is astonishing how much the government has to do—or we might rather say—undo, in order to correct the laws which relate to the domestic economy of the country. They constitute, we will venture to say, the most absurd and wicked system that is to be found in any community, however barbarous. In connection with the very subject which we have now brought before the reader, we may notice an inconsistency on the part of the government no less incredible than it is perilous. They have, for many years, been appropriating sums of public money to the support of a vaccine establishment, with the avowed intention of extirpating the small-pox; but for aught that they have ordered or provided to the contrary, a worthless vagabond, who has contracted the small-pox, may wander at large, may carry the contagion wherever he pleases, without let or hindrance; and literally, *in one hour*, may scatter through the land more devastation than has been previously prevented by the outlay of tens of thousands of pounds sterling! This is not speculation—it is downright fact. Every effort, in whatever quarter it is made, to prepare the state for a better order of things, ought to be hailed with satisfaction, and ought to be marked with gratitude. We therefore give our most cordial thanks to Mr. Marshall for a work so important, so likely to have weight amongst those whom it is of any practical use to influence in such a matter; and, above all, so seasonable at a juncture when heterodoxies, the most pernicious, are besieging the public mind on the great doctrine of vaccination.

ntures in the Rifle Brigade, in the Peninsula, France, *nerlands, from* 1809 to 1815. By Captain J. Kincaid. . London: T. and W. Boone. 1830.

of military adventure during our late wars, is still, it seems, from being exhausted. We imagined that the number of volumes which had issued from the pens of various warriors, since the appearance of the "Subaltern," must have told the world every thing that was to be said of personal history of the Wellington armies. But we were mistaken. Here comes forth another ex-combatant, a Rifle-man, who calls out that he too has his story to tell, and of all the stories which a soldier has ever told, we think it will be found the most amusing.

Captain Kincaid gives himself no sort of trouble about any other regiment than the celebrated 95th, with which he fought, we believe, in every action in which it was engaged, and a pretty long list of victims the rifles of that corps numbered for the grave. As little trouble does he take in painting the scenery of the battle-fields through which he ranged, or the array of the forces brought into them on either side. He describes only his own movements, and those of his immediate companions in arms; and the result is, that although we may derive from Napier a better idea of the whole of any particular battle, we obtain from Kincaid a nearer, though a more limited, view of the strife; we enter into all the dangers of the day; catch, here and there, through the dust and clouds, glimpses of the enemy; listen to the roar of the artillery and musketry; follow the murderous path of the rifles, and observe how frequently, by their wild bravery, they turn the scale, or secure the possession, of victory. And then the cheers that fill the air, come upon us with a rush that sends the blood bounding through our veins, as if the scene were going on before us in its living, moving reality.

This power of putting the thing so palpably under the eye is, however, not the only or the greatest merit of Captain Kincaid. He brings us with him to the tent or the bivouac, as well as to the battle, and is, withal, so fond of a laugh, that it seems as if he went to the war rather for amusement than glory. In every situation, whether feasting or starving,—for he has seen something of both extremes—whether by his fire-side, or in the presence of the enemy, he seizes the most ludicrous objects with such felicity of tact, and brings them forward in such numbers, and with so much rapidity, that it is pop, pop, pop,—a kind of rifle-shooting of jokes throughout his book. We have not laughed so much for an age as we have in the company of this adventurer. We shall introduce him to the reader in a characteristic way, on his voyage from the Tagus to join the army at Coimbra:—

'Sailing at the rate of one mile in two hours, we reached Figuera's Bay at the end of eight days, and were welcomed by about a hundred hideous looking Portuguese women, whose joy was so excessive that they waded up to their arm-pits through a heavy surf, and insisted on carrying us on shore on their backs! I never clearly ascertained whether they had been actuated by the purity of love or gold.

'Our men were lodged for the night in a large barn, and the officers billetted in town. Mine chanced to be on the house of a mad-woman, whose extraordinary appearance I never shall forget. Her petticoats scarcely reached to the knee, and all above the lower part of the bosom was bare; and though she looked not more than middle aged, her skin seemed as if it had been regularly prepared to receive the impression of her last will and testament; her head was defended by a chevaux-de-frise of black wiry hair, which pointed fiercely in every direction, while her eyes looked like two burnt holes in a blanket. I had no sooner opened the door than she stuck her arms a-kimbo, and, opening a mouth, which stretched from ear to ear, she began vociferating "*bravo, bravissimo.*"

'Being a stranger alike to the appearance and manners of the natives, I thought it possible that the former might have been nothing out of the common run, and concluding that she was overjoyed at seeing her country re-enforced, at that perilous moment, by a fellow upwards of six feet high, and thinking it necessary to sympathise in some degree in her patriotic feelings, I began to "*bravo*" too; but as her second shout ascended ten degrees, and kept increasing in that ratio, until it amounted to absolute frenzy, I faced to the right about, and, before our *tête-à-tête* had lasted the brief space of three-quarters of a minute, I disappeared with all possible haste, her terrific yells vibrating in my astonished ears long after I had turned the corner of the street; nor did I feel perfectly at ease until I found myself stretched on a bundle of straw in a corner of the barn occupied by the men.

'We proceeded, next morning, to join the army; and, as our route lay through the city of Coimbra, we came to the magnanimous resolution of providing ourselves with all manner of comforts and equipments for the campaign on our arrival there; but, when we entered it, at the end of the second day, our disappointment was quite eclipsed by astonishment at finding ourselves the only living things in a city, which ought to have been furnished with twenty thousand souls.'—pp. 8—10.

The campaign of 1810, as all the world knows, closed with the retirement of the army behind the lines of Torres Vedras. Our merry captain, who bears a mortal hatred to epic poetry, says that he, for his part, knew nothing of those celebrated "lines," excepting that he was told that one of them rested on the Tagus, and the other somewhere on the sea:—

'I saw,' he adds, 'with my own eyes, a variety of redoubts and field-works on the various hills which stand between. This, however, I do know, that we have since kicked the French out of more formidable looking and stronger places; and, with all due deference be it spoken, I think that the Prince of Essling ought to have tried his luck against them, as he could only have been beaten by fighting, as he afterwards was without it! And if he thinks that he would have lost as many men by trying, as he did by not trying, he must allow me to differ in opinion with him.'—p. 26, 27.

The picture of the occupations of the soldiers during the winter breathes of life, and is rich with humour:—

it was our practice to dress for sleep: we saddled our horses, buckl our armour, and lay down, with the bare floor for a bed and a stone pillow, ready for any thing, and reckless of every thing but the hon our corps and country; for I will say (to save the expense of a trum that a more devoted set of fellows were never associated.

'We stood to our arms every morning at an hour before daybreak remained there until a *grey horse* could be seen a mile off, (which military criterion by which daylight is acknowledged, and the hour prise past,) when we proceeded to unharness, and to indulge in such *ries* as our toilet and our table afforded.

'The Maior, as far as the bridge of Vallè, was navigable for the craft from Lisbon, so that our table, while we remained there, cut spectable a figure, as regular supplies of rice, salt fish, and potatoes make it; not to mention that our pigskin was, at all times, at least parts full of a common red wine, which used to be dignified by the of *blackstrap*. We had the utmost difficulty, however, in keeping u pearances in the way of dress. The jacket, in spite of shreds and pa always maintained something of the original about it; but woe be regimental small-clothes, and they could only be replaced by very ex dinary apologies, of which I remember that I had two pair at this p *one* of a common brown Portuguese cloth, and the *other*, or Sunday's of black velvet. We had no women with the regiment; and the cere of washing a shirt amounted to my servant's taking it by the collar giving it a couple of shakes in the water, and then hanging it up t Smoothing-irons were not the fashion of the times, and, if a fres dressed aide-de-camp did occasionally come from England, we us stare at him with about as much respect as Hotspur did at his "w gentlewoman."

'The winter here was uncommonly mild. I am not the sort of per put myself much in the way of ice, except on a warm summer's day; b was, "Who is that fellow there," (pointing to the enemy's sentry close to us,) and, on being told that he was a Frenchman, "Then why the devil don't you shoot him!"'—pp. 32—36.

Although very anxious to cultivate the friendship and good opinion of the French of the present day, and admitting that the discipline of their armies has been altogether reformed under their virtuous and excellent Dauphin, we must, at the same time, remind them, whenever a fit occasion offers, of the barbarous and savage mode in which Buonaparte's troops carried on warfare in the Peninsula. A sentence or two, describing but one scene, on the line of Massena's retreat in 1811, will almost overwhelm the mind with horror. 'Young women were lying in their houses, brutally violated; the streets were strewed with broken furniture, intermixed with the putrid carcasses of murdered peasants, mules, and donkeys, and every description of filth, that filled the air with pestilential nausea. The few starved male inhabitants who were stalking amid the wreck of their friends and property, looked like so many skeletons, who had been permitted to leave their graves, for the purpose of taking vengeance on their oppressors, and the mangled body of every Frenchman who was unfortunate or imprudent enough to stray from his column, showed how religiously they performed their mission.' From these abominable and disgraceful scenes, let us turn to our author's description of a bivouac, and of the several degrees of *comfort* which such an establishment is capable of affording:—

'When a regiment arrives at its ground for the night, it is formed in columns of companies, at full, half, or quarter distance, according to the space which circumstances will permit it to occupy. The officer commanding each company then receives his orders; and, after communicating whatever may be necessary to the men, he desires them to "pile arms, and make themselves comfortable for the night." Now, I pray thee, most sanguine reader, suffer not thy fervid imagination to transport thee into elysian fields at the pleasing exhortation conveyed in the concluding part of the captain's address, but rest thee contentedly in the one where it is made, which in all probability is a ploughed one, and that, too, in a state of preparation to take a model of thy very beautiful person, under the melting influence of a shower of rain. The soldiers of each company have a hereditary claim to the ground next to their arms, as have their officers to a wider range on the same line, limited to the end of a bugle sound, if not by a neighbouring corps, or one that is not neighbourly, for the nearer a man is to his enemy, the nearer he likes to be to his friends. Suffice it, that each individual knows his place as well as if he had been born on the estate, and takes immediate possession accordingly. In a ploughed or a stubble field there is scarcely a choice of quarters; but, whenever there is a sprinkling of trees, it is always an object to secure a good one, as it affords shelter from the sun by day and the dews by night, besides being a sort of home or sign post for a group of officers, as denoting the best place of entertainment: for they hang their spare clothing and accoutrements among the branches, barricade themselves on each side with their saddles, rtmanteaus, and, with a blazing fire in their front, they g to their various humours, in a complete state of gipsy-

veral degrees of comfort to be reckoned in a bivouac, two fice.

l worst, is to arrive at the end of a cold wet day, too r ground, and too near the enemy to be permitted to sacks or to take off accoutrements; where, unincumbered eatables of any kind, you have the consolation of know- e now at their worst, and that any change must be for ou keep yourself alive for a while, in collecting material to re with. You take a smell at your empty calibash, which your remembrance the delicious flavour of its last drop of wine. urse your servant for not having contrived to send you something or r from the baggage, (though you know that it was impossible). You then damn the enemy for being so near you, though probably, as in the present instance, it was you that came so near them. And, finally, you take a whiff at the end of a cigar, if you have one, and keep grumbling through the smoke, like distant thunder through a cloud, until you tumble into a most warlike sleep.

'The next, and most common when you are not required to look quite so sharp, and wl aggage and provisions come in at the heel of the regiment- in the day, the first thing to be done is to make sor ign restorative for jaded spirits. We then proceed to The officers of each company form a mess of thems s in camp to attend to the duties of the regiment; a second attends to the mess; he goes to the regimental butcher, and bespeaks a portion of the only purchaseable commodities, hearts, livers, and kidneys; and also to see whether we cannot *do* the commissary out of a few extra biscuits, or a canteen of brandy; and the remainder are gentlemen at large for the day. But while they go hunting among the neighbouring regiments for news, and the neighbouring houses for curiosity, they have always an eye to their mess, and omit no opportunity of adding to the general stock.

Dinner hour, for fear of accidents, is always the hour when dinner can be got ready; and the 14th section of the articles of war is always most rigidly attended to, by every good officer parading himself round the camp kettle at the time fixed, with his haversack in his hand. A haversack on service is a sort of dumb waiter. The mess have a good many things in common, but the contents of the haversack are exclusively the property of its owner; and a well regulated one ought never to be without the following furniture, unless when the perishable part is consumed, in consequence of every other means of supply having failed, viz. a couple of biscuits, a sausage, a little tea and sugar, a knife, fork, and spoon, a tin cup, (which answers to the names of ***tea-cup***, ***soup plate***, ***wine-glass***, and ***tumbler***,) a pair of socks, a piece of soap, a tooth-brush, towel, and comb, and half a dozen cigars.

After doing justice to the dinner, if we feel in a humour for additional society, we transfer ourselves to some neighbouring mess, taking our cups, and whatever we mean to drink, along with us, for in those times there is nothing to be expected from our friends beyond the pleasure of their conversation: and, finally, we retire to rest. To avoid inconvenience by the tossing off of the bed-clothes, each officer has a blanket sewed up at the sides, like a sack, into which he scrambles, and, with a green sod or a smooth stone for a pillow, composes himself to sleep; and, under such a glorious reflecting canopy as the heavens, it would be a subject of mortification to an astronomer to see the celerity with which he tumbles into it. Habit gives endurance, and fatigue is the best night-cap; no matter that the veteran's countenance is alternately stormed with torrents of rain, heavy dews, and hoar-frosts; no matter that his ears are assailed by a million mouths of chattering locusts, and by some villainous donkey, who every half hour pitches a *bray* note, which, as a congregation of presbyterians follow their clerk, is instantly taken up by every mule and donkey in the army, and sent echoing from regiment to regiment, over hill and valley, until it dies away in the distance; no matter that the scorpion is lurking beneath his pillow, the snake winding his slimy way by his side, and the lizard galloping over his face, wiping his eyes with its long cold tail.

'All are unheeded, until the warning voice of the brazen instrument sounds to arms. Strange it is, that the ear which is impervious to what would disturb the rest of the world besides, should alone be alive to one, and that, too, a sound which is likely to soothe the sleep of the citizens, or at most, to set them dreaming of their loves. But so it is: the first note of the melodious bugle places the soldier on his legs, like lightning; when, muttering a few curses at the unseasonableness of the hour, he plants himself on his alarm post, without knowing or caring about the cause.'—pp. 41—48.

We fancy that after such a description as this, the civil reader would have no very violent desire to share the comforts of a bivouac. We shall now initiate him in the music of war, as it was played at the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, in 1812.

'When we arrived on the ground I was sent to take command of the highland company, which we had at that time in the regiment, and which was with the left wing, under Colonel Cameron. I found them on piquet, between the right of the trenches and the river, half of them posted at a mud cottage, and the other half in a ruined convent, close under the walls. It was a very tolerable post when at it; but it is no joke travelling by daylight up to within a stone's throw of a wall, on which there is a parcel of fellows who have no other amusement but to fire at every body they see.

'We could not show our noses at any point without being fired at; but, as we were merely posted there to protect the right flank of the trenches from any sortie, we did not fire at them, and kept as quiet as we could be, considering the deadly blast that was blowing around us. There are few situations in life where something cannot be learnt, and I, myself, stand indebted to my twenty-four hours' residence there, for a more correct knowledge of martial sounds than I gained in the study of my whole life time besides. They must be an unmusical pair of ears that cannot inform the wearer whether a cannon or a musket played last, but the various *notes*, emanating from their respective mouths, admit of nice distinctions. My party was too small, and too well sheltered to repay the enemy for the ex-d round shot; but the quantity of grape and musketry ticular heads, made a good concert of first and second more sonorous voice of the round shot, travelling to our ft, acted as a thorough bass; and there was not a shell, us to the trenches, that did not send back a fragment as it burst, as if to gratify a curiosity that I was far from

to the cottage soon after dark, to partake of something that ed for dinner; and, when in the middle of it, a round shot th walls, immediately over our heads, and garnished the r quantity of our parent earth than was quite palatable. ed, as usual, by the first division, at ten next morning; much as possible the destructive fire from the walls, they only three or four men at a time, and we sent ours away in proportions.

ery thing is by comparison in this world, and it is curious to observe how men's feelings change with circumstances. In cool blood a man would rather go a little out of his way than expose himself to unnecessary danger; but we found, this morning, that by crossing the river where we then were, and running the gauntlet for a mile, exposed to the fire of two pieces of artillery, that we should be saved the distance of two or three miles in returning to our quarters. After coming out of such a *furnace* as we had been frying in, the other fire was not considered a fire at all, and we passed without a moment's hesitation.'—pp. 104—107.

The capture of Ciudad Rodrigo was one of the most gallant things that occurred during the peninsular war. Our author had the good fortune to be one of the officers who headed the storming party, and was thus in the thickest part of the fight, which, with his usual tact, he places before us in his easy and animated description. To this brilliant affair succeeded the storming and capture of Badajos, and, after an interval of some months, the important battle of Salamanca. It is remarked by our author, that the Wellington victories were usually preceded by a grand thunder storm. That which occurred before the battle of Salamanca, was a fit precursor of the bloody day which was at hand. We suppose that the finest military spectacles which the history of war presents, were those that took place, by way of defiance, between the two assembled hosts before they actually rushed to the contest. The French, under Marmont, on coming within sight of the allied troops, endeavoured to turn their left, and, in making a counteracting movement, the two armies were marching in parallel lines, close to each other, on a perfect plain, each ready to take advantage of the other, and exchanging round shot as they moved along! Those lines were, however, soon to take a very different direction. Lord Wellington, by one of those masterly movements which decide the fate of nations, rapidly drew a division from his left to his extreme right, and turning the enemy in their attempt to turn him, almost instantaneously routed them with tremendous slaughter. The road to Madrid was then open.

We are rather surprised that our Rifleman, who displays, now and then, a scintilla of taste, saw nothing in the Escurial, on his way to the capital, worth looking at, except the apartment in which the Spanish '*dead Kings live.*' The pantheon is certainly a magnificent structure; but the temple, the sacristy, the libraries, and the great hall and stair-case of the Convent, are things not to be met with every day, and at which, at all events, a Rifleman, who was so long accustomed to the bivouac, had but little right to turn up his nose.

The campaign, which had hitherto proceeded so prosperously, became clouded towards its close. The junction of the forces under Soult and Jourdan, and their movement on Aranjuez, compelled the Allies to retreat to Salamanca and Ciudad, followed closely by the French dragoons. Some idea may be formed of the charms of a soldier's life upon a retreat, from the following account of what befel our Captain.

'When the firing ceased, we received the usual order "to make ourselves comfortable for the night," and I never remember an instance in which we had so much difficulty in obeying it; for the ground we occupied was a perfect flat, which was flooded more than ankle-deep with water, excepting here and there, where the higher ground around the roots of trees, presented circles of a few feet of visible earth, upon which we grouped ourselves. Some few fires were kindled, at which we roasted some bits of raw beef on the points of our swords, and eat them by way of a dinner. There was plenty of water to apologize for the want of better fluids, but bread sent no apology at all.

'Some divisions of the army had commenced retiring as soon as it was dark, and the whole had been ordered to move, so that the roads might be clear for us before daylight. I was sent twice in the course of the night to see what progress they had made; but such was the state of the roads, that even within an hour of daylight, two divisions, besides our own, were still unmoved, which would consequently delay us so long, that we looked forward to a severe harassing day's fighting; a kind of fighting, too, that is the least palatable of any, where much might be lost, and nothing was to be gained. With such prospects before us, it made my very heart rejoice to see my brigadier's servant commence boiling some chocolate and frying a beef-steak. I watched its progress with a keenness which intense hunger alone could inspire, and was on the very point of having my desires consummated, when the general, getting uneasy at not having received any communication relative to the movements of the morning, and, without considering how feelingly my stomach yearned for a better acquaintance with the contents of his frying-pan, desired me to ride to General Alten for orders. I found the General at a neighbouring tree; but he cut off all hopes of my timely return, by desiring me to remain with him until he received the report of an officer whom he had sent to ascertain the progress of the other divisions.

'While I was toasting myself at his fire, so sharply set that I could have eaten one of my boots, I observed his German orderly dragoon, at an adjoining fire, stirring up the contents of a camp-kettle, that once more revived my departing hopes, and I presently had the satisfaction of seeing him dipping in some basins, presenting one to the General, one to the Aide-de-Camp, and a third to myself. The mess which it contained I found, after swallowing the whole at a draught, was neither more nor less than the produce of a piece of beef boiled in plain water; and, though it would have been enough to have physicked a dromedary at any other time, yet, as I could then have made a good hole in the dromedary himself, it sufficiently satisfied my cravings to make me equal to any thing for the remainder of the day.'—pp. 188—191.

At the commencement of the campaign of 1813, which was to consist of such a brilliant series of victories, the division to which our author belonged was reviewed by their great leader. 'It did one's very heart good,' he proudly exclaims, 'to look at our battalion that day, seeing each company standing a hundred strong, and the intelligence of several campaigns stamped on each daring, bronzed countenance, which looked you boldly in the face, in the fullness of vigour and confidence, as if it cared neither for man nor devil.' It was now the turn of the British to become the pursuers; the French literally evaporated before them as they advanced, until they arrived near Vittoria, where the battle, that ultimately hurled Buonaparte from his throne, was fought. A ludicrous circumstance took place at Salinas:—

'On the early part of the 19th, we were fagging up the face of a mountain, under the sultry hot sun, until we came to a place where a beautiful clear stream was dashing down the face of it, when the division was halted, to enable the men to refresh themselves. Every man carries a cup, and every man ran and swallowed a cup full of it; it was salt water from the springs of Salinas; and it was truly ludicrous to see their faces after taking such a voluntary dose. I observed an Irishman, who, not satisfied with the first trial, and believing that his cup had been infected by some salt breaking loose in his haversack, washed it carefully, and then drank a second one, when, finding no change, he exclaimed,—"by J——s, boy, we must be near the sea, for the water's getting salt!" We, soon after, passed through the village of Salinas, situated at the source of the stream, where there is a considerable salt manufactory. The inhabitants were so delighted to see us, that they placed buckets full of it at the doors of the different houses, and entreated our men to help themselves as they passed along.'—pp. 211, 212.

We shall not follow Captain Kincaid through the various battles in which he participated after leaving Vittoria, until he reached the banks of the Garonne. It would be, however, an injustice to him and his fearless companions in arms to pass over a very brilliant affair in which they were concerned near the town of Tarbes, in March, 1814:—

'While we were marching along the road, near the town of Tarbes, we saw what appeared to be a small piquet of the enemy, on the top of a hill to our left, looking down upon us, when a company of our second battalion was immediately sent to dislodge them. The enemy, however, increased in number, in proportion to those sent against them, until not only the whole of the second, but our own, and the third battalion were eventually brought into action; and still we had more than double our number opposed to us; but we, nevertheless, drove them from the field with great slaughter, after a desperate struggle of a few minutes, in which we had eleven officers killed and wounded. As this fight was purely a rifle one, and took place within sight of the whole army, I may be justified in giving the following quotation from the author of "Twelve Years' Military Adventure," who was a spectator, and who, in allusion to this affair, says, "Our rifles were immediately sent to dislodge the French from the hills on our left, and our battalion was ordered to support them. Nothing could exceed the manner in which the ninety-fifth set about the business...... Certainly I never saw such skirmishers as the ninety-fifth, now the rifle brigade. They could do the work much better and with infinitely less loss than any other of our best light troops. They possessed an individual boldness, a mutual understanding, and a quickness of eye in taking advantage of the ground, which, taken altogether, I never saw equalled. They were, in fact, as much superior to the French *voltigeurs*, as the latter were to our skirmishers in general. As our regiment was often employed in supporting them, I think I am fairly qualified to speak of their merits."

'We followed the enemy until dark, when, after having taken up our ground and lit our fires, they rather maliciously opened a cannonade upon us; but, as few of their shots took effect, we did not put ourselves to the inconvenience of moving, and they soon desisted.'—pp. 287—289.

Captain Kincaid is a most fortunate fellow. After earning so many titles to renown in the Peninsula and the south of France, he was called into the field again, by the return of Buonaparte from Elba.

His narrative of the battle of Waterloo is, as usual, highly picturesque and distinct; but that battle has been so often sung in prose and verse, though not oftener than it deserved, that we shall only give the author's introduction to the perils of the day. It reminds us of one of those quiet landscapes which the Italian painters were so fond of opening through a window, when they wished to relieve the eye from the glare of a gorgeous painting:—

'When I awoke this morning, at day-light, I found myself drenched with rain. I had slept so long and so soundly that I had, at first, but a very confused notion of my situation; but having a bright idea that my horse had been my companion when I went to sleep, I was rather startled at finding that I was now alone; nor could I rub my eyes clear enough to procure a sight of him, which was vexatious enough; for, independent of his value *as a horse*, his services were indispensable; and an Adjutant might as well think of going into action without his arms as without such a supporter. But whatever my feelings might have been towards him, it was evident that he had none for me, from having drawn his sword and marched off. The chances of finding him again, amid ten thousand others, were about equal to the odds against the needle in a bundle of hay; but for once the single chance was gained, as, after a diligent search of an hour, he was discovered between two artillery horses, about half a mile from where he broke loose.

'The weather cleared up as the morning advanced; and, though every thing remained quiet at the moment, we were confident that the day would not pass off without an engagement, and, therefore, proceeded to put our arms in order, as, also, to get ourselves dried and made as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

'We made a fire against the wall of Sir Andrew Barnard's cottage, and boiled a huge camp-kettle full of tea, mixed up with a suitable quantity of milk and sugar for breakfast; and, as it stood on the edge of the high road, where all the big-wigs of the army had occasion to pass, in the early part of the morning, I believe almost every one of them, from the Duke downwards, claimed a cupful.

'About nine o'clock, we received an order to retain a quantity of spare ammunition, in some secure place, and to send every thing in the shape of baggage and baggage-animals to the rear. It, therefore, became evident that the Duke meant to give battle in his present position; and it was, at the same time, generally understood that a corps of thirty thousand Prussians were moving to our support.

'About ten o'clock, an unusual bustle was observable among the staff-officers, and we soon after received an order to stand to our arms. The troops who had been stationed in our front during the night were then moved off to the right, and our division took up its fighting position.'—pp. 327—330.

The reader, perhaps, will now agree with us that we have not overpraised the 'Adventures in the Rifle Brigade.' We have placed it in our library by the side of the "Subaltern," and not far from Napier, our Captain being just such a companion as those gentlemen must feel, we should think, at least as much delighted with as we have been.

ART. VII.—1. *On Financial Reform.* By Sir Henry Parnell, Bart., M.P. 8vo. pp. 352. London: Murray. 1830.

2. *On the Distressed State of the Country.* By a Merchant. 8vo. pp. 62. London: T. and G. Underwood. 1830.

THERE is, in the two works whose titles we have just transcribed, a greater portion of sound sense, of sterling knowledge, and practical utility, than in all the other books and pamphlets put together which have been published, on the hacknied subjects of finance and distress, during the last three or four years. Sir Henry Parnell's work we look upon as a manual, in its way. It guides us, with a masterly hand, through all the intricacies of the public income and expenditure, and, avoiding the jargon of political economy, it announces the leading principles of taxation, and of the management of the national treasure, in language which all may understand. Such a book as this could only be the result of the most laborious investigation. The difficulty was, to put the materials thus acquired, extensive and complicated as they must have been, into a popular form, which might not only secure to it general attention, but, after informing minds beyond the walls of the legislature, bring them to bear with the force which public opinion must always have in this country, against the abuses of which he complains, and in support of the improvements which he recommends. This Sir Henry Parnell has done. Details which the generality of readers might think dry and unpalatable, are compressed in a few tables which are given in the Appendix, free from the mystifications of our public accountants. The digest of the present state of our financial system, of the enormous waste of money which it produces, of its grievous pressure upon the industry of the nation, of its absurdities and imperfections, and of the many useful alterations of which it stands so much in need, is as familiar and interesting a piece of writing as our literature contains in connection with legislation. It is manifestly the draught of the Report which Sir Henry Parnell would have suggested for the adoption of the Finance Committee, if that body had been allowed to continue its eminently useful labours. As it now stands, it can only be taken as containing the views of the Honourable Baronet on a subject of the first importance. But unless we be greatly mistaken, those views will, before long, become those of the whole country. It will be impossible for the Government to allow the numerous evils to continue which are pointed out in this *exposé*. The Duke of Wellington has already effected many reforms of the most useful character. His retrenchments in the public expenditure, amounting to a million, have been highly beneficial; the remission of taxes to more than three times that sum, and creating, on the whole, a saving to the public of nearly five millions, shows a determination in his Ministry, to stand, as Mr. Peel has announced, upon the support of public opinion alone. We hail, also, as a most auspicious measure, the appointment of a Committee selected from the public service, for the purpose of extending the system of retrenchment as far as possible, as well in our home as in our colonial establishments. Indeed, we entertain a confident hope, that Sir Henry Parnell's book, though not the Report of a Finance Committee, will ultimately prove as productive of advantage to the country, as if it had been clothed with the character of that emanation of Parliamentary authority; for we think hat we can trace, through the recent speeches of Ministers, more han one instance in which they have acted upon his suggestions.

Sir Henry's first object is, to remove, as far as possible, all those axes which are injurious to industry. A country may sustain heavy amount of contribution to the revenue, without being hereby prevented from becoming every day more and more opulent. It is not so much the aggregate sum raised by the state, hat presses on the nation, as the mode in which it is taken. Taxes which fall exclusively on industry, on raw materials, manuactures, food, or the profits of capital, have a direct tendency to iminish, and must diminish, to an incalculable extent, the power f giving employment to the capital of the rich and the labour of he poor. Taxes which fall on those who receive rents, dividends on stock, and similar descriptions of income, have no tendency of that kind; they simply transfer money from one hand to another, without at all impairing the national wealth. Whereas, taxes upon industry and upon materials on which it may be employed, by lessening the amount of production, lessen the amount of the national wealth to a great deal more than the same proportion. Similar to the effect of such impolitic taxes as these—is that of monopolies and protecting duties. Thus the Corn Laws tax the general industry of the country to the extent of twelve millions and a half; and the protecting duties on East Indian and foreign sugars, on tea, and timber, not to mention other articles, add four millions and a half more to the burthens which affect, indeed, all classes of persons, but press upon those who live upon their industry or capital, with peculiar hardship. It would be obviously expedient, therefore, that all such taxes, amounting to about eleven millions yearly, and all such monopolies and protecting duties, should be repealed. Of these eleven millions, indeed, three and a half have already been remitted; the remaining seven and a half must follow, and if the revenue cannot bear the diminution, other imposts, upon sources not connected with industry, may be easily devised to make up the deficiency. If all monopolies and protecting duties be abolished,—and, as they have grown out of fashion, we imagine that they are upon the eve of their downfal,—we shall hear no more, at least never so much as we have in these latter years heard, of commercial embarrassments, and all their dreadful train of bankruptcies and pauperism. We should, moreover, be prepared, by the adoption of a sound system of finance, for war, if it should arise, and thus ensure that respect at foreign courts, without which peace would be ignominious.

We need but specify some of the taxes on raw materials, which are used in manufactures, buildings, and the construction of ships, to show how plainly injurious they are in many respects. The duty on hemp raises the prices of those kinds of linens which are most universally used, and also of sails and cordage. The shipbuilders have been recently allowed to buy foreign cordage, and bring it home free of duty; why is the duty still continued with respect to all other classes of his Majesty's subjects? There are several manufactures which require ashes and barilla. As if for the purpose of discouraging the use of such essential articles, a duty is laid upon them which, of course, enhances their prices to the manufacturers. The duty that still exists upon imported thrown silk, mars, to a considerable extent, the measures of the legislature for lowering the price of an article which is now almost as generally used as linen itself. As to the duty on timber, a moment's reflection will show in how many ways it is prejudicial. But with respect to this material, so necessary to all classes of society, it is curious to observe the arrangement which the legislature has made, *in order* to exclude from the country the best timber which the world produces, and to oblige it to use the very worst that can be had. We have colonies in Canada which have already cost us many a million, merely for the pride of sovereignty in retaining them; and, in order to please and conciliate their inhabitants, we impose upon their rank and perishable timber only 10*s*. a load, while we require European timber to pay nearly six times that amount. No wonder that our modern houses, built since this stupid law was made, are already, in many instances, ready to tumble about our ears. In addition to such duties as these, we need but enumerate those on bricks, tiles, coals, culm, tallow, soap, to show with what inquisitorial perseverance our tax-planners have devised as many clogs for the wheels of national industry as possible. We do not menion the duties upon hides and skins, as they are among the imposts on leather, which the Chancellor of the Exchequer has recently given up, to his infinite credit.

But if the taxes on raw materials be injurious to industry, what shall we say to those levied upon the articles which industry hs produced from those materials, by means of her miraculous loms, her furnaces, her mills, and the millions of hands which she keps in constant activity? Upon glass, paper, and printed goods, incuding calicoes and the beautiful stained paper with which our roons are decorated, nearly two millions were raised in the year 182, under the head of excise duties. To speak only of the duty on per alone, that upon which we write, and upon which books are rinted, see how the price of it is raised by this impost! howlear it makes our books compared with those of any other county in which a printing press is to be found; how the limited sale i conseqence circumscribes the business of the printer, the type-under, the ink-manufacturer, the bookseller, and limits the marclof the human mind itself, by withholding, as far as it can, the sourceof information! Now that beer is about to become the wholeme beverage of the poor again, why should not the peasant have f a penny, as he might if the duties on manufactured glass were reoved, a convenient and neat vessel to drink it from? And why shld not his wife and blooming daughters have a good clear mirror tsee themselves in, instead of the red-framed glass in which their heis are mocked by other heads sometimes twice as long, sometim twice as wide as their own, or reduced to an ugly miniature cwhich any Christian would be ashamed.

Sir Hey Parnell thinks the duty on malt not objectionable, and only commends that it be put under new regulations. In this opini he appears to us to be inconsistent, for the repeal of that imposupon the manufactured barley would be a great boon to the agrilturist, and a still farther relief to the mass of our people who ink beer.

The taxewhich are imposed upon *luxuries* are calculated to amount to alt twenty-seven millions per annum. To these taxes, for the most rt, considering that they come out of the pockets of those only who can or ought to afford to pay them,—no valid objection can be made on, principle, at least. Some of the custom duties, however, upon these articles are so high that they limit consumption, and, besides giving rise to smuggling, diminish consequently the demand for our manufactures which would be exported in payment. Experience has proved beyond doubt that the reduction of high duties upon articles of luxury does not always cause a decrease of revenue, but the very contrary. It should be observed that our establishments for the prevention of smuggling cost the country not less than 700,000*l.* a year; that smuggling is nevertheless become so flourishing a trade, that in the ports of Flushing and Ostend it is capable of an insurance like any other risks, and that the expenses of our coast guards, and the fraud upon the revenue and the honest dealer, are all the consequences of the high amount of particular duties, which might be very safely lowered. The revenue would thus be benefited, the honest trader would be protected, and the preventive service might be altogether dispensed with.

The particular duties to which we allude are those on tobacco, which is taxed at the rate of nine hundred per cent. on its natural value; the duties on brandy and geneva, which are at the rate of five hundred and fifty per cent.; the duties on French wines, which are still out of all due proportion; and those on tea and sugar, which raise the prices of those articles to twice what they ought to be.

Among the protecting duties to which we have already alluded as fit to be altogether abolished, we mentioned those which are imposed by the corn laws. To these we should, of course, add all the duties which are imposed on articles of foreign produce merely for the benefit of our agriculturists; such as foreign bacon, butter, cider, cheese, madder, peas, &c. So, also, upon the same principle, ought the Chancellor of the Exchequer to surrender the duties upon foreign manufactures. What, upon all, say the opponents of the free-trade system? Are you not contented with the changes that have been already produced in that respect, by the alteration of the protecting duties and prohibitions in 1825? Strange to say, there is no chapter in Sir Henry Parnell's able and interesting work more clear, or more satisfactory, than that in which he proves to a demonstration, that the laws of 1825 made little or no change with respect to manufactures.

After giving a brief history of the protective system, which originated at a period when statesmen knew absolutely nothing of sound principles of trade, Sir Henry exposes, in a masterly style, the manifold evils which it occasions.

> 'When protections are introduced, and foreign cheap goods are shut out, and the same kind of goods are made at home, but at a greater cost of production, then the capital and labour of the country that exclude foreign goods, cease to produce the greatest possible quantity of produc-

tions; the country is consequently poorer than it otherwise would be; for when a country consumes an article made at home, which could be got cheaper from another country, it employs a certain number of men's labour, in providing that article, more than it would be necessary to employ if it imported that article. The country is therefore poorer, by the whole value of these men's labour.

'This system of protection, by preventing the importation of foreign goods, diminishes the demand for the exportation of British goods; and also diminishes the employment of shipping and foreign commerce, in the same way as the excessive duties on tobacco, tea, &c., and the corn laws, diminish it.

'The present state of the commerce between England and France affords a decisive proof of the impolicy of the protecting system. In the natural course of things, two such countries, so contiguous to each other, and each having so many productions peculiar to itself, would carry on a trade to the amount of many millions; but according to the accounts laid before Parliament, the whole of the trade in exports and imports does not exceed 3,000,000*l.* a-year.

Another evil of the protecting system is the increased prices of a number of articles, which are the result of it. These prices take immense sums of money from the pockets of the consumers of the protected commodities, who are not aware how large a proportion of price is caused by this kind of tax.

'Prices are, in fact, so generally and so much increased by protecting duties, that it is by no means clear that they do not bear as heavily on the national resources and on the productiveness of capital and labour, as the taxes themselves, and therefore, the reducing of these prices, by taking off protecting duties, would afford all classes of the community the greatest possible relief.

'There can be no greater mistake than supposing that the manufacturers derive any benefit from protections; for if, in the first instance, they raise profits, this leads to immediate competition, in consequence of there being nothing to exclude new manufacturers from entering into the protected trades, and profits are soon brought down to their ordinary level. But, in truth, the persons who carry on the protected trades are more exposed to suffer than any other class of manufacturers; for since the goods that are made under the influence of protection are necessarily dearer than foreign goods of the same kind, whenever competition in the home market leads to a glut of them, a circumstance which continually occurs, then there is no means of relieving the market by exportation; there is no profit in carrying on the protected trades, but absolute loss; and in addition to this, the protected manufacturers are always exposed to suffer great injury from smuggling.

'Another injurious effect of protection is, that it checks invention and enables manufacturers to keep the public supplied with commodities of inferior quality; for no manufacturer will incur the loss of laying aside old and imperfect machinery, and of reforming the processes of his trade, until he is forced to do so by the necessity of keeping on equal terms with his foreign competitors.

'Another evil of protection is the encouragement it gives to smuggling, and it also occasions a great loss of revenue; for if the protecting duties were reduced so as to become moderate duties, for the sole object of obtaining revenue, the increased consumption of foreign goods, which would be the result, would yield a very considerable revenue, not, perhaps, less than 1,000,000l. a-year.

'There is not the slightest foundation for the common-place argument, that, if British manufactures were not protected, the low price of labour in foreign countries would enable them to supply our markets. For it is not necessarily true, that because labour is dear in England, as compared with other countries in Europe, those countries would be able to compete with us in manufactures. The argument is built on a wrong notion of what determines us to export. Exportation takes place from England rather than from France, not because wages are lower (for in fact they are higher), but because the whole cost of production of the exported commodities in England, is less than the whole cost in France. Of the cost of production, wages are only a part; but they seem to be considered the whole by those who insist upon the argument in question.

'The support that is still too generally given to the protecting system, can only be accounted for by the habit of indolence with which the strongest minds sometimes receive, without examination, those opinions which have been long established. But it is satisfactory to observe, that there have been appearances of late years of a great progressive knowledge on this subject, and of a great change in the public mind.'—pp. 79—84.

To the common-place clamours of those who say, why should we relax our restrictive laws until other nations have adopted a similar policy, we shall answer in the language of our author.

'One point only remains to be noticed belonging to the protecting system, namely, the opinion which some persons hold, that we should not remove the restrictions on the importation of foreign goods, unless foreign countries agree to allow our goods to be imported. But the grounds on which it is expedient for us to remove these restrictions, are the numerous injuries we suffer from them in the several ways already described; if, therefore, we postpone the removal of them till we can persuade other countries to make an arrangement for a reciprocal removal, we postpone taking advantage of the power that is in our own hands of relieving ourselves.

'The petition of the merchants of London, before referred to, contains the following paragraph on this point:—

'"That although, as a matter of mere diplomacy, it may sometimes answer to hold out the removal of particular prohibitions or high duties, as depending upon corresponding concessions by other states in our favour, it does not follow that we should maintain our restrictions in cases where the desired concessions on their part cannot be obtained. Our restrictions would not be less prejudicial to our own capital and industry, because other governments persisted in preserving impolitic regulations."

'As the progress of industry and the increase of capital are greatly promoted by every thing that adds to the annual amount of imports, the right policy is to remove all obstructions in the way of importation, without the slightest reference to what course foreign governments may think proper to adopt.

'Every thing has now been stated that seems necessary to be urged at the present moment in favour of a revision of the existing taxes; for though much might be said against several others that have not been noticed, there are none which do the same injury to industry and national prosperity as those which have been under examination.

'The effort which was made in 1825 to obtain a repeal of the assessed taxes, was founded on a total misconception of the comparative effects of different kinds of taxes on the interests of the people—no advantage would have arisen from the repeal of these taxes beyond the mere relief from so much taxation; while, on the other hand, the repeal of the taxes on raw materials and manufactures, and the reduction of the enormously high duties on tobacco and foreign spirits, would be productive of considerable benefit to the consumer, would put an end to smuggling, and would increase the employment of capital, and labour, and foreign commerce. Lord Goderich is entitled to the greatest praise, for having had the firmness, in 1825, to resist the temptation of sacrificing a sound principle to the acquisition of temporary popularity; he has the merit of being the first Chancellor of the Exchequer who reduced to practice those principles, which are the only secure basis of national prosperity.

'The inquiry, which is the subject in the preceding pages, into the effects of those taxes which have been particularly mentioned, leaves no doubt as to how much the industry and wealth of the nation would be increased, if it were practicable to modify or wholly to repeal them; and at the same time secure, by other means, a sufficient revenue for the public service. A powerful inducement is, therefore, established to endeavour to ascertain, whether means cannot be found for making good the revenue that would be lost by giving the public the benefit of the proposed reform of taxation.

'Although a general notion prevails, that no such means can be found out, it is a mere conjecture, and not deserving of any weight; because no proper efforts have as yet been made to trace out, in sufficient detail, the sources from which new revenue might be derived, or, what is the same thing, the present scale of expenditure diminished. If, on the one hand, the country has been going on, as would appear to be the case from what has already been said, in a progressive course of accumulating new wealth, and thus adding to the resources of new taxation; and if, on the other, a system of great profusion has been engrafted in the administration of the public expenditure, there is a strong *prima facie* case to justify the conclusion, that, if proper measures were taken, there would be no great difficulty in providing, by new methods, a sufficient revenue for the public service.'—pp. 91—95.

These arguments, supported as they are by facts and by principles that cannot, we apprehend, be effectually contradicted, are quite conclusive in favour of the free-trade system. The enlightened author then goes on to shew, what indeed must be obvious to every reflecting mind, that the repeal of the taxes on industry, and the reduction of the high duties on articles of luxury, would have the effect of rendering the remaining taxes more productive.

Sir Henry next proceeds to a very important part of his task,—that of pointing out the various items of the public expenditure which are susceptible of retrenchment. And here we cannot but think that he is rather severe in the language which he applies the public departments in general.

'Each public department stands prepared to give the most confident reasons why it is absolutely necessary to keep up the scale of its expenditure to the exact point at which it now is. Every kind of sophism, insinuation, and assertion is worked up with vast ingenuity into a case to resist any attempt at effective retrenchment; and not only Government and Parliament, but also the public, suffer themselves, in this way, to have their judgment influenced rather by the personal authority of official men, who are always endeavouring to keep their respective services in the highest possible state of equipment and show, than by those principles of a sound system of finance, which require that that portion of the public expense which is incurred for military preparation and protection, should be regulated by the quantity and measure of the danger to be guarded against.

'It is almost impossible for persons, not themselves in office, to have sufficient knowledge of details, to be able to expose the fallacies on which the pleas for expense are enforced; and the absence of such an exposure produces too often a belief, that the expense is necessary. The only mode, therefore, that is left for making out a case to establish the practicability of retrenchment is, by reasoning on probabilities, founded on those facts which are within the observation of every one. Although this is necessarily an imperfect kind of proof, the facts of profusion which can be adduced, when combined together and patiently examined, will be quite sufficient to lead to conclusions that will leave no doubt on any unprejudiced and disinterested mind.'—pp. 105, 106.

That in the public departments there are many abuses which ought to be corrected, is a position that admits of no dispute; that there is amongst them an anxiety to have their establishments effective, can as little be doubted. But the retrenchments lately made by the prime minister, founded upon reports of the departments themselves, shew that the latter are not altogether so reluctant to meet the call for reform, as Sir Henry would represent them to be. The quantity of business despatched in our public offices, particularly, we would instance, those of the treasury, the home, the foreign, and colonial departments, is much greater than is generally known or imagined. Nor is it altogether clear to us, that the efficiency of those establishments ought to be materially tampered with. If the salaries of those who are employed in them undergo much further reductions, and particularly if, as our author recommends, the superannuation system be done away with, the civil appointments which they furnish will cease to be objects of ambition with men of liberal education and gentlemanly manners. Certainly few men of talent who belong to any of the professions, and are likely to obtain even moderate success in their pursuits, would, under such circumstances, exchange their destinies for those of any gentleman engaged in the service of the public. But it would be a very serious misfortune, much more serious than the expenditure of some eighty or a hundred thousand pounds per annum, if the service of the country were ever to be looked upon as degraded below the professions in point of respectability, and below a common counting-house in point of emolument.

Upon one topic, however, relating to the departments, we quite agree with Sir Henry Parnell. We think that in most, if not in all of them, the methods of keeping accounts are complicated beyond any possible necessity, and without any sort of reason. Let them be simplified by all means, and made so intelligible that a child may understand them. We further agree with our author, that the Treasury ought to have the entire and undivided supreme controul over the public income and expenditure; and that the idea of having all the payments which are now made upon the responsibility of individual clerks in public offices, subjected beforehand to the inspection and approbation of a small Board of Commissioners constituted for that sole purpose, is one that ought forthwith to be carried into effect.

When it is stated, that in 1806 a revenue of more than fifty-eight millions was collected at a less charge by 1,232,615*l*. than a revenue of not quite fifty-five millions in 1826, we apprehend that a case is made out at once for retrenchment in the system by which the public income is brought into the exchequer. The system of giving bounties for the encouragement of fisheries, and for the exportation of particular manufactures, savours of the dark ages of legislation, and ought to be abandoned. The reductions proposed under the heads of military and naval expenditure, are, perhaps, too sweeping, when we consider the state of Europe, the large armies that are kept up every where on the continent, and the increasing fleets of Russia and France. But we go the whole length with Sir Henry Parnell in his reasoning with respect to the enormous expense, and the real inutility to us of the greater number of our colonies. 'It is generally estimated,' he observes, 'that from two to three millions are paid for their army, navy, and various civil charges; but in addition to this, the public pay full two millions more for sugar and timber than they ought to pay, in consequence of the increased prices occasioned by the protection given to the colonists by the higher duties imposed on these articles, when imported from foreign countries.' Sir Henry Parnell would first give a fair trial to the question,—how far are colonies of use to England?—by removing all restrictions and monopolies from their trade, and by endeavouring to put them into a situation that would enable them to meet their own expenditure.

> 'The prevailing opinion, that large profits are obtained through the monopoly, has always confused the question. This opinion has been held to be so completely beyond all doubt, that the great value of colonies has been considered as not admitting of dispute; and no pains have been taken to trace by facts in what way they are valuable. Had such an examination been properly gone into, it would have shown that neither the British public nor the colonies have ever been benefited by the monopoly; and it would also have shown that the possession of the colonies affords no advantages which could not be obtained by commercial intercourse with independent states.

'There are only three ways that the colonies can be of any advantage, 1. In furnishing a military force; 2. In supplying the parent state with a revenue; 3. In affording commercial advantages.

'1. Instead of furnishing a military force, the colonies are always a great drain upon the military resources of the country, particularly in war, when they occupy a large portion of the army and fleet in their defence. In the last war, while our own shores were threatened with invasion from Boulogne and Brest, our means of defence were greatly crippled by the number of troops and ships we were obliged to keep in the colonies.

'2. With respect to revenue, we have declared by the Act of the 18th Geo. III., that we will not levy any taxes or duties in the colonies, except for their use.

'3. As to commercial advantages, if the colonial trade were quite free, our commercial relations with the colonies would resemble the intercourse between ourselves and independent countries; and, therefore, whatever advantages we shall derive from them will be embraced in two questions—1st. Whether our commerce with them will be more beneficial than with independent countries? 2nd. Whether the capital employed in them will be more beneficially employed than it would be, if employed in the United Kingdom?

'With respect to the first question, it is one easily solved, because, where the employment of capital is free, the net profit that may be obtained by the employment of it in commerce with independent countries, will always be as great as if it were employed in the colonial trade. The trade we carry on with the United States proves this.

'With respect to the second question, it is necessary to trace the operations of capital when employed in the colonies, and when employed at home. In the West India islands it goes to feed and clothe slaves; to pay British agents, clerks, and managers; to employ ships and sailors; and although the gross profit upon it seems very high when all the charges and risks are considered, and also the effects of competition, the net profit cannot be greater than it is on capital employed at home.

'When capital is employed in the United Kingdom,—for instance, on manufactures,—it pays wages to English workmen, instead of buying clothes and food for slaves; it employs agents, clerks, and managers; it employs ships and sailors to import raw materials, and to export the finished goods, and the rate of net profit on it is full as high as that on capital employed in the colonies. The incomes derived by West India proprietors from their profits are spent like incomes derived from rent, and add nothing to the national wealth; but the profits made on capital employed at home are added to capital, and thus promote the constant accumulation of it. It is clear, therefore, that, on the whole, the public derives no commercial advantage from the colonies, which it might not have without them.

'They do not even afford any advantage, as some persons suppose, by enlarging the field for the employment of capital; for there are still means enough for employing capital with profit at home; and if new means were wanting, they would be more effectually obtained by removing restrictions on trade and revising the taxes, than by increased trade in the colonies.

'This general reasoning, which the principles of trade suggest, in refutation of the imaginary advantages of colonies, is completely borne out by the experience of facts. The history of the colonies for many years is that of a series of loss, and of the destruction of capital; and if to the many millions of private capital, which have been thus wasted, were added some hundred millions that have been raised by British taxes, and spent on account of the colonies, the total loss to the British public of wealth, which the colonies have occasioned, would appear to be quite enormous.

'The only conditions on which it can be wise and politic for us to continue to keep colonial possessions are, that the number of them should be greatly reduced; and that those which we retain should contribute the whole expense incurred in their defence. Even with such conditions, no advantage would be gained, now or at any other time, unless the planters should prosper and accumulate wealth, and thus add to the general stock of public wealth. It is in order to secure this object that the public is particularly interested in giving to the colonies the full benefit of that perfect system of free trade, which everything connected with colonial reform and retrenchment shows to be wise and politic.

'Dr. Chalmers, in referring to the peace of 1763, says, "The true objection to this peace was, not that we had retained too little, but that we had retained too much;" namely, Canada, Louisiana, Florida, Granada, Tobago, St, Vincent, Dominica, and Senegal. "Millions," he adds, "of productive capital were withdrawn from the agriculture, manufactures, and trade of Great Britain to cultivate the ceded islands in the other hemisphere; domestic occupations were obstructed and circulation stopped, in proportion to the stock withdrawn, to the industry enfeebled, and to the ardour turned to less salutary objects."

'In settling the conditions of the last treaty of peace, it was most unwise to retain so many of the conquered colonies. Trinidad, Demerara, Essequibo, and Tobago were but little advanced in cultivation; a large transfer of capital was necessary for their cultivation, and there was little or no local revenue belonging to them.

'At the close of the war, the East India Company was anxious to be allowed to have the Island of Ceylon, and it is not too late to give it up to them; but as large sums of public money have been expended since the war, in adding to its value, the Company should repay a large part of them, as the condition of becoming masters of this island.

'As the cape of Good Hope and the Mauritius are of no use except for the defence of the East India Company's possessions, the Company ought to be called on to defray all the expense of their military protection; and it is to be hoped that the opportunity, which the expiration of the Charter of the Company will offer, will lead to an arrangement which will secure all these objects.

'When peace was made in 1814, the English government wished to let Austria have the Ionian Islands, but France would not agree to this arrangement. There can be no real use in keeping these islands, with Malta and Gibraltar in our hands.

'The settlement of Sierra Leone, and the military posts on the west coast of Africa, should be given up. The public derives no benefit from these possessions, either in a commercial or military point of view; and with respect to the slave trade, the use they are of in contributing to put it down is so questionable, as not to justify the waste of money, and of human life, which they occasion.

'With respect to Canada, (including our other possessions on the continent of North America;) no case can be made out to show that we should not have every commercial advantage we are supposed now to have, if it were made an independent state. Neither our manufactures, foreign commerce, nor shipping, would be injured by such a measure. On the other hand, what has the nation lost by Canada? Fifty or sixty millions have already been expended; the annual charge on the British treasury is full 600,000*l.* a-year; and we learn from the Second Report of the Committee of Finance, that a plan of fortifying Canada has been for two or three years in progress, which is to cost 3,000,000*l.*'—pp. 249—257.

Our author looks forward with well founded hope, we think, to the effect which the total repeal of the penal laws will be likely, in due course of time, to produce in Ireland, and which, he apprehends, will eventually enable the Government not only to do away with the already useless expense of a Lord Lieutenant, and other charges among the miscellaneous estimates for that country, but also to obtain from it a considerable increase of income.

We should willingly follow our able guide through his chapters upon the national debt, upon future war expenditure, upon loans, upon terminable annuities, and the accumulation of capital, if we did not believe that we had already done enough to direct the public attention to this most elaborate, and yet most intelligible, and useful production. It must get into the hands of every body who wishes to become acquainted with our financial system. Even as a composition it may be read with pleasure, for, in this sense, it well sustains the literary name of Parnell.

The pamphlet by 'A Merchant,' though not always correct as to style, is, considering its brevity, one of the best practical answers that we have yet seen to all the nonsensical clamours which have been spoken and written by town and country gentlemen, upon the subject of distress. It clearly developes the mystery of the war prices, which raised the rent-roll of the land-owner to thrice what it was in the days of his father, and of the fallacious state of things that was generally produced by the restriction of cash payments; the mushroom factories which were thus so rapidly raised, and the vast increase of machinery to which it gave birth. For these, and many other points, upon which the writer touches with admirable good sense, we must refer to the pamphlet itself, as we have room only to extract from it a table of the most valuable character, which shews the total number of persons to whom half-yearly dividends became due on the different stocks by the last returns, and specifying the number respectively, whose dividends did not exceed certain amounts.

	Not exceeding 5l.	Not exceeding 10l.	Not exceeding 50l.	Not exceeding 100l.	Not exceeding 200l.	Not exceeding 300l.	Not exceeding 500l.	Not exceeding 1,000l.	Not exceeding 2,000l.	Exceeding 2,000l.	Total Number of Proprietors.
3 per Cent. Consols	28,660	12,869	32,096	9,352	6,300	2,262	1,458	855	264	109	94,215
Ditto Reduced	12,011	4,998	12,133	3,528	2,215	804	512	300	105	44	36,650
3½ ditto Annuities	233	166	447	205	173	60	71	58	23	14	1,450
4 ditto Consols	9,981	5,174	12,502	3,593	2,021	608	400	181	35	17	34,512
Long Annuities	8,360	3,369	7,731	1,644	825	254	157	58	12	7	22,417
New 4 per Cents	31,359	14,629	34,472	7,677	3,903	1,145	644	280	48	24	94,181
3 per Cent. Ann. 1726	151	90	211	50	22	8	1	—	—	—	533
Old South Sea Annuities	746	390	905	190	76	19	11	5	1	2	2,345
New ditto ditto	573	331	669	156	58	15	5	3	2	—	1,811
3 per Cents. 1751	149	67	1 1	15	11	3	1	1	—	1	367
Totals	92,223	42,083	101,274	26,410	15,604	5,178	3,260	1,741	490	218	288,481

A simple inspection of this document will be sufficient to shew that any measure which would violate the public faith with the fund-holders, would not be a measure for the benefit of the poor and to the injury of the rich only, as is generally represented; but would, in fact, be one calculated only to disgrace the country, to serve nobody, and to defraud of a mere competency more than two hundred and eighty thousand persons, whose incomes from the funds vary between 10*l.* and 600*l.* per annum. This table, we think, knocks in the head for ever all the declamations that are poured forth by tribunes of the people, and all the hints which are thrown out from more trivial quarters, about what is most iniquitously called an "equitable adjustment."

ART. VIII.—*The Diary of Ralph Thoresby, F. R. S. Author of the Topography of Leeds* (1677—1724), *now first published from the original manuscript.* By the Rev. Joseph Hunter, F. S. A. In two volumes, large 8vo. London: Colburn and Bentley. 1830.

IF the friends of sound and useful literature, and the enemies of these piles of trash, which, under the titles of "Diaries" and "Memoirs," have been for some years accumulating on the booksellers' shelves, were to pray for the publication of some work which would make manifest, even to the most stupid reader, the utter worthlessness of most of the volumes of this description which have recently escaped from the hands of the printer,—they could not have desired any occurrence more opportune for their purpose than the appearance of 'Ralph Thoresby's Diary.' It exceeds both in quantity and quality of foolishness, any book of a similar description which has seen the light since the days of old Angelo, the fencing master. At best, when we meet with an intelligible page or two, the silly trifles which they record, and the inconsiderable person who records them, combine, again and again, to force upon us this question,—for what end were so much paper, so much ink, so much steam wasted? What do we gain by reading on and on, wandering over a waste which is as desolate and as barren as the most sandy of the sandy wilds of Asia?

Who was Ralph Thoresby?—we asked; for we confess that the fame of his immortal book, the "Topography of Leeds," published, we hear, in 1715,—a Topography which must be as good a guide through that smoky town now, as it would be through London,—had never before reached our ears. Who was this Ralph Thoresby? His reverend editor answers, that he was 'the son of Mr. John Thoresby, by Ruth his wife, a daughter of Mr. Ralph Idle, whose residence was at Bulmer, an agricultural village, about ten miles north of York.' In 1677, his father, who was a merchant at Leeds, sent him to London, for the purpose of being brought up to the same occupation; and lo! here Ralph's 'Diary' commences. In the early part of his life, he was a furious Nonconformist. He subsequently gave up his connection with the Dissenters; but, if e may judge from his Diary, he spent the most of his time in ondon, listening to sermons, though occasionally he would, it ems, go to see a wild beast.

'15th September. At home most of the day, reading in Mr. Clark's istory, Mirror, and Persecutions.

'16. Die Dom. Mr Ralphson preached again for Mr. S. from Amos . 7; but not to my great satisfaction, seeming, though covertly, to fuse his own principles.

'18. At the Glasshouse Lecture, forenoon, though it was thronged: uld hear little: at home in the afternoon.

'22. I was most part at home, but might have improved my time better an I did; towards night I went with Elkana Boyse to Southwark, to see e elephant, &c.'—vol. 1. pp. 3, 4.

If the reader be not wiser and better after reading this extract, e must try him with some others.

'Oct. 1. Most part of the forenoon at Guildhall, to see the sheriffs, in eir pomp and splendid gallantry, go to take the oath at Westminster, &c. l the afternoon at home with Mrs. Mitley and Mrs. M. Madox, helping em in cutting paper, &c.

'2. Forenoon, heard Dr. Owen preach at Pinner's hall; but, to my ame I confess, how many thoughts and imaginations were in me. After nner, went to the Strand to inquire after crayons, but in vain.

'3. Went thither again about crayons, and got sixty, a set, for 2s. 6d. d several in besides. Rest of the day at home.'—vol. 1. pp. 5, 6.

Voila! Ralph Thoresby at Hull.

'July 4. I came with my father for Hull, and had a very good journey.

'5. Forenoon viewing the town, and with friends, &c. most of the day; out six o'clock came aboard Thomas Scheman's vessel, was a little k,(!) and—then somewhat better again.'(!!!)—vol. 1. p. 16.

These, assuredly, are circumstances in the life of our hero which would have been most unpardonable in him to have omitted in s Diary. It is worth while to consider for a moment the dismal nsequences that would have followed, if this apprentice lad, ter becoming 'a little sick' on board Tom Scheman's vessel, did ally not get 'somewhat better again.' Let us reflect upon this: d, reader, when thy meditations on this important subject are er, thou mayest behold our traveller at Rotterdam, whither he ent in order to learn thoroughly the Dutch system of commerce. e following entries in his Diary are glorious specimens of its ility:—

'15. I went to Mr. William Brent's, schoolmaster, in order to my rning the Dutch lingua.

'22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27. (Where thinkest thou, oh gentle reader?) ost of time at school.'!!!—vol. 1. p. 20.

Again, let us listen to his Dutch strains.

'Nov. 6. Die Dom. Very ill most of the day, sweating much in bed l four o'clock.

'7. Somewhat better.

'8. Indifferently when up, but by reason of bad nights, lost a great part of the forenoon.

'9. At Rotterdam, to try the benefit of a walk.

'10. Was finely all the day.'!!!—vol. 1. pp. 23, 24.

The poor school-boy, it appears, was attacked, soon after this, with an ague, which drove him home to Yorkshire once more. The death of his father devolved upon him the cares of business at an early age. But we collect little from his 'Diary' of his progress in trade. He seems to have been chiefly taken up at this time in collecting prints, and pasting them in common-place-books, in writing extracts from memoirs of great men, and hearing sermons. Sometimes, too, he took a cheerful glass, for which, however, he afterwards thumps his breast most lustily.

'March 15. Spent all day vainly and idly walking or talking, or doing worse—drinking in company, and though not to excess, yet more than was necessary. Evening, at Mr. J. W.'s in the same humour, &c. Væ væ mihi peccatori.'!—vol. 1. p. 80.

Somewhere about the year 1684, Ralph took unto himself a wife, of whose meekness, modesty, and submission, he speaks in the highest terms. After the occurrence of such a serious event as this, we should expect that his Diary would become more manly, and present some facts connected with the political events of the day. At all events, we thought we should not be disappointed, if we carefully examined his journal for 1688. But, alas, when we come to the latter part of that eventful year, we find that Ralph was no politician. His record of the revolution betrays almost the weakness of idiotcy.

'Sept. 30.* A strange face of affairs presents itself. We were told of an invasion from Holland, and that a Dutch fleet was seen off Scarborough and Hull; but it proved to be Torbay, where the Prince of Orange landed the 5th November, 1688. We underlings knew not what to make of these affairs, nor is it my design to intermix public with my private memoirs, otherwise than as they were merciful or afflictive to me and my family, with the neighbourhood; therefore shall take no notice of King James's abdication, (!) the seizing of York by the Earl of Danby, afterwards Duke of Leeds, Lord Fairfax, &c., or the reading in the Moot-hall, at Leeds, the Prince of Orange's declaration, by Jasper Blythman, Esq. afterwards recorder."!!—vol. 1. p. 188.

He does, however, immediately after break in upon this sage resolution, by giving a furious account of the 'flying army of Irish and massacring Papists, who, with unheard of cruelty, burnt and killed all before them.' Such was the alarm on one occasion, that 'the drums beat, the bells rang *backward,* the women shrieked, and such dreadful consternation seized upon all persons; some men, with their wives and children, left all behind them (even monies and plate upon the tables), and ran for shelter to the barns and haystacks in the fields.' Among the fugitives we expected to find Ralph Thoresby, Esq., but he, on the contrary, boldly took horse and arms to oppose the Papists, with thousands of others, when, just as they were all eager for the fray, it turned out to have been 'a false alarm, *taken from some drunken people, who cried out horribly, murder! murder!*' For such an age of fanaticism and folly, no man of the time was better suited than our hero. He was in himself an epitome of the mental imbecility and frenzy which so peculiarly characterized those evil times.

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*The editor of the Diary does not reconcile the dates in this passage.

It would be a mere waste of time, if we were to proceed with any thing like regularity through these tiresome volumes. As the man grows older, he becomes more and more taken up with sermons and charities; things doubtless excellent in themselves, but which are not, at least to the extent that we have them here, very interesting subjects for a published Diary. The tone of his mind may be clearly traced through the following passages, which are extracted at random from his journal for 1722, when he was in the sixty-fourth year of his age:—

'May 22. Read and wrote till eleven; after abroad, inquisitive after the astonishing effects of the thunder-shower last Friday, in the vicinage of Halifax, where it took down part of Ripponden Chapel, bore down two mills, and several houses and bridges, about twenty persons said to be drowned; corpses washed out of graves, &c.

'23. Read Danbuz, &c.; wrote to my Lady Betty Hastings, till eleven; afternoon, at the funeral of Mrs. Robinson, widow, who diedin the ninety-second year of her age: she was one of the four that died the last half-year, whose ages amounted to 400 years.

'29. Morning, Dr. Brook preached the anniversary Sermon from Psalm lxxvii. 14,—let us, to our utmost, promote a national reformation, the way to which is, every person to reform one.

'31. Finished the perusal of Lord Cobham's trial, a curiosity, printed beyond the sea at the beginning of the Reformation; wrote to Mr. Smith of Melsonby; afternoon, upon Manor business, till evening.

'June 3. *Die Dom.* Read Vines and Henry. The Vicar proceeded from Peter ii. 1, 4, to the third head, what is required in order to confirmation. He particularly inveighed against plays, which reproof was the more necessary, because we have had in town a company of players six or eight weeks, which has seduced many, and got abundance of silver. Afternoon, walked to Holbeck, where Mr. Paley preached from "It is God gives the increase." I afterwards called with the Vicar at Alderman Milner's, to visit his son Cotton, from Staffordshire.

'4. Read Danbuz and Henry; wrote till eleven, after fretting at a letter from Mr. Pendlebury, full of acrimony.

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'August 1. Morning, read Danbuz and Henry; then wrote to sons with 20*l.* bill, advising to moderation, that others' intemperate zeal may not drive us to extremes. Mr. P. preached the anniversary sermon, and was sharp (as he ought) against anti-monarchical principles, but very tender of giving the least offence to non-jurors. After, to visit cousin Ald., and cousin S. after evening prayers.

'3. Read and wrote till eleven; concluded Sir James Ware's Antiquities and History of Ireland, with his Commentary of the Prelates and Writers; is a useful book, but full of errata in the press, &c.

10. Read and wrote till eleven; after at Parson Robinson's, to learn what he has bequeathed to pious uses, which is considerable; see the particulars elsewhere; after which, visited by some Londoners, to see the curiosities, with whom at a tenant's full late.

'14. Read and wrote till eleven; after, had visitants to see museum till evening; after, sent for by Sir Roger Beckwith, about Norman and English coins.

'23. Read; then writing about business till eleven; afternoon, with the Vicar, to see the foundation of the new Church in Boor-lane, and then showing the museum to a native of Norway; after, to visit cousin Aldburgh.

'24. Received letters from Cambridge, that rejoiced my heart, for my son Richard's performances, &c.

'27. Morning, read; then with workmen till near four, when, after an anthem sung by the charity children at the parish church, the mayor and aldermen, with the clergy and gentry, went in procession to the Burrow-lane, where Parson Robinson laid the first stone of the new church (and three guineas under it for the workmen,) there was great rejoicing, and if the loud huzza seemed carnal to some, there was, I question not, much spiritual rejoicing in others; I stayed till past nine.

'Sept. 6. Consulting manuscripts, &c. in a case wherein lawyer Wilson desired my assistance relating to Guisely living.

'10. Read Danbuz, &c. till past two; had Parson Barnard and two of his quondam scholars, Mr. Mangy and cousin J. Whitaker, in library, till near evening prayers.

'12. Read and wrote till eleven; dined at cousin Cookson's with cousin Idle, of London, with whom and Vicar, at the charity-school and new church till evening; at supper with them at cousin Wilson's.

'14. Afternoon, transcribing notes from Chancellor Pearson's manuscript till evening.

'17. Morning, read Danbuz, and transcribed from Dr. Pearson's manuscript till eleven; and afternoon, till four, to wait of the Lord Irwin, at cousin Wilson's.

'24. Morning, read; then wrote to the Bishop of Lincoln till eleven. Afternoon, to visit cousin Aldburgh; in return, Mr. Sagar gave me an account of the apparition himself saw; wrote a little till evening prayers.

'27. Read Danbuz, and finished the perusal of Dr. Johnston,* of Abbey Lands, 1687, wherein he would palliate matters; with this is bound up a curiosity. Pope Innocent the Eleventh's decree for suppressing the office of the Immaculate Conception, and several indulgencies. After dinner at the Bank; read and wrote, &c.

'30. *Die Dom.* Read Whitby. Mr. Craister preached ingeniously from Eccles. vii. 16, "Be not righteous over much," against indiscretion: showing that many things in themselves good, may be had in excess; even mortification, if to the prejudice of health; a thousand penances may not mortify one sin. I. Be not conceited of thy own merit; those that see so much of their own, can see none in others; commonly, those who pry most into other men's concerns are most remiss in their own; measure not a man's state to God by what befalls him in this world. The reason assigned in the text is, lest thou destroy thyself. Afternoon, walked to Thurslet, where he preached from the parable of the sower, Matt. xiii. 4—8, which be explained very well.

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* 'Thoresby's old friend, Dr. Nathaniel Johnston, of Pontefract. The intent of the tract was to show the sufficiency of the titles to lands, formerly Abbey lands, founded on grants made by Henry VIII. and his successors.'

'Oct. 5. Read Whitby; writing accounts of some remarkable apparitions in pursuance of the late Bishop of Gloucester's request, the whole day, save when at Church.

'7. *Die Dom.* Read Dr. Whitby, and Vines of the Sacrament, a judicious treatise; the twenty-second chapter, with many other places, shows him absolutely against separation, because of the sins of others, in a mixed congregation it not being a local but a moral conjunction that defiles. Mr. Paley preached from 1 Cor. xi. 26. My dear now first received at the Church. Afternoon, Mr. Day preached from Prov. xiii. 20, " A companion of fools shall be destroyed."

'10. Read and wrote; then at funeral of Cousin Job Isles; rest of day with Lords of Manor, it being the great Court day, till even.

'18. Proceeding in ditto collection of apparitions, &c. except when at Church.

'23. Morning, read Whitby; then finished the perusal of my late friend, Mr. Danbuz's Comment on the Revelations, which is brimful of uncommon learning; explaining the mystical as well as literal sense, and giving the history of the Christian Church in the several periods. All day within, save usual walks to Church.

'Nov. 5. Morning, read Whitby: Mr. Day made a very ingenious nice discourse from Luke ix. 5, 6, 7, showing that Christianity is far from destroying men for religion's sake; those most given to persecution are greatest enemies to godliness. Showing that the Church of England observes a due medium betwixt the Romanists on the one hand, and the Separatists on the other; but, in the enumeration, trod gentlest upon the Non-jurors. Read a little; then had a gentleman from York to see collections. Evening, sent for per Mr. L.

11. *Die Dom.* Read Whitby: the Vicar preached from Acts x. 1. insisted much upon the honour and happiness of building a new Church, and beautifying the old. (Memorandum. Now the communion table and space were enlarged to the pillars, that it is said will cost 80*l.* though the former was esteemed decent.) Afternoon, Mr. Day, from 2 Tim. iii. 16, showed well that all scripture is profitable for doctrine, &c.; an unseasonable visit prevented noting the heads.

'25. *Die Dom.* Morning; the Vicar preached very well from Lev. xxiii. 3, showing that the dedication of the seventh day to the worship of God was appointed at the creation, and no doubt observed by the antediluvian patriarchs before the renewal of it at Horeb, and the institution of the Christian Sabbath is confirmed by the practice of the apostles and of the Christian Church in all ages, and what is required to a due observation of the day. Read Charnock till evening prayers, when great disturbance, Mrs. Mangey being buried with torch-light.

'Dec. 9. *Die Dom.* Read as usually; Dr. Brook preached from

Luke iii. 4. Afternoon, at the funeral of my dear cousin Aldburgh; the Vicar preached from Isa. xxvi. 3, showing that the sense of own unworthiness may discourage a pious soul, but he must stay himself upon the mercy of God, and manifest his sincerity by his constant obedience; then gave a just character of her, but vastly short of her deserts, who to the advantages of a good family and religious education, added a most exemplary piety. This ingenious, pious, and charitable gentlewoman has left 10*l.* to the charity-school.

'14 and 15. Nothing remarkable at home, but a flood, wherein a child drowned and a soldier hardly escaped. Transcribed an indulgence for a wavering Romanist.'—vol. ii. pp. 340—345—344—349.

Such a man as this was truly well fitted to be a collector of curiosities. He died of a paralytic stroke on the 16th of October, 1726. His Diary, the reader must have already perceived, is fatiguing enough; but we find that there is still another volume to come of the Diarist's correspondence, from the autograph originals, with a general index to the journals and letters. When is this folly of printing manuscripts, simply because they were written a century ago, to have an end? Printed, indeed, they may be, and published too,—but who is to read them?

ART. IX.—*Travels in various Parts of Peru, including a Year's Residence in Potosi.* By Edmond Temple, Knight of the Royal and distinguished Order of Charles III. In two volumes, large 8vo. London: Colburn and Bentley. 1830.

MR. TEMPLE—or, if he ought to be styled Sir Edmond Temple from his badge of knighthood, let him imagine that plain Mister is meant throughout this article for Sir, as we have no idea of quarrelling with him for such a trifle—Mr. Temple, then, we must say, is one of the most sprightly travellers with whom we have been in South America for an age. We know not how often we have been over the Pampas since we galloped from Buenos Ayres to the Andes with Captain Head. As to Peru, we have traversed the whole country at least twenty times. Yet it is from us no small praise for Mr. Temple to admit that he has, with his good humoured gentlemanly way of telling his story, induced us to re-visit the whole of these scenes again, and, if we mistake not, he will be equally successful with a great many others, particularly those to whom South America is as yet a *terra incognita,* who will find in his volumes much to instruct them, and a great deal to amuse.

During that grand epoch of national wisdom and speculation, the famous *annus mirabilis* 1825, some of our readers may chance to recollect, among the projects of the day, one entitled the "Potosi, La Paz, and Peruvian Mining Association." This scheme, which the Baron de Humboldt was pleased to call a "grande et belle entreprise," was conducted upon a magnificent scale. The execution of it was entrusted to a long list of official persons, filling various situations at home and abroad. Too happy was Mr. Temple to have been appointed Secretary to the establishment at Potosi. He was assured that his situation would give independence and luxury, not only to his own precious self, but to all his posterity for ever and ever. The first act which the Secretary did was to buy up all the shares that could be had in the market, issued by his Association, a step which we are afraid leaves him minus, at this day, of the whole of his little patrimony.

Having laid, as he thought, the foundation of a country mansion and estate, with a dim prospect in the distance of the House of Commons and a peerage, our Secretary set off for Buenos Ayres, in the latter part of the glorious year already mentioned. The commencement of his journey was characteristic. Orders having been issued by the Board of Directors for the departure of the tribe of employés, they were all handed into a highly fashionable carriage provided for the occasion, and drawn by four horses. From Falmouth they made the best of their way to Buenos Ayres, and thence over the Pampas to Peru. As there are but few of our readers who are not already familiar with the route pursued by our traveller as far as Potosi, we shall take leave to join him just as he arrives within view of the celebrated mountain which has given its name to that town.

'The road, as I advanced, although in no respect improved in itself, indicated the approach to a town of consideration. It was no longer an unfrequented solitude, as I had been accustomed to find it. Peasantry, with droves of asses and flocks of beautiful llamas, were to be seen passing to and fro; some strolling lazily to the city, laden with fruits, vegetables, Indian corn, flour, charcoal, fire-wood, and other necessaries; some returning from the market at a brisk pace, after disposing of their burdens, and hastening many leagues into the fruitful valleys of the country to renew them. Indians, male and female, with poultry, milk, eggs, and sundry commodities for consumption, enlivened the way, and apprized the hungry traveller that, although surrounded by bleak, uncultivated, and *uncultivatable*, mountains, he was still in the land of the living.

'Suddenly appeared before me, in the distance, a high mountain of a reddish brown colour, in the shape of a perfect cone, and altogether distinct in its appearance from any thing of the kind I had ever seen. There was no mistaking it: it was that mountain which was made known to the world by the merest accident, by an Indian, who, in pursuit of a llama up the steep, to save himself from falling caught hold of a shrub, which being torn from the soil exposed a mass of solid silver at the roots; it was that mountain, incapable of producing even a blade of grass, which yet had attractions sufficient to cause a city to be built at its base, at one time containing a hundred thousand inhabitants;—it was that mountain, whose hidden treasures have withstood the laborious plunder of two hundred and fifty years, and still remain unexhausted. Having said thus much of the new and striking object before me, I need scarcely add that it was the celebrated mountain of Potosi.

'Onward I rode, cheered by seeing the beacon which indicated the termination of my long journey; not so my jaded mule; it received no stimulus from that which to me acted as an exhilarating draught. Forty miles upon a bad road (my mule assured me it was full forty-five) is a wearisome distance before breakfast for either man or beast; and mine, every mile I now advanced, gave indubitable evidence of exhausted strength: yet the means of refreshment were far distant from us both. Patience and perseverance were our only solace; and with these two efficacious virtues, I believe in my heart honestly adhered to by both of us, we mutually assisted each other; I by alighting to walk up hills and steeps, the mule, when I remounted, by jogging on, if the path happened to be free from rocks and stones; for the approach even to the *Imperial City* is nothing more than a rugged path tracked out by the footsteps of men and animals.

'From the top of every eminence that I ascended for the last two hours of my journey, I felt a longing expectation of obtaining a view of the town; because to behold even at a distance the abode of rest, at the conclusion of a long voyage or journey, is a consolation, which every traveller anxiously seeks and enjoys with sensations of real pleasure; but this consolation is denied in approaching Potosi; neither house, nor dome, nor steeple, is to be seen at a distance. The last curve round the base of the silver mountain, whose pointed top was now far above my head in a cloudless deep blue sky, brought me at once upon the town, which, with its ruined suburbs, covered a vast extent beneath me, and in ten minutes more I was at the post-house in the centre of it.

'But it is not in the post-house that the traveller is to expect repose or comfort, for even here that abode is no better than the worst in any miserable village; there is no decent apartment to retire to, no refreshment to be obtained, no bed to rest upon, not even a chair to sit on, or accommodation of any kind.

'After throwing some barley to my poor mule, I sallied forth with my letters of introduction in search of a dinner; for, although I had not breakfasted, dinner hour had arrived, and there being no tavern in Potosi wherein to obtain one, I was obliged to *sponge*, and succeeded to my infinite gratification in the house of Don Raymundo Herena, a respectable shopkeeper, who probably never before had such a famished guest at his table.'—vol. i. pp. 282—286.

We admire the eloquence with which a certain South American author, the Senor Pazo, was inspired when he first beheld the mountain of Potosi. The splendid scenery around him did not so much engage his meditations, as the streams—no, that is not the word—the rivers—nor that either—the *lavas*—ay, that is the phrase—the *lavas* of silver which it poured upon the world, "to animate enterprise and reward industry; to disseminate knowledge and religion, and to spread the desolations of war; marshalling armies in the field, and pointing the thunder of navies upon the ocean," &c. &c. But before we ascend the mountain let us take a survey of the town at its feet.

'The streets were cleaner than those of any town I had hitherto seen in South America, and the practice of white-washing the outside of all the houses added considerably to the appearance of cleanliness. This, however, does not apply to the inside, where every thing is filthy, with few exceptions, even in the first houses, some of which, like the stable of Augeas, seem not to have been cleaned for thirty years.

'The Indians, who compose one half of the inhabitants, are, in every sense of the expression, "a swinish multitude," but those who consider themselves so much their superiors are not, in every particular, a great deal better. Twenty years ago, the population of this city was reduced to half of what it once contained, and now it does not exceed twelve thousand souls.

'I entered two or three of the plundered and dismantled churches, the walls of which formerly were, in some instances, literally covered with decorations of pure silver. I strolled round that immense uncouth pile, the Casa Moneda, or Royal Mint, erected at the cost of two millions of dollars. The common average coined within its walls for many years was four millions annually, being at the rate of upwards of ten thousand dollars a-day the whole year round.

'On one side of the principal square of the city stands the government house, a long, low range of building, including Salas de Justicia, the gaol, and the guard-house. Another side of the square is occupied by a prodigious heap of gray granite, a work which the Spaniards commenced twenty years ago, and which the present government are slowly continuing: when finished, it is to be consecrated, and called the Cathedral. Such an unsightly mass of stone I never before beheld. It has been profanely imagined, that if the pains and expense which it has cost had been bestowed in making fit approaches to the town, it would have been a work to the full as profitable for the souls and bodies of the public. In the middle of the same square, a sample of architecture worthy of the architect of the Cathedral has lately been erected. I supposed it to be a shot-manufactory, and my servant, whom I had occasion to send in that direction, inquired: "If his way was not past the big chimney?" We were both mistaken: it is a national trophy in honour of the Liberator, Simon Bolivar.'—vol. i. pp. 290, 291.

Upon the whole, our author found his situation comfortable enough, though not quite so splendid as the Secretary of the "Potosi La Paz and Peruvian Mining Association" had a right to expect. To be sure his house was not very elegantly furnished. Indeed, correctly speaking, it was not furnished at all, as he had not even a table to dine upon; however he obtained plenty of good chocolate, fresh eggs, tolerable milk, abundance of fruit and vegetables, so that in the main point of having enough to eat, he was not at all to be pitied. These delicacies did not save him from an attack of dysentery, which is the common lot of all strangers, but the serenity of the climate soon brought him round again.

'The climate of Potosi I have found, as had been previously mentioned to me, to present each day the changes of the four seasons of the year. The early part of the morning is piercing cold; the forenoon is like our finest March day; from noon till about two or three o'clock the sun is broiling hot, whilst in the shade it is not only cool, but very cold. It was out of my power to ascertain the exact difference of temperature, for there is not in the imperial city one single thermometer, and those which we brought from England have all been broken on our journey. The evenings and early part of the nights are usually serene, and sometimes of a summer's mildness. The Creoles seem to be extremely sensible of cold, for they consider this climate an eternal winter, which they divide into "the dry winter and wet winter; but the Indians (although like the Irish peasantry, half naked,) are not so delicate. My own opinion, and I am inclined to think that all my countrymen who visit this place must be of the same, is, that, upon a fair estimate, we may consider it fine, wholesome, bracing, and by no means unpleasant weather.

'I have observed that we are all liable, upon arriving here, to a severe attack of illness, but if it passes away, and good health returns as quickly as it has to me, there can be no cause for complaint.'—vol. i. pp. 297, 298.

The Baron de Humboldt remarked that the farm of Antisana, in the province of Quito, which is about 13,000 feet above the level of the sea, "is, without doubt, one of the highest inhabited spots on the earth." If the more recent computations of Dr. Redhead and Mr. Pentland be correct, the town of Potosi stands at an elevation of 13,265 feet above the same level, and, consequently, may be said to be the highest inhabited spot on the earth, the Baron having mentioned no place that is higher than Antisana. Notwithstanding the *lavas* of the Senor Pazo, and indeed a very general notion, that all the South American mountains are of volcanic origin, our Secretary takes leave to doubt the fact with respect to the mountain of Potosi. We are not about to enter into a dissertation upon that question, still less are we disposed to bother ourselves and our amiable readers with the process of mining and amalgamation, as detailed by the Secretary in very learned language. It is but justice, however, to hear him upon one point connected with the speculation in which he was concerned, the more particularly as we have differed, and shall probably always differ, with him upon the subject, until he presents us with three or four waggon loads of real Potosian silver, to remove our scruples. *Audi alteram partem* is our motto.

'The remarks that were published in many of the newspapers on mining speculations, at the time of the great mania, were, if sometimes true, frequently the reverse, but very seldom free from prejudice, arising either from party spirit, the disappointment of extravagant hopes, or the design of accomplishing some private end. I recollect to have seen in a periodical, which has particularly distinguished itself for its indefatigable zeal in detecting, and its uncompromising spirit in *opposing* and *exposing*, the numerous schemes that have been concocted, some in ignorance and folly, others in absolute fraud,—the following observations on mining companies being "Extracts of a letter from Peru." "To us, at so great a distance from England, these things appear very strange, to see on the lists of directors names of men pretending to character, and many of them *rich*" (this climax of *character*, by the way, to *us*, who have no such ingredient to boast of, savours strongly of the city), "thus exposing themselves to be covered with disgrace, for not one of these companies can do any good." We are not told *why* they cannot do any good; but had the writer stopped here, with reference to *those companies*, their establishments, and their plans, he would, notwithstanding the vagueness of his assertion, have been perfectly correct. But when he continues thus,—" It is physically impossible they can succeed, and this must be known to every man who has been here, or who would take the trouble of inquiring."—This, I reply, in his own words, *every man who has been here must know*, is perfectly ridiculous. What has occurred in the realms of nature, science, or art, to make it now " physically impossible" to work to advantage the silver mines of Peru? Have they not been worked for three centuries to advantage, without any other interruption than that which has taken place solely in consequence of the political events of the country? I think I hear the writer reply, that it is precisely because they have been worked for such a length of time, that they are now unproductive, nay, exhausted. But as well might it be said, that the coal-pits of Newcastle are exhausted, because they have been worked for a series of years.

' " Agents from London," continues the writer, " are seen or heard of in every province, bargaining for mines; they have turned the brains of the Spaniards, who had long given up mining in despair." In despair of what? I may be permitted to ask this question, because, here again, the *why* and the *wherefore* are not mentioned. The only *despair* that could have troubled the Spaniards, with respect to their mines, was despair of the produce, with which they annually loaded their ships, ever reaching a port of Spain when that country was at war with England. The chances then were, that every galleon which sailed for Spain would be either captured or blown up by British cruisers. Our history informs us that, even at the time of the Commonwealth, the capture of Spanish ships laden with the produce of the mines of America was considered so certain, that Cromwell expected to pay his troops from the booty, without laying new burthens on the people.

' There could not have been cause for despair, under an idea that their mines were exhausted, or that there was any improbability of finding new ones. But I need not intrude any opinion of my own, when I can adduce the evidence of a distinguished authority, whose laborious investigations in the new world have been particularly directed to the subject of its mines. " The abundance of silver in the chain of the Andes is in general such, that when we reflect on the number of mineral depositories which remain *untouched*, or which have been *very superficially* wrought, we are tempted to believe that Europeans have yet *scarcely begun* to enjoy the inexhaustible fund of wealth contained in the New World." " I am not ignorant, that in thus expressing myself, I am directly opposed to the authors of a great number of works on political economy, in which it is affirmed, that the mines of America are partly *exhausted* and partly *too deep* ever to be worked with advantage, &c."—" It appears to me superfluous to refute opinions at variance with innumerable *facts*, and we ought not to be astonished at the *extreme* levity with which people in Europe judge of the state of the mines of the New World."*

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* ' Humboldt, Political Essay on New Spain, vol. iii. chap. xi., where all the *facts* alluded to may be seen, and the corroboration of them in " Ward's Mexico."'

'I readily admit, that many blanks occur in the lottery of mining, and that enormous sums have been lavished in the speculation; but it is not less true that, in many cases, "the magnitude of the object bears a fair proportion to the magnitude of the stake."'—vol. 1. pp. 310—314.

What we are at present most surprised at is this, that the Secretary has returned to England, while more glorious prospects, according to his own argument, were held out to him in Potosi. We cannot count the millions which he says were extracted from the bosom of the mountain since the original discovery of its riches, though we apprehend there would be no great difficulty in summing up the treasures which have reached England from the same source, since the establishment of the "Potosi, La Paz, and Peruvian Association." Amid the mining propensities which must absorb universal attention in the neighbourhood of such metallic attractions, it is pleasant to observe that the cause of education is not altogether neglected.

'An assembly was held in the chapel of the college, formerly the rich and gaudy church of the convent. Here the ceremony was opened by a Latin speech, delivered by one of the intended students, chiefly in praise of Bolivar and Sucre, whom all the speakers that followed, also made the theme of their discourse in Spanish. The prefect charged the governors and masters who were to be entrusted with the education of the scholars, to bring them up in a very different manner from that in which he himself and all his contemporaries had been brought up under their late despots. He recommended them to take example from the English nation, whose principles of liberality and tolerance had obtained them the respect and admiration of the universe. The clergyman who had been selected as head-master of the establishment, followed in an equally liberal strain, and exulted in the honour of his appointment to preside over the first institution for the instruction of the youth of his country in which their education was free, and not, as hitherto, subject to the blighting influence of a despotic will. Other speakers made honourable mention of Locke, Socrates, Newton, Canning, Plato, Boyle, Washington, Alexander the Great, Homer, and Nebuchadnezzar. When all were tired of speaking, which was not before all were tired of listening, the company withdrew from the church to the refectory, where, if the tables were not laden as luxuriously as in the days of the fathers, there was at least a repast sufficient to afford a couple of hours of genuine hilarity. The event which the party had met to celebrate was one of present joy and future hope to every body; it was, in truth, a grand epoch in the annals of a nation, which by its own persevering struggles had just emancipated itself from a state of the most abject slavery; and as the surest preventive against its recurrence, this first establishment for the free education of youth was founded in general joy and jubilee, under the conviction of the truth of their motto, which was selected from the works of l'Abbé de Mably:—*L'instruction publique est sans doute la meilleure base des mœurs.*'—vol. i. pp. 334, 335.

Our Secretary was now going on very gaily, writing home to his directors, not letters but despatches, in the true East Indian style, and giving the most glowing accounts of the existing as well as the probably future state of operations at Potosi, when he unfortunately learned that the Company's Agent at Buenos Ayres had refused to accept any more of their draughts, and that in England, not only a call for the several instalments would be hopeless, but that some of the directors, holding a large number of shares, were unable to pay their first quota. This intelligence threw our Secretary for a time into the spleen; nevertheless it did not prevent him from enjoying himself as well as he could, under the distressing circumstances in which he was placed.

'6th. I availed myself this day of a general invitation to dinner, given with unfeigned cordiality by Donna Juliana Indalesias, the rich widow of a man who, before the Revolution, was one of the first among the many wealthy merchants then residing in Potosi.

'Donna Juliana never omits daily attendance at mass, nor absents herself from any procession or particular ceremony of her church, and would consider it a crime to conceal her veneration for the images and paintings of saints which hallow and adorn her apartments. She also highly respects, and distinguishes from all her other friends, those whose peculiar calling it is to instruct mankind in the sacred doctrines of religion, seldom sitting down to dinner unaccompanied by a priest or friar, who have free admission to her plentiful table. That, however, which may excite suprise, because so seldom in accordance with ostentatious acts of devotion, is the fact, that she possesses the kindest heart in the world, and dispenses charity with true benevolence. She is known by the appellation of "*La buena Cristiana,*" and never was distinction more deservedly bestowed.

'Donna Juliana, Cura Costas, (the respectable head of the church at Potosi,) Padre Francisco, (a Dominican friar, whose portly corporation excited in my mind a malicious suspicion of his being more accustomed to feasting than fasting,) were the party with whom, at two o'clock, I sat down to dinner. Three Indian girls, the children of old domestics, clean and tidy; an Indian boy, as may be sometimes seen in another "land of potatoes," shirtless, shoeless, and stockingless; a very fine negress slave, and an elderly woman, evidently the confidential servant, were the attendants.

'In all families in Peru, the domestic service is performed by Indians, whose fidelity to their masters has been the theme of many writers; and from the great number of years which some of them have lived in families with whom I am acquainted, I believe the accounts to be generally correct. The honesty of these domestics is seldom tempted to a breach by the many articles of plate which are frequently to be seen scattered about a house, and even in the court-yard, where they are carelessly thrown to be washed, or sometimes to be scrubbed with sand or ashes. Before the Revolution, articles of gold, such as coffee-spoons, *maté*-cups, *bombillos,* (tubes through which the *maté,* an infusion of a Paraguay herb resembling tea, is drawn into the mouth,) were to be seen strewed in a similar state of indifference. It must, however, be confessed, that little pilferings are not very unusual amongst this poor, patient, and laborious class of people.

'For nearly an hour, immense silver dishes were carried in and carried out, with the various compositions of our repast. The first course consisted, as is usual in the country, of cheese and fruit, such as melons, apples, figs, chyrimoyas, tunas, membrillos, &c. Then came two or three kinds of soup or porridge, with rice prepared in different ways. After these were removed, there was no regularity observed in the courses; for, whilst some of the attendants carried off the dishes that had been helped from, or if not yet touched by us, that had remained long enough upon the table to gratify our view, others were at hand instantly to replace them: there was no opportunity given to remark, that—

"There was the place where the pasty was not."

Each dish contained sufficient for a party of twice our number; and from every one I observed Donna Juliana take a large plateful, sometimes two platefuls, and, saying something in Quichua, hand them to one of her Indians, who placed them in a distant corner of the room.

'When the more substantial subjects of the feast were discussed, then followed custards, and compotes, and sweetmeats, from which small portions were also taken, to be husbanded, as I imagined, for to-morrow's fare. A dish of very good potatoes, accompanied with very bad butter, concluded the dinner. When the cloth was removed, all the attendants, without any word of command, ranged themselves in a rank in the middle of the room, and suddenly dropping on their knees, sung or said aloud a grace that lasted full four minutes, in which the deep-toned voices of Padre Costas and Friar Francisco, nothing mellowed by their hearty meal and ample goblet of Cinty wine from the estate of our hostess, chimed in like bass-viols, whilst Donna Juliana, pressing her cross and beads to her bosom, her eyes devoutly fixed upon a beautiful painting of the Virgin and Child, which hung opposite to her in a large massive silver frame, accompanied the others in all the fervency of thanksgiving. A deep "Amen!" with the sign of the cross, as a benediction upon the company, by Padre Costas, ended this appropriate ceremony, in the solemnity of which the most obdurate heretic could not have refrained from joining.

'The servants now took away the plates which had been placed upon the sideboard, whilst Donna Juliana, in Quichua, seemed to give particular directions about each of them. I was curious to learn their destination, and, being on a footing of the most friendly intimacy with Donna Juliana and her father-confessor, my inquiry was answered—"to be given to the poor." Every day in the year, at two o'clock, several poor persons attended at the house of *La Buena Cristiana*, and took their seats upon the staircase; some of them, aware no doubt of the lenient disposition of their benefactress, encroached even to the door of the dining-room, where a scene rather unusual to a European, certainly to an Englishman, and one of interesting curiosity too, was daily to be seen,—that of a tribe of beggars, assembled *en societé,* in a respectable mansion, eating with silver spoons, out of silver plates and dishes, without any watch over the property, or even a suspicion of its being likely to be missing. In mentioning this daily charitable distribution—happy contrast to "the crumbs from the rich man's table!"—I must not forget to remark, that the reserved portions of sweetmeats were for the children who accompanied their parents; a trifling observation, perhaps, but it has its weight in describing the character of the venerable Lady Bountiful of Potosi.'—vol. i. pp. 378—383.

A good deal has been said of late in Parliament concerning the wandering disposition of our brethren of the sister-island, and of their zeal for inflicting their industry upon England in particular. We were delighted to find from Mr. Temple, that Paddies are to be met with in all quarters of the globe, for sure we are that more meritorious labourers do not exist, than the brawny, cheerful, devil-may-care lads of Erin. We cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing our author's account of a rencontre, a most unexpected one, which he had with two or three *Irishers*, as the old acts of Parliament were pleased to style the sons of Hibernia.

'Whilst I was sitting with several Indians in a ring round a fire, occupied in roasting some excellent potatoes, which I had selected from a large heap that had been just brought home, four travellers upon post-mules trotted into the court, where a conversation, in a tone and emphasis not unknown to my ear, but at the time and place quite unexpected, commenced between three of them, in these identical words, so loudly uttered, that had my organs of hearing been naturally dull, I must have distinctly comprehended them :—"Death an' ouns, Pat! here's lots o' praties!"—"Ah! den, are ye in arenest?"—"Divil a word o' lie in it!" "Saze some of them for supper, for I see very well that this cantancrous baste of a mule is going to give me as long a job to get the saddle off as she gave me to put it on :—look at that now! (here the mule kicked and squealed.) Oh! the divil may squeal you!"—"I'll take a hatful o' them any way, Pat."—"Do, Christy dear, and put them on the fire." "Mind! have a care of your shins, or that long-eared varmint will be mighty apt to blacken them for you."—"Oh, then, sweet bad luck to her for a mule! for a mule she is, and nauthing else but a mule! See there agin!" said Pat, as he jumped aside to evade the heels of his ticklish animal. It may be unnecessary to say, that I availed myself of the first opportunity to gratify my impatience respecting the little history of these travellers, which was related to me by Christopher Donoughoe in the following manner :—

'"Owen Flaherty and Paddy Curry there, left Ireland mere boys in the year ninety-eight, and went off to North Ameriky, and I followed after them shortly, so I did."—"But why did you happen to leave your country in the year *ninety-eight?*" said I.—"Why, then, indeed, to tell you the truth as to that, we didn't like the times, and didn't think the Government was using us by any manes well, you see; and, wishing to have our liberty any way, we thought it best to get shut o' them altogether, and so with that we sailed away from Cork to New York, where we soon got work; for, being the whole of us bred to the carpenter's business, you see, we made money aisy enough, and so there we stopped, till four years ago, when we thought to better ourselves, and sailed in a ship to Bonusairis where we got as much work as we pleased, and more money than ever we expected, till at last, thinking we could do better up the country, we left Bonusairis about two months back, and stopped at Salta, where we had a great notion to fix ourselves to plaze one Doctor Redhead, who immadiately, indeed, got us more work than we could do, but learning that the Governor of Chookysacky was carrying on great building in that city, and that he would give any money for artisans such as the likes of us, we thought it a fine time to see the country, and so we took to the post and come on, and here we are, wid the blessin' o' God; and isn't it a rayel pleasure now to meet any body to spake with in these parts, where there's no understanding one word people say? I larnt, indeed, something of the Spanish in Bonusairis, but the devil o' one bit its' of use to me here, good, bad, or indifferent, for this bates all the languages ever I come across, so it does."

'"Pray," said I, "what's your opinion of the country, and the people?" "Why, indeed, then, as in regard to that, you see yourself that it's wild enough any way; and as for the roads in these parts, with their ups and their downs, and their twists and their turns, they're every hair as crooked as the river of Kilcock; but then, after all, there's no *want* of any thing a-body might need to keep himself from starving, and if a man minds his business, and stays at home, and looks to himself, do you see, there's no fear but he may do well; and, indeed, I dar'n't complain of the people, for though they're lazy enough, they're quiet, kindly cratures, and I never saw any harm in none of them, barring their language, which, as I said before, nobody can make head nor tail of but their ownselves, I suppose; howsever, take it all in all, a-body might go a dale farther, and fare worse, so he might, and that's the truth, so it is, is'n't it now, Paddy?" "Well, then, indeed it is," replied Paddy Curry.

'"As you passed through Potosi," said I, "you must have heard that an English Mining Company was establishing there; why didn't you inquire if there was work for you?"—"Oh! I hard all about it, and indeed we intinded to stop there, but just as we arrived at the post, this gentleman here (pointing to a Frenchman, who spoke a little English and a little Spanish, travelling in a mercantile capacity) was going to mount his mule at the door, and seeing we were foreigners like himself, I suppose, he saluted us like, and so I took off my hat, and says I, 'A fine day, Sir,' says I; 'Good-morrow to you, Sir,' says he; 'Good-morrow kindly, Sir,' says I. 'Who have ye got there?' says Paddy Curry to me, says he; 'Faith! I don't know,' says I; 'but he's a Christian any way,' says I; and wi' that we got all into conversation-like, and I axed him to step in, and take a sup. 'Wid all my heart,' says he: 'Come along,' says I, and then it was he tould us he was going on to Chookysacky, and that he knew the road well, and that it was a mighty fine place, and so we thought it a good job to take on with his opportunity, so we did, for we said to ourselves, we might come back again to Potosi aisy enough, if Chookysacky didn't plase us, and that would be time enough to deliver the letters."

'"What letters?" said I. "Oh! nauthing at all, indeed, only a couple of letters of ricommendation concarning myself in private;" and taking two letters out of his hat, my surprise may be imagined, when I add, that they proved to be directed to myself. "I am the very person," said I, "that these letters are for!" "Ah! then are you? well, think o' that now! what crosses there are in this life! who'd a thought of meeting you so promiscously in such a place as this, above all places in the world?" The letters were one from a merchant at Buenos Ayres, the other from Doctor Redhead, at Salta, recommending the travellers as good carpenters, and sober, industrious men: the latter gentleman mentioned, that Christopher Donoughoe had left with him for safe-keeping nearly a thousand dollars of his earnings.

'Whilst I was in the act of reading my letters by the light of a candle stuck against the wall of my apartment, I was interrupted by being suddenly caressed with all the enthusiasm of delight. On leaving Potosi, by some accident my dog Carlo missed following me, but, for seeing him here, and having my apprehensions concerning him relieved, I was indebted to my honest countrymen. "We saw the crature standing his lone by himself at the corner of the big square, as we passed through Potosi, and we all said to each other, well, then, isn't that for all the world like an English spaniel? and with that we whistled till him, and he folleed us to the post-house as kindly as if he knew us all our lives, and there didn't we give him as good as we had ourselves? for the divil a one bit of a whole showlder o' mutton that he din't ate all his own self, and much good may it do him; and then he folleed us a piece out of the town, and we thought it a pity to lave him, and so we flattered him on, and happy I am I brought him safe to your honour; didn't I carry him in my arms before me for as good as five lagues, till the mule fell—bad luck to her! coming down the big hill, and nearly did for us both, as I thought: but that's nather here nor there, now that you have him safe and sound, and glad I am of it, indeed so I am." "I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Donoughoe, and now I shall detain you no longer from your good cheer of potatoes, which I dare say you feel eager to attack: good night." "Good night to your honour."'—vol. i. pp. 387—393.

Upon a subject on which the minds of most men are wont to be exceedingly prejudiced, we find our traveller adhering to a course of impartial observation which reflects credit on his heart, as it manifests the soundness of his judgment. The following remarks will amply justify the praise which we bestow.

'To deny that abuses still exist would be to deny the darkness of night; but the fanaticism of religion, "*cette cause perturbatrice du monde*," has assuredly ceased to have either dominion or support. The clergy are no where considered, as certain declaimers, in their zeal, have imagined them to be, haughty, inexorable despots. They are received in society, as they are justly entitled to be, "with all gladness," as companions, and are every where respected as friends "worthy of double honours." Friendly, indeed, I have ever found them in this and every other country in which I have travelled where their influence extends, and Englishmen of every denomination must in gratitude acknowledge as much: they must own, also, after a little travelling and mixing with foreign society, that our own prejudices, whether as a nation or a sect, soon appear to us as unworthy, inveterate, and unjust, as those of any other under the sun; they will admit that no set of men in their private character have been so injuriously aspersed by the cankered tongue of slander as the Roman Catholic priesthood, among whom are to be found as many and as bright examples of piety, benevolence, and all goodness, as in any other class of the community. And with respect to past ages, we may name characters to equal, no doubt, but certainly not to surpass, those of Las Casas, Francis de Sales, Fenelon, Massillon, Bossuet, and a host of others equally eminent and revered, who adorned their own times, and live in the admiration of the present. But, in spite of all the abuses that exist in the moral, religious, and political state of this hemisphere—and in what country do abuses *not* exist?—in spite of all the clouds of darkness that remain and may continue to linger on this horizon, yet through them may be seen in the distance, what never appeared before, a perspective of improvement, of liberal feeling, of happiness, and (according to the destinies of nations) of awaiting glory; these, the legitimate offspring of freedom, though yet but young, cannot fail to grow with the growth of the parent. Liberty, deplorably violated as her sacred character has been, has nevertheless infused a spirit into all the institutions of the country, the benefits of which are already felt; but the greatest of all benefits immediately arising from Spanish emancipation, and that from which every other improvement must follow, is the diffusion of knowledge by means of public instruction'.—vol. i. pp. 418—420.

Upon a subsequent occasion, during an unexpected journey which Mr. Temple was forced to make into the interior from Potosi, he speaks very highly of the hospitable dispositions of the clergy.

'There is something peculiarly gratifying in the confidence of welcome with which, in this country, a traveller of any degree of respectability may take up his abode at the houses of the clergy, in the different towns or villages on his route. "Where is the house of the Father Curate?" is the usual question asked by a stranger on entering a village; and, on alighting at the door, if the Father is at home, and happens not to be asleep, (when none dare disturb him,) the only preliminary requisite in taking possession of the quarters, is to make an obeisance and say, "good-morrow to you, Senor Cura!" A smile of welcome, with a few accompanying words of kindness and a shake of the hand from the Cura, establishes you, in nine cases out of ten, with as much ease and freedom as in your own house. The Father then turns to the peones and servants, who have all dismounted, anxiously waiting to catch his eye in its glances round, when he pronounces the usual benediction—"God bless you, my sons!" upon which they respectfully take off their hats, and say, "God keep your reverence!" They then unload the baggage, and place it in the apartment destined for these passing visits; and this operation the casual absence of the curate in no way prevents, for then the *ama*, (housekeeper,) or, perhaps, "the niece," makes the stranger equally welcome.

'I do not say, that in all cases good cheer is to be met with, or that in any case the English traveller will find such comforts as in England are well known to be the usual attributes of the "snug parsonage." Throughout the British dominions, "parsonage" and "comfort" go together, as naturally and inseparably as "ham and chicken." Here is no such enviable appendage to a benefice as the former, and what is considered "comfort" in decent life in England is yet unknown. As to chickens and fowls, when boiled to rags, they are torn to pieces without a single thought of ham or bacon, or even a suspicion that the absence of the latter is an outrageous violation of the rules of domestic economy as practised with us.

'The traveller, however, frequently finds all the convenience he expects, taking it for granted, that he is aware of the very few wants of the Natives, and is satisfied to comply with their manners and customs. The curate is always useful in recommending to his lodgers those persons in the village or neighbourhood who can best supply forage for the animals, or any little necessary for themselves; and if the charges happen to be a little unreasonable, a few kind words from the *Padre* will accommodate the difference to the satisfaction of all!'—vol. ii. pp. 39—41.

It was at the village of Caracella that the traveller experienced this hospitable reception; and it so happened that at the time of his arrival, the whole population was engrossed in the merriment with which they are accustomed to celebrate their festivals. The favourite beverage of the people, in which they indulge on these joyous occasions, is the *Chicha*, the manufacture of which is thus described by Mr. Temple.

> 'A quantity of Indian corn is pounded into a fine powder, and placed in a heap, round which as many old women (I always observed they were old women) as can form a convenient circle sit down upon the ground, and, filling their mouths with the powder, chew it into a paste, perhaps "*mumble*" would be the appropriate term, for "to chew," I presume, there must be teeth, but in this operation the performers are toothless. When the paste, then, is mumbled to a sufficient consistency, it is taken out of the mouth, and rolled between the palms of the hands into a ball, generally about the size of a grape-shot, but varying, of course, according to the capacity of the mouth from which the substance is taken. The balls are piled in a pyramid, until the flour of the *mais* is finished; they are then placed upon a fire to bake. After this they are put into a given quantity of water, where they ferment; I am not aware that any other ingredient is used. The fermentation forms the beverage called "chicha," which is the nectar of the Indians, and, although inebriating, it is by no means injurious to health. In hot weather, I must acknowledge, notwithstanding the process, which is a most unsightly scene to witness, a draught of chicha is extremely grateful; though I know not how to describe the taste, nearer than what may be imagined would be obtained by a mixture of small beer and indifferent cyder, yet it is considered as nutritious among the labouring classes as porter is in England.'—vol. ii. pp. 43, 44.

Within a few leagues of the town of La Paz, the stupendous mountain of Ylimani becomes visible. It broke upon the vision of our author just at day-light, and the impressions which the spectacle left upon his mind are expressed with considerable eloquence. He could not fail to be struck, even in this region of wonders, with the characteristic fertility of the beautiful plain which he saw around, and which realized, to his astonishment, the charming picture in Marmontel's "Incas," of the valley of Quito.

> 'In casting a glance farther round, you perceive squares and patches of every shade of green and yellow, which, to a European, is perhaps the most striking part of the scene. Corn, and fruit, and vegetables, and crops of every kind, may be seen in all their stages, from the act of sowing to that of gathering them in; here, a field of barley luxuriantly green: there another in full maturity, which the Indians are busily reaping: next to it, a crop just appearing above the ground; farther on, another arrived at half its growth: beyond it, a man guiding a pair of oxen, yoked to a shapeless stick, the point of which scratches the earth sufficiently for the reception of the seed, which another man is scattering in the furrows:

trees bearing fruit, and at the same time putting forth buds and blossoms, complete the scene of luxuriance.'—vol. ii. pp. 62, 63.

In La Paz our author was indebted to a Peruvian gentleman for his accommodations, the places of public reception in the town being already occupied. The manner in which he sued for hospitality at the door of this gentleman, and the address by which he at last succeeded, are very amusing. Strolling one day through the streets of La Paz, Mr. Temple was forced to go into a shop, to avoid a shower which had unexpectedly descended. Looking over some waste paper on the counter, he discovered, to his surprise, a manuscript Journal of the Siege of La Paz in 1780, during an insurrection of the Peruvian Indians, under their celebrated chief Tupac Amaro. Leaving the subject of this document, of which a translation is inserted in this work, we follow Mr. Temple to Potosi, where he was met by the unfortunate news of the downfall of the Potosi Mining Association. This event gives rise to some remarks, historical, criminative, objurgative, &c., all of which being particularly gloomy, and totally at variance with the general character of these volumes, we shall, for the present, pass by, flinging to oblivion, in the self-same parcel, even the dissertation on native iron; for lo, the jocund sounds in the distance announce the dawn of merry Christmas-day at Potosi.

> ' For several weeks past, every artist and mechanic of tolerable ingenuity has been employed in making and repairing dolls, images, and figures of sundry kinds, also in setting up and painting altars in every respectable house; whilst all the females have been equally busy in preparing dresses for those dolls, making artificial flowers and embroideries, and embellishing the best apartment in their respective houses for the display of what is here termed *el Nacimiento*, (the birth of Christ), for which every family of respectability makes preparation with a diligence, anxiety, interest, and fuss, scarcely to be exceeded by that which precedes a fancy-ball among our fashionables in England. The fanciful display of taste, the splendour of the dresses, and the variety of costume, is as conspicuous in the one case as in the other. If we have all the metamorphoses of fairy tales and tales of genii, all the heroes and heroines of history and romance, personified in the enchanting precints of a fancy-ball for the purpose of mirth and pleasure, we have in the *Nacimientos* of Potosi, under the grave and solemn character of religion, and with the most decorous observances, a *fantoccini* display of the most distinguished events in sacred writ. We have the adoration of the shepherds, strictly represented with all their rustic attributes, we have the Magi and the Kings in gorgeous apparel, accompanied by their respective trains, mounted upon elephants, camels, horses, and asses, bearing baskets of fruit and other presents, all journeying to Bethlehem to pay their homage to the infant Saviour of the world, whose sacred image is not here to be seen in a lowly manger, but in a cradle of pure silver, sometimes of pure gold, and the drapery covered with the most costly jewels. On either side of the cradle are images of the Virgin Mother and her husband Joseph, with crowns of gold upon their heads, and their robes profusely covered with diamonds, and pearls,

and precious stones. Over the cradle may be seen engraved on a plate of gold, "Glory to God on high!" and all round, suspended by means of delicate wires from the ceiling, are angels, cherubim, and seraphim, floating in the air, supposed to be rejoicing with "song and choral symphony" at the tidings of peace and good-will to men. The apartment in which this highly-venerated exhibition takes place, is strewed with artificial flowers, and arranged for the accommodation of visiters, who go in parties full dressed, from house to house to view them, with every feeling of devotional obligation. However puerile these forms and ceremonies may appear to some of us, their object and intent is precisely the same as those of our own more rational and less ostentatious rites on the recurrence of this great festival, namely, to commemorate an event which is acknowledged and believed by all Christians to have happened for the eternal salvation of mankind. It is not fair, therefore, hastily to condemn them under those feelings of contempt which too frequently arise out of a difference of religious creed; because, with reference to the childish insignificance of those ceremonies, we can scarcely contend that the most splendid processions, or religious assemblages, in cathedrals and churches, accompanied by all the pomp and magnificence that the art of man is capable of inventing, can, by so much as the importance of one grain of sand, obtain greater consideration in the sight of the Omnipotent Being, than the meanest of those exhibitions in the hut of the simple Indian. However exalted our ideas of human grandeur, we must admit its utter insignificance in the sight of him who has heaven for his throne, and the earth for his footstool. —vol. ii. pp. 238—241.

The account of his establishment, as given by our author, is pleasant enough, and the details which follow may not be altogether unimportant to those who have still a permanent abode to chose, and may have turned their attention to the South Western World.

'My establishment consists, first, of number one, with a salary of five hundred sterling pounds *per annum!* (the English of *per annum* I thought, till now, meant "payable yearly.") Then comes, next in dignity, José Luni, a Peruvian *Sambo*, (the next shade to a negro,) who is my major-domo and cook-major, with a salary of six Spanish dollars per month, or 14*l.* 8*s.* sterling per annum; very good wages no doubt, but then the very good qualities of José Luni justly entitle him to them, and, fortunately for him, they are more regularly paid than his master's. This Sambo had married a Samba, whom I appointed, at her own request, to the office of housemaid, with a salary of two dollars per month, nearly 5*l.* sterling per annum. I found her in all things as honest, careful, and attentive as her husband. She *made a child*, as the French say, whilst in my house, and after her accouchement I was formally solicited to become *padrino* (godfather) to the young Sambo. This is not here a mere formality, forgotten when the ceremony is ended, as is commonly the case in Europe; but becomes a connexion, "a spiritual affinity," even with the parents of the child, that is valued much more than a close relationship, and continues uninterrupted through life; and when the *padrino* happens to be of a class in society higher than those for whom he becomes a sponsor, he receives continual acts of attention and respect from his *compadres*, (co-parents,)

> who take a pride at every opportunity of mentioning their connexion, seldom even allowing him to pass in the street without pointing at him, and saying, with a feeling of enviable satisfaction, to the by-standers, "*Alli va mi compadre!*" There goes my benefactor, protector, friend! I myself became quite proud of this distinction, and frequently took my little black godson to dandle in my arms, for the sake of witnessing the delight which that act of condescension always occasioned to the parents. On those days I was sure to have at dinner some favourite dish, dressed with extraordinary care, and pointed out to me by José as an addition of his own to the bill of fare; whilst his wife Maria would sweep, dust, and clean my apartments, without being scolded or implored to do so, as was generally requisite.'—vol. ii. pp. 278, 279.

The weekly bill of the home expenditure for the whole family, consisting of five persons, amounted on the average to seven dollars and two rials, to which, however, some items of occasional expenditure are to be added,—such as the purchase of maize, the expense of which however is trifling, and of a sheep now and then, which, fleece and all, costs no more than four shillings, and, fed upon barley, makes very good mutton. Other articles of domestic use are thus spoken of by Mr. Temple:—

> 'The master's table was sometimes furnished with fowls and chickens, from one shilling to one shilling and three-pence each, and partridges, very fine, at one shilling each. Butter is brought from a great distance in bladders, and sells for about five or six shillings per pound, the quality such as would be used to grease cart-wheels in England. The best loaf sugar is brought from Cusco, and sells from two shillings to two shillings and sixpence per pound. Tea, of which green only is to be had, comes from the ports of the Pacific; the price varies according to the stock on hand; I have paid sixteen, twenty, and twenty four shillings the pound, the quality always very good. Chocolate of the country is so good, as frequently to have been considered a desirable present from the Spaniards to their friends in Spain, price three shillings and sixpence to four shillings the pound. The coffee of the country is excellent, price eight shillings the pound, roasted and ground. Wines are very little used, except at large dinner parties, and then they are freely indulged in, but seldom to any excess: claret, tolerable, twelve shillings the bottle; champagne from twelve to sixteen shillings the bottle; English cider, six to eight shillings the bottle. There is a very good wine grown at Cinti, about forty or fifty leagues distant from Potosi, which sells from two shillings to two shillings and sixpence the bottle; it resembles Burgundy, and, under proper treatment, might equal, if not surpass it, in every respect; but at present the method of making and keeping it, is said to be altogether faulty. The cultivation of the vine and wine-making might be a lucrative speculation in many parts of South America. Rum and brandy sell for about eight or ten shillings the bottle. Empty bottles, till lately, sold for a dollar each, but now they do not fetch more than a shilling. Thus, it may be seen, that there is no want of necessaries at Potosi, and, considering the great distance of land carriage over the Cordillera on the backs of mules, a mode liable to so many accidents, the prices are not very exorbitant. A grand "set-out" of a dinner, or as others call it, "a regular swell," for

sixteen or eighteen persons, generally cost me, all expenses included, from thirty to forty dollars.

'Apothecaries' drugs are drugs indeed, and excessively dear, which will hardly be the case when science advances and avails herself of the great variety of medicinal plants and herbs which abound in the valleys of Peru; but, for the present, I strongly recommend all visiters to this country to beware of mock-doctors and their infallible poisons. It is by no means unusual for an apothecary, who happens to be unprovided with the ingredients specified in the recipe, to send you the value of your money (which must always accompany it) in some other drugs of his own selection, but which you of course swallow, supposing them to be those that were ordered. If you chance to meet the apothecary at any future period, you will be relieved from any doubt of his intention to defraud, for he will boast of the favour that he considered he was conferring on you, in sending you at the same price, drugs infinitely stronger and dearer than those mentioned in the recipe; you are *then*, probably for the first time, enabled to account for the very extraordinary and unexpected effects of your doctor's prescription!'—vol. ii. pp. 285—287.

Shortly before Mr. Temple quitted Potosi, the conspiracy of Villanueva exploded, and that leader himself was executed in the public square. We notice the event merely for the sake of introducing a trait of terrible superstition on the part of the Indian population.

'When the mortal existence of the unhappy Villanueva was terminated by the discharge of three muskets at his breast, the Indians, who were among the assembled crowd, rushed forward to scramble for pieces of the clothes of the deceased, which, according to some extraordinary superstition, they dipped in his blood, for the purpose of afterwards selling to the women who make *chicha*, into which these rags are thrown on particular occasions to produce a charm, when all the Indians, male and female, in the neighbourhood, assemble and drink to excess of the horrible beverage.' —vol. ii. pp. 302, 303.

The feelings of horror which the perusal of such deeds must awaken, soon subside before the buoyant sallies of our lively author, and the description of a sort of public dinner, given by Don Pedro to the Minister Plenipotentiary of the Republic of Peru to Bolivia.

'At three o'clock a numerous and exceedingly select company assembled in (as usual) a barn-like room, down the middle of which was a long narrow table, studded with plates, bottles of wine, and saucers, in alternate rows; in the latter were small pieces of cheese, sausages, ham, and bacon, cut in fanciful slices, for the gratification of the eye, as well as the taste. Upon a side-table were several bottles of rum and spruce-beer, and plates of all sorts of cakes and confections, which were presented by the host as a welcome to his guests on their entering the room. *Dulces* (sweetmeats) are at all times highly prized in South America, and the handing them round with a glass of rum (for on these particular occasions one glass serves a whole company), affords a very happy opportunity of displaying politeness and attention—coin, which in this country is more current, and more valued, than in any other in the world; and he who dispenses it liberally, not prodigally, will never want friends in South America. An Englishman must here abandon his own prejudices, and occasionally yield to the customs of those whom he may happen to visit, and into whose society he must recollect he is always good-naturedly invited, never importunately urged. A little custom will soon reconcile him to various practices which may at first be found as repugnant to the taste as a black dose; but afterwards they all go down as easily as a pill. He is not expected to accept a cigar from the mouth of another, nay, even from a domestic, as in Spain, where, by declining it, you commit a grievous offence against friendship and good-breeding. In South America I have never seen this act of friendly politeness proffered, because every one is usually furnished with a stock of tobacco in his pockets. But you must accept with grateful acknowledgment the remains of a glass of rum; the more lips it has touched, the more cordiality in the dram; off with it! and beware of wiping your mouth either before or after it. Should you be induced to wipe the brim of the glass before drinking, or turn it between yourself and the light to seek a little space free from humidity, your reputation is gone for ever!

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When a lady selects a gentleman from the company, by beckoning or calling him to take her glass and sip after her, the compliment is then highly enviable; and whether her lips be pale and shrivelled by the wintry effect of years, or cherry-ripe and pouting in the fragrance of summer, he is bound by the well-understood laws of respect, etiquette, honour, gallantry, love, and all their little jealousies, to imprint his own lips upon the precise spot where those were placed which preceded him, and then to take off the very last drop in the glass.

'We consumed a bottle of rum and some bottles of spruce-beer, with a few cakes and *dulces*, in this friendly manner, before the order for dinner was given. Slaves, male and female, black, tawny, copper, and mulatto, then entered the room, bearing ponderous dishes of silver, with soups, meats, and vegetables, and covered every vacant spot upon the table, to which the guests now drew nigh with an unlimited profusion of ceremonious bows, and squeezed themselves as well as they could, with pinioned arms, into the few inches of space allotted to each. I was among the fortunate who obtained a seat to their satisfaction.

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'At the dinner-table sundry little compliments, constituting the etiquette of society, must also be given, and received with all goodliness of manner. If you happen to be helped to any peculiarly well-dressed dish, you must first praise it aloud, in order to enhance its value, and to attract the notice of the company; you then stretch across the table with a tit-bit on the end of your fork, presenting it to whomsoever you wish to distinguish by this mark of favour, and who, in accepting it, retains *your* fork; but, as a ratification of the act, returns to you *his* or *hers*. At the second course, these compliments become general, when in the space of a few minutes, you may have been favoured with a mouthful from every fork at the table, whilst your own has gone the round of the whole company. Plates and dishes being removed, bottles of claret, of Frontignac, of cider, and of spruce-beer, were intermingled upon the table, and the speedy consumption of the beverage proved it to be agreeable to the guests. Toasts and sentiments, accompanied by speeches, went their round as rapidly as the bottles. The Americans are peculiarly fond of table oratory. When it has happened that two or three candidates for the attention of the company have risen at the same time, I have seen momentary disputes respecting the right of speaking *first*, and on those occasions I observed that the President generally settled the difference by speaking himself. The English mode of expressing applause, "Hip! hip! hip! Hurra! hurra! hurra!" has been adopted in America, and the uproar of a dinner-party there, is not exceeded by that of the happiest midnight revellers at the London Tavern; neither is it an uncommon thing to see every glass upon the table broken, or dashed against the walls of the apartment—the climax of joyous feeling and satisfaction at what has been said, implying that the subject is too good ever again to suffer the same glasses to be defiled by being made to contain a bumper to any less acceptable sentiment.'—vol. ii. pp. 306—311.

On his way home, Mr. Temple was able to see two moons in the heavens, gazing on which too intensely, he lost his path—facts that are quite decisive as to the extent to which the hilarity of the meeting was carried. His occupation being at an end in Peru, the author lost no time in preparing for his departure, and at the end of April, 1827, he bade a long adieu to Potosi. Directing his course to Rio Janeiro, where he purposed to embark for his native country, he had before him a long and various route to pass through. The journey, though made under circumstances of disappointment that would have depressed the spirits and saddened the expressions of any other man living, was accomplished by him with the most perfect ease of mind, and an ever ready disposition to turn every occurrence to the gratification of his humour. At Tarija he met with Don Francisco Burdett O'Connor, whose name did not belie his nativity, and who had the honour of holding the office of commandant over a district, the fruitfulness of which beats, really beats, the fertility of the green gem itself.

'The town contains about two thousand inhabitants; a peaceable community, who prefer sleeping the *siesta* to any occupation connected with arts or industry, which, as yet, have obtained no footing here. The partiality to a *delicieux repos* is considerably encouraged by the nature of the climate and the fruitfulness of the soil, which requires only a little scratching at seed time, to yield, year after year, without interruption, a superabundance of crops, particularly of maize, which here grows to great perfection. When eating a peach, if you take the trouble to thrust the stone into the ground, two years afterwards you may eat fruit from the tree it produces. In a court belonging to the Prefect's house, there is now a tree which was planted two years and a half before I saw it, and which, when put into the ground, was only a small twig, three feet long, and as thick as a man's finger. It had grown in that space of time to the height of twenty feet, and measured *thirteen inches in circumference* for several feet above the ground. It is the increase in the size of the *stem* that is deserving of notice, and shows that it was not a mere shoot, slender and useless, such as often grows from many species of trees to a great length, in a very short space of time, even in England.'—vol. ii. pp. 354, 355.

The Commandant and our traveller, accompanied by a small party, made an excursion to the convent of Salinas, about thirty leagues from Tarija, formerly a station of the Jesuits, but, since their suppression, inhabited by Franciscan friars. From this place again these two gentlemen proceed farther into the country, and being greatly struck with the fertility of the soil, and the salubrity of the climate, our author suggests that the province of Tarija is a very suitable spot for the friends of emigration to consider. In point of fact, his opinion had been anticipated by his friend O'Connor, who charged him to bring the following proclamation to Great Britain, and use it to the best advantage.

'"People of Ireland!

'"My dear countrymen.—After nine years' fighting and hardships, I have had the pleasure of seeing these beautiful provinces free from the Spanish yoke, and now enjoying a Republican form of government, and true happiness and independence. The country is a beautiful one; there is a great abundance of the best land in the world, but very few men and women to occupy, or to till the ground.

'"I have chosen this province for my residence. Here I intend to found the colony of New Erin,—as green, fertile, and flourishing as our poor old native land. The province of Tarija is much larger than Ireland, and our colony may be more extensive than its largest county, or perhaps than any two counties.

'"Men of Ireland!—Here is the home of all those who wish to make New Erin their home. The poorest of my countrymen will be received by me with open arms—they are of my flesh and blood; and after working for a short time, to make me a house, they shall be provided with a good one for themselves, with every thing necessary; a good cow, horse, pig, and poultry, at the door, and the crop for the year in their haggard. This house and land will be theirs for ever, and no man shall have the power to put them out of it. They will not be asked for rent, more than to help now and then, on a hurry day, for the general good. They will be completely masters of their own for ever.

'"Irishmen!—This is not an adventurer's trick to deceive you. This is the genuine offer of your father, your brother, your friend, your countryman, to share among you what he has gained with his sword. Come to his arms—you will find in him a protector; by his side you will find health, prosperity, and happiness. Given under my hand and seal, in the city of Tarija, 24th June, 1827.

'"FRANCIS BURDETT O'CONNOR."'
vol. ii. pp. 390—391.

Mr. Temple, however, whilst giving his friend credit for the best intentions, candidly avows that the distance, the uncertainty of provisions in the beginning, with other circumstances, would make it infinitely more prudent in his poorer countrymen to endeavour to make out an existence nearer home than in Tarija. The remainder of the journey to Rio is described in the same pleasant vein, and with quite as good a proportion of miscellanies, as the wanderings of which we have now given some partial account.

Amid the details of personal adventures, there is a great deal of shrewd and strong observation, and hence the work is calculated to be eminently useful to persons at all interested about South America. The temper and candour of Mr. Temple, at once shew him to be a person above being led away in his estimate of men and manners, by any undue considerations. Whatever he may do to check the hopes of those who looked with enthusiasm to the establishment of so many altars to liberty in the new world, his testimony goes very far indeed in favour of the moral dispositions of the people. The instances of hospitality, even amongst the lowest classes, and the warmth of their kindness, on any occasion where an appeal to humanity is made, as attested by our author, shew to what an extent they are endowed with some of the best virtues of our nature. He relates that in no part of the world has he observed such ardent affection amongst families as he has witnessed in South America. It is the custom, he says, for young married couples to live with the parents of either, and every little arrangement connected with the formation of new and permanent associations, is made as far as possible with the view of preventing a separation of the old members of a family. A similar custom, however, exists in France—at least amongst that class in which the progress of luxury has not swept away the traditionary feelings of domestic attachment. We have, then, to thank Mr. Temple for a very lively and agreeable book, upon a subject of very great interest; and though very amusing indeed for the most part, it is by no means so to the extent of prejudicing a sound and sensible view of matters which require to be treated with due gravity.

Art. X.—*Remarks occasioned by Mr. Moore's Notices of Lord Byron's Life.* By the Right Honourable Lady Byron. London: 1830.

In our Review of the "Notices, Journals, &c." of Lord Byron, by Mr. Moore, we ventured the expression of our opinion, that much as the biographer had shewn himself ready to suppress matter that was little calculated to raise the noble bard in the world's estimation, he yet had allowed in that work a great deal to remain which signally called for the expurgatory knife. Our notions, which were certainly not confined to any single point contained in the book, are somewhat strikingly confirmed by the expostulation which stands at the head of this article; and we verily believe, that had Mr. Moore the slightest suspicion of the real state of the facts, he never would have sanctioned the publication of such loose and unmeasured charges against Lady Byron's family, as are contained in some of the letters from her noble husband inserted in that book. We cannot, it is only candid to state, get over the impression, that Mr. Moore, the poet laureate, we may well say, of the elegant sex, wrote and arranged his compilation under the influence of a strong prejudice against Lady Byron. Her Ladyship, as pictured in the quarto, is certainly a most unamiable being. The whole tenor of Mr. Moore's account of the marriage and separation of the parties, is to criminate her Ladyship, by insinuating that she was the first to take a decisive step in the affair of the separation; that, out of mere pride, she persevered in that measure, and, that as she was inflexible, whilst her husband was ready to be reconciled, it followed as a corollary from the old maxim, which declares that they never pardon who do the wrong, that the wrong in this instance was committed by the lady; in short, the "Notices" are characterized most strongly, as regards Lady Byron, by that combination of promptitude and timidity so well described in the line of the poet—

"Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike."

But it is not on her own account that Lady Byron has departed from that mysterious silence, which, we are now satisfied, proceeded not less from the delicacy of her sex than from the sense of dignity belonging to conscious innocence. The reluctant exhibition which she now makes before the public, is the sacrifice which filial piety offers to the shades of parents whose memory is sought to be calumniated. History makes mention of a dumb boy, who, when his mother was attacked, burst the ligaments which obstructed his utterance in his effort to defend her.

> 'I have,' Lady Byron commences, 'I have disregarded various publications in which facts within my own knowledge have been grossly misrepresented; but I am called upon to notice some of the erroneous statements proceeding from one who claims to be considered as Lord Byron's confidential and authorised friend. Domestic details ought not to be intruded on the public attention: if, however, they *are* so intruded, the persons affected by them have a right to refute injurious charges. Mr. Moore has promulgated his own impressions of private events in which I was most nearly concerned, as if he possessed a competent knowledge of the subject. Having survived Lord Byron, I feel increased reluctance to advert to any circumstances connected with the period of my marriage; nor is it now my intention to disclose them, further than may be indispensably requisite for the end I have in view. Self-vindication is not the motive which actuates me to this appeal, and the spirit of accusation is unmingled with it; but when the conduct of my parents is brought forward in a disgraceful light, by the passages selected from Lord Byron's letters, and by the remarks of his biographer, I feel bound to justify their characters from imputations which I *know* to be false.

This is sufficiently strong, but the biographer deserves it; for although he professes a prudent neutrality between the husband and wife, his insinuations against the latter are not the less calculated to be effective against her reputation. The first passage which Lady Byron specifies as containing 'an imputation' which she knows 'to be false,' is contained in a letter from Lord Byron to Mr. Moore, dated March 8th, 1816. Before, however, we come to this quotation, we shall take the liberty of making a few observations illustrative of the feelings of the biographer, both at the time when he received Lord Byron's letter, and when, in arranging his work, he had to furnish a commentary upon its contents. In the February of 1816, Mr. Moore heard reports of Lord Byron's separation, which induced him to make inquiries of his noble friend by letter. The reply of Lord Byron exhibits, in our opinion, any thing but the confidence of a friend. Instead of telling his correspondent that he was actually separated, and how the event occurred, he seems anxious to evade the question; and what he does say touching that interesting and prescribed subject, is singularly loose and unsatisfactory. "All the world and my wife are at war with me, and have not yet crushed me, whatever they *may* do." "Her" (Lady Noel's) "daughter (Miss Milbanke that was) is, I believe, in London with her father." These are the only words respecting his separation which Lord Byron thinks proper to yield to the pressing curiosity of Mr. Moore, who solicited information in the following importunate terms:—"Just communicate as much or as little as you think proper; only *something* I should like to know, as soon as possible, from yourself, in order to set my mind at rest with respect to the truth or falsehood of the report." We have seen how very little Lord Byron conceded to his inquisitive correspondent, even after a fortnight had intervened between the application and the reply. We only ask the reader's attention to the theory which Mr. Moore instantly jumped at, assisted by only such materials as his noble friend had supplied. "After all," says he, in his rejoinder to Lord Byron, "after all, your *choice* was the misfortune. I never liked—but I'm here wandering, &c." Now what was the prompt, decisive reply from the husband to this precipitate and exceedingly uncharitable judgment? It was this, "The fault was *not*—no, nor even the misfortune—in my 'choice' (unless in choosing at all), for I do not believe—and I must say it, in the very dregs of all this bitter business—that there ever was a *better, or even a brighter, a kinder, or a more amiable and agreeable being than Lady B. I never had, nor can have, any reproach* to make her while with me. Where there is blame, *it belongs to myself.*"

Here, then, is a testimony given under circumstances which at once stamp its character for genuineness. Nothing that Lord Byron has said,—nothing that Mr. Moore can insinuate, will ever wash away this beautiful tribute to Lady Byron's connubial heroism. "You made a bad choice," exclaims Mr. Moore. "No," mournfully responds the noble sufferer, "I was wrong in marrying at all; but, marrying at all, I could not have selected a better wife." An angel out of heaven would scarcely have met with more agreeable treatment from one so passion-tost as his Lordship. It is the curse of men possessing extraordinary genius, that they think the laws of society, particularly domestic society, should bend perpetually to their humours. They are too prone to indulge that love of singularity or eccentricity which, it is probable, is an essential accompaniment of uncommon intellectual endowment. They will call for biscuits and soda-water on occasions when the ordinary herd of mortals conform to honest mutton and sherry wine, and—anything to be unlike the rest of the world—they will not condescend to participate in the notions of matrimonial regularity, so vulgarised by its being uniformly observed amongst the herd of mankind. To return to Lady Byron's vindication :—

> 'The passages, (her Ladyship says,) from Lord Byron's letters, to which I refer, are the aspersion on my mother's character, p. 648, l. 4 :—"My child is very well, and flourishing, I hear ; but I must see also. I feel no disposition to resign it to the *contagion of its grandmother's society.*" The assertion of her dishonourable conduct in employing a spy, p. 645, l. 7, &c. "A Mrs. C., (now a kind of housekeeper and *spy of Lady N.'s,*) who, in her better days, was a washerwoman, is supposed to be—by the learned—very much the occult cause of our domestic discrepancies." The seeming exculpation of myself, in the extract, p. 646, with the words immediately following,—"Her nearest relatives are a ——— ;" where the blank clearly implies something too offensive for publication. These passages tend to throw suspicion on my parents, and give reason to ascribe the separation either to their direct agency, or to that of "officious spies" employed by them.* From the following part of the narrative, p. 642, it must also be inferred that an undue influence was exercised by them for the accomplishment of this purpose. "It was in a few weeks after the latter communication between us, (Lord Byron and Mr. Moore,) that Lady Byron adopted the determination of parting from him. She had left London at the latter end of January, on a visit to her father's house, in Leicestershire, and Lord Byron was in a short time to follow her. They had parted in the utmost kindness,—she wrote him a letter full of playfulness and affection, on the road ; and immediately on her arrival at Kirkby Mallory, her father wrote to acquaint Lord Byron that she would return to him no more."

Mr. Moore puts the case in a more invidious light afterwards, though Lady Byron does not notice it. He says (p. 651) :—

> 'In truth, the circumstances, so unexampled, that attended their separation—the last words of the parting wife to the husband, being those of the most playful affection, while the language of the deserted husband towards the wife, was in a strain, as the world knows, of the tenderest eulogy—are, in themselves, a sufficient proof that, at the time of their parting, there could have been no very deep sense of injury on either side."

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* Mr. Moore uses these words as though he were personally convinced that Lord Byron was watched by spies. His words are, that considering the circumstances of his Lordship's early life, and the recklessness with which he married, no surprise could be felt that he should not have been able to settle down into that "tame level of conduct which the officious *spies of* his privacy required."

The charge here may not easily be understood against Lady Byron. It is, however, either for caprice or hypocrisy, or perhaps for both, she is arraigned by our biographer. But her answer meets any point of the indictment,—it is ample, complete, and satisfactory. Disclaiming all anxiety about herself, her Ladyship says :—

'I left London for Kirkby Mallory, the residence of my father and mother, on the 15th of January, 1816. Lord Byron had signified to me in writing (Jan. 6th) his absolute desire that I should leave London on the earliest day that I could conveniently fix. It was not safe for me to undertake the fatigue of a journey sooner than the 15th. Previously to my departure, it had been strongly impressed on my mind, that Lord Byron was under the influence of insanity. This opinion was derived, in a great measure, from the communications made to me by his nearest relatives and personal attendant, who had more opportunities than myself of observing him during the latter part of my stay in town. It was even represented to me that he was in danger of destroying himself. *With the concurrence of his family,* I had consulted Dr. Baillie as a friend (Jan. 8th) respecting this supposed malady. On acquainting him with the state of the case, and with Lord Byron's desire that I should leave London, Dr. Baillie thought that my absence might be adviseable as an experiment, *assuming* the fact cf mental derangement; for Dr. Baillie, not having had access to Lord Byron, could not pronounce a positive opinion on that point. He enjoined that, in correspondence with Lord Byron, I should avoid all but light and soothing topics. Under these impressions, I left London, determined to follow the advice given by Dr. Baillie. *Whatever might have been the nature of Lord Byron's conduct towards me from the time of my marriage,* yet, supposing him to be in a state of mental alienation, it was not for *me*, nor for any person of common humanity, to manifest, at that moment, a sense of injury. On the day of my departure, and again on my arrival at Kirkby, Jan. 16th, I wrote to Lord Byron in a kind and cheerful tone, according to those medical directions.'

Here, then, is a solution of the whole mystery. Here is the real woman after all. Unable to account for the conduct of her husband; not believing it possible that his treatment of her was sanctioned by the deliberate reason of the man, she was ready to coincide in any theory, however monstrous, however incredible, which would leave the *intention* of her husband, after all, free from the stain of malice; he must be mad, she concluded, to treat me as he does, for it is impossible that I can reconcile such conduct with the possession of ordinary reason in a human being. Hence, then, her letters of kindness,—hence that course of hers which Mr. Moore has been at the pains of showing to be so inconsistent,—hence her letters of well meant kindness, after her departure from her husband, when she sought the protection of her parents. Mr. Moore tells us indeed, that the wife had taken the resolution of separating herself from her husband for ever. But what will he say to the fact, that such was the effect of Lady Byron's representations on her own family, after she had got to Kirkby-Mallory, that the mother of the lady actually wrote to Lord Byron, within a few hours after his wife's arrival under her father's roof, inviting his Lordship to go down to the place where she was? He did not comply with the invitation; but we have no allusion whatever to so pregnant a fact in the "Notices." Lady Byron began now to think that the notion of the insanity of her Lord was a delusion; her eyes were now a little opened to the extent to which human frailty will go, even when reason cannot be said wholly to abandon its functions; she was soon convinced that the excesses of Lord Byron were not to be attributed to the suspension of intellectual jurisdiction, but to the predominance of those evil passions by which that jurisdiction was completely controled:—

'Under this uncertainty,' observes her ladyship, 'I deemed it right to communicate to my parents, that if I were to consider Lord Byron's past conduct *as that of a person of sound mind, nothing could induce me to return to him.* It therefore appeared expedient both to them and myself to consult the ablest advisers. For that object, and also to obtain still further information respecting the appearances which seemed to indicate mental derangement, my mother determined to go to London. She was empowered by me to take legal opinions on a written statement of mine, though I had then reasons for reserving a part of the case from the knowledge of even my father and mother. Being convinced by the result of these inquiries, and by the tenor of Lord Byron's proceedings, that the notion of insanity was an illusion, I no longer hesitated to authorise such measures as were necessary, in order to secure me from being ever again placed in his power. Conformably with this resolution, my father wrote to him on the 2d of February, to propose an amicable separation. Lord Byron at first rejected this proposal; but when it was distinctly notified to him, that if he persisted in his refusal, recourse must be had to legal measures, he agreed to sign a deed of separation. Upon applying to Dr. Lushington, who was intimately acquainted with all the circumstances, to state in writing what he recollected on this subject, I received from him the following letter, by which it will be manifest that my mother cannot have been actuated by any hostile or ungenerous motives towards Lord Byron.

'"My dear Lady Byron,—I can rely upon the accuracy of my memory for the following statement. I was originally consulted by Lady Noel on your behalf, whilst you were in the country; the circumstances detailed by her were such as justified a separation, but they were not of that aggravated description as to render such a measure indispensable. On Lady Noel's representations, I deemed a reconciliation with Lord Byron practicable, and felt most sincerely a wish to aid in effecting it. There was not on Lady Noel's part any exaggeration of the facts; nor, so far as I could perceive, any determination to prevent a return to Lord Byron: certainly none was expressed when I spoke of a reconciliation. When you came to town in about a fortnight, or perhaps more, after my first interview with Lady Noel, I was for the first time informed by you of facts utterly unknown, as I have no doubt, to Sir Ralph and Lady Noel. On receiving this additional information my opinion was entirely changed: *I considered a reconciliation* *impossible.* I declared my opinion, and added, *that if such an idea should be entertained, I could not, either professionally or otherwise, take any part towards effecting it.* Believe me, very faithfully yours,

"Great George-street, Jan. 21, 1830. 'STEPH. LUSHINGTON."

'I have only to observe, that if the statements on which my legal advisers (the late Sir Samuel Romilly and Dr. Lushington) formed their opinions, were false, the responsibility and the odium should rest with *me only.* I trust that the facts which I have here briefly recapitulated, will absolve my father and mother from all accusations with regard to the part they took in the separation between Lord Byron and myself. They neither originated, instigated, nor advised that separation; and they cannot be condemned for having afforded to their daughter the assistance and protection which she claimed. There is no other near relative to vindicate their memory from insult. I am therefore compelled to break the silence which I had hoped always to observe, and to solicit from the readers of Lord Byron's life an impartial consideration of the testimony extorted from me.

'Hanger Hill, Feb. 19, 1830. A. I. NOEL BYRON.'

We lament exceedingly that Mr. Moore should have been betrayed into the discussion of those points of Lord Byron's domestic history, with respect to which this gentleman must have well known, from his experience of the nobleman's character, every chance was against his being in the right. Is Mr. Moore really piqued against Lady Byron? Has her ladyship, in any way, afforded an excuse for the existence of that rancour which, whenever she appears upon the scene, Mr. Moore seems to labour withal? Is it true that her ladyship's memory clung too exclusively to the report of Mr. Moore's early misapplication of his genius, and that she did not either forgive his juvenile errors or affect to pass them over? Was she too proud, indeed, to acquiesce in any arrangement that might be consequent upon Lord Byron's suggestion in one of his letters to Mr. Moore, as "to bringing their women together"? Of all this we profess to be extremely ignorant, let busy scandal promulgate what it may.

Lady Byron, it is superfluous to say, completely triumphs in this strife. She employs the invincible weapons of truth, which, by their own simple and unaided weight, will ever overmatch, by whomsoever used, the utmost refinement of dexterity and skill when wielding instruments of different materials. Lord Byron's eulogy on her whilst she lived with him, her own conduct since their separation, the dignified reserve which she maintained as long as herself only was in question, the precipitancy of her eagerness to vindicate her parents,—all attest a character utterly without reproach. It is only justice in us to add, that for the first and authentic copy of Lady Byron's letter, we are indebted to the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Art. XI.—*The Descent into Hell; a Poem.* 8vo. pp. 229. London: Murray. 1830.

When we opened this poem and found it commencing with a dedication to Mr. Southey, we flattered ourselves with the hope that it was to repay us for the weariness we have suffered in tasting of the hecatombs, which the combined stupidity of the land appears to have made a point of recently offering upon the altars of the Muses. The name of Murray, too, was, we thought, a good omen, as we very seldom see it on the title-page of a volume which is not worthy to be read. For Murray does not print at random, merely for the sake of having a long list of new publications, and of keeping his name before the world as some other booksellers do. He publishes with discretion, after having carefully considered what he is about, and, though he be not infallible, he is, for the most part, as he deserves to be, eminently successful. Then the title of this work, too, put us in mind of Dante, and induced us to expect a noble satire upon the vices and follies of the great men who have gone to the region of woe and fire since that poet's lay was ended. The 'Descent into Hell' brought also to our recollection Robert Montgomery's Satan, and we felt already persuaded that the blunders of that bombastical ranter would have served as a beacon to all other adventurers bound for Pandemonium. But, alas, neither the patronage of Southey, the classic name of Murray, the beauties of Dante, nor the warning deformities of Montgomery, seem to have acted upon the author of this poem in a favourable manner. His production is simply a sermon upon the Apostles' creed, or rather upon those words in it, "He descended into Hell;" it is a mad paraphrase, in very peculiar verse, of Bishop Horseley's beautiful discourse on that great theme, and is, in itself, as remarkable a specimen of the ridiculous, intended for the sublime, as ever fell under our notice, in our own or in any language known to mankind. The inspired author sets forth in an exordium,—for it is to be observed that with a laudable zeal for rivalling the Greek dramatists, he has his addresses to the supernal powers, his narratives, and then his choral cantos. The measure, which, if we did not tell him, the reader, perhaps, would have had some difficulty in discovering, is the terza rima of Dante. Hear, all ye little poetasters of London, this grand opening strain.

> 'Hell and Messiah, Heaven's anointed King,
> Who left his Glory, and was desolate
> On Earth, but triumphed in the Grave; I sing.
>
> Lift up, O Hell! thy diuturnal gate,
> But not eternal; finite,—it began.
> On the huge hinge harsh thunders hoarsely grate:
> —Chaos afar shook where their echoes ran.

The swinkt Damned shriek, " a change!"—of lot no change,
If change of suffering, for fiend or man:
Still it may soothe. Some horror new and strange
May please sad pain monotonous, and make
Variety to charm in this dull grange:
Since Hope, upon the fierce and fiery lake,
Is none of better state or torment less,
Or aught the penal thirst that can aslake.

—Anon, the portals of the black abyss
Yawn, which, as from a dragon's mouth, spits fire,
And in perpetual wrath doth howl and hiss;
As Cerberus now were ready to expire,
In the strong throes of whelp-birth. Who art thou,
Demandest entrance? Who hath heard thy lyre?

Not thou;—but thou shalt hear, O Hell! and bow
To its rude hest. Not I the Florentine
Who trod thy burning marle,... as I would now,...
Led through the regions dolorous. Nor mine
His name who first saw thy portcullis raised
To let the Arch-Rebel out. Yet shall thy Scrine
Unfold unto mine eyes, though they be dazed
To blindness with its Tables' graphic flame;
Yea, be in visual death suddenly glazed;
And, as in a mirror, men see in the same;
And like thy molten sea that mirror seem,
Like thine own molten sea, wherein the Dame
Monstrous, abhorred of gods and the Supreme,
Foul Sin, worships her visage hideous. I
Defy thy power, however thou blaspheme,
Lay bare thy depths, and spread thee to the sky.
Ere long, with other verse and earlier theme,
To visit thee again, or soar on high,
And o'er the old World send a trumpet-gleam,
Unsepulchering from the obscure deep
The spectres of a superhuman dream,
Won from the waters, whose far roarings sleep
Upon oblivion's shores; where the fat weeds
Acquire wild overgrowth, and man may steep
High Fancies in hoar Mysteries; whence proceeds
Truth, old as earth's foundations. There it lay
With giants, and the records of their deeds,
—(Hid from these latter ages, when a day
Is all thy life, degenerated Man!
And thee a narrow grave admeasure may,)—
With the behemoth and the leviathan.'—pp. 5—7.

It would be a waste of mind to pause over this precious exordium, and point out the exquisite piety of an author who places Hell in juxta-position with the MESSIAH, and, of the two, gives the priority in place to the former: to dwell on the beauty of the phrase 'the swinkt damned:' the 'Scrine' that unfolds itself to 'dazed eyes:' the *gleam* of a trumpet blast: the unsepul*chering* of spectres: the sleep of *roarings* upon the shore of Oblivion: the steeping of *high* fancies in *hoar* mysteries, and the harmony of versification whereby 'degenerated man' is made to rhyme with the behemoth and levia*than*. It would be an inferior occupation for any body who is disposed to merriment, to check his laughter at such mere trifles as these, when the whole volume swells before him with a harvest of drollery. We shall give but another specimen, which will be enough, we presume, to induce the reader to purchase the volume for himself. The poet sings in the person of *Death*:

'I ride upon the Glacier, and do fly,
Yea, I come flying on the winged wind;
And my pavilion of the snow pile I,
And wonne among the mountains, 'till I mind
To come abroad; then I wend on my way
Precipitous in lightning, though not tined
From heaven surcharged, but kindling, as it may,
About my secret place, where royally
Dwelleth the hiding of my power, whose sway,
Felt only, doth abide invisibly,
And is in that it is, like to a god
Which lives but in his proper energy.

'The floods leap under me, and foam aloud,
And bear me onward, gathering as I go,
And armies come unto me from the cloud.
I triumph in my chariot of snow...
Forth utter I my voice,... the thunder peals:
Forth from my sanctuary I rush, and, lo,
Forests confess me, nor the vale conceals
My presence,... and the village vanisheth;
Ruin to my pleased ear man's Shriek reveals,
Silence, Depopulation.—I am Death!

A home in Air have I. Winds hear my voice,
The four winds answer it with all their breath.—
—Lo! the Tornado doth aloud rejoice
In his ubiquity, and cometh out
With sudden and exaggerated noise;
Scattering his hurtling arrows all about
Amid the sky, the while his iron shoon
Cottage and Palace trample;.. with a shout,
Then whirls him in his dusty car aboon,
As with the ruin he would blot out heaven,
And quench the glorious sun,—as I shall soon.
And men are hurled into the clouds, and driven
As in a witch-dance, round, and aye around,
And perish in the flashes of the leven;
I swoop, and strangle them in that dire swound,
For sport;—and thus I gambol merrily.

'My way is on the Waters. Of the Drowned
The last spasm makes the globule, wherewith I
Take innocent delight, and think when this
Strong hand shall, with the same facility,
Confound in one disruption, one abyss,
A bubble and a Universe. I dance
Around the circles of the Vortices,
And see the ship go down in a strong trance,
And hear the shriek,—one, yet how manifold!
There, where the steeds o' the Tempest foam and prance,
Am I;—their wild manes o'er wild ocean roll'd,
Like fire-flakes, wreathe the billows, and their neigh
Doth chide the clarion-clang of Ocean old.

'I dash amidst them, eager for the fray;
Doth plunge my Charger with me; he doth swim,
Wild in his fierceness, through the flashing spray;
As if a lightning-stroke had blinded him,
And darted phrenzy to his brain, and he
Were maddened with the torture in each limb,
And sweat' and shrieked in sightless agony,
And made huge havoc in his maniac might,
'Till his heart burst. Then, on the exhausted sea,
The waves drop down, and, in the dull twilight,
Lay sluggishly about the riven hulk,
O'er which the day rose sunless as the night,
Or glared portentous on the sail-less bulk
With a red eye and fiery. Lo, I
Chafe Ocean, that he waken from his sulk
Awhile, and blow a gale though wearied]y
And brief;—yet unto me the billows spring,
Wild playmates, and a low-breathed harmony
We utter round the hopeless bark, and sing
A doleful and predestinating dirge.
Then droops again old Ocean, murmuring,
Like to a dreaming giant, whom no scourge
May waken more, basking in watchet weeds
Under the calm blue heaven; while on the verge
Of that doomed ship gaunt Famine sits, and feeds
On flesh of men; with Thirst that drinks their blood;
And Pestilence, glad of their savage deeds,
That, shivering at the helmless stern, doth brood,
Couchant o'er carcases. And I am there!

'The Crater is my cra'le, . . where, in still mood,
As in the womb the infant, in my lair
Of sulphur I repose, which bubbleth up
So gently, that the traveller well may dare
Descending to the brim of that hot cup;
As if, thus innocent, I might therein
Dissolve, like to a pearl, for lips to sup,
Ay, sweet as Cleopatra's. Now begin

> The waters to ferment, and central fire
> To howl, and with huge uproar and wild din,
> Earth's matrix with prodigious throes heaves dire;
> And there, in that capacious cavern, boil
> The floods as in a cauldron, and perspire
> Through all her pores, making the sea recoil
> From the bare shore affrightedly. Anon,
> The rocky pillars of the human soil
> Shake, and the myriad mountains shiver down,
> Vast, subterrane, obscure, with hideous crash,
> Hurled by the winds into the abyss unknown;
> Then up the billows in fierce anger dash
> From chaos, seething like a yeasty wine
> Over its bursting vessel; as they clash,
> Straight do th'imprisoned vapours fiercely tine,
> And rage for vent. Earth gapes convulsively,
> And vomits the volcano. It is mine!'—pp. 13—18.

Many a man has been confined for lunacy, whose erring intellect has not betrayed him into half the extravagance which characterises this poem. It is, in truth, a mental monster.

ART. XII.—*Cloudesley: A Tale.* By the Author of "Caleb Williams." 3 vols. 8vo. London: Colburn and Bentley. 1830.

THE author of Caleb Williams is himself again. We can imagine him nearly exhausted to death by the effeminating air, the occupations and the company of the Burlington-street book factory. How his soul must have thirsted to be away from the sad society of the delicate multitude of operatives, so industrious, so devoted, and so imbecile, who ceaselessly work at the curious gossamer fabrics of that unique establishment, which are to be "equalled by no other house in or out of the metropolis." We think we see the man flinging away the degrading costume of all the pretty dears around him, and, like Achilles among the daughters of Lycomedes, snatching up the instrument proper to his vigorous strength, and vindicating the masculine purposes of his destiny.

And how little has time done to impair the strength of Mr. Godwin? Superannuation is not a stage of infirmity to him, his mind is all the better for it; in the long protracted state of maturity which it has enjoyed, there has been given to it that nameless something, that intellectual attribute for which we have an equivalent in the natural world, in the word *flavour*. Time, indeed, has been a kind master to him; it has not built up his old age upon the foolish foundation of his youth, it has not made in his case "the child, the father to the man;" it has been to him a corrector, a disciplinarian, a friendly monitor, causing its advice to be heeded,—"set thy house in order betimes." Accordingly, we now find every thing in its right place,—no inverted views, no mischievous morals, no wicked sentiments trimmed out by ingenuity and imagination, no counsels or intimations inconsistent with the permanence and happiness of society; all is humble and benevolent: all is beautifully conducive to the extension of the noblest principles, to the cultivation of the purest affections, and to the establishment of a scale of disinterestedness and mutual attachment in domestic life; such as, if realised, would truly make this world a paradise. Such we unequivocally state to be the immediate tendency of Cloudesley; nor is it possible for us to suppose that a moral recommended by such matchless force and beauty of expression, as abound in these volumes, can be received into the haunts of men without producing some good fruit.

Mr. Godwin's success in this novel, is to be attributed entirely to that due estimation of his own qualifications which tracks his progress like a mentor through every page. The plot which he has selected is one that would have tempted out of its sphere, a mind less endowed than that of Mr. Godwin, with fortitude and vigilance. It is an abundant magazine of the most various and attractive materials, and, above all, every word in the sad story is "o'er true." In the volumes of the State Trials, somewhere will be found the details of a cause which long pended in the Irish Courts in the early part of the last century. The subject of litigation was a peerage with its appendages of estates and property of all kinds: the claimant was a youth, poor, ill-educated, and, apparently, of very humble birth. His name was James Annesley, and there is now no doubt that those honours and that opulence, which he never was so fortunate as to be able to enjoy for one moment, were his undoubted birth-right. He was defrauded of them by a wicked uncle, who had him kidnapped in his infancy, caused him to be brought up in obscurity, and afterwards sold to slavery in Virginia. He was discovered amongst the slaves by an English officer; he was brought home, and was set up as the heir to his father instead of the uncle, then in possession. A tale of more appalling pathos than the history of this youth, was never yet conceived by any imagination, for, though his title was made out to the satisfaction of every rational mind, yet the law, ever full of resources for the crooked, threw out a net for the almost drowning defendant, and still kept him in a state to battle it out against Annesley and the real justice of the case. One of the most singular parts of the story is that in which the uncle becomes the promoter of a prosecution against the nephew. The young man was so unfortunate as to be the cause of taking away the life of an individual under circumstances which gave it, in the eye of the law, the modified character of manslaughter. The uncle, nevertheless, worked heaven and earth to have him convicted of murder, but without success; and the evidence went to shew in the strongest light, the impression which the uncle had in favour of the rights of Annesley, whom, therefore, he was deeply interested in getting out of the way. The litigation was still unsuspended when poor Annesley died.

To none of these circumstances, however, does Mr. Godwin even allude: he puts himself under an obligation to this story, no further than for the general idea of an uncle defeating, by villainous means, the descent of titles and honours from his brother to a nephew, in order to enjoy them both himself. That idea had already been palpably enough afforded in the little ballad of the "Babes in the Wood." It was sufficient, however, for Mr. Godwin, who had to manage the matter in his own way. Dismissing, then, the whole of the details nearly to which we have referred, the author keeps to a few broad facts on which he builds a superstructure, which is admirably characteristic of his genius. The narrative is entirely autobiographical. Meadows, the confidant of the wicked uncle, first introduces himself to the reader by a short history of his own adventurous life, which, however, has no sort of connection with the main story, and, after relating how he became acquainted with Lord Danvers (for such is the name of the uncle) he permits the noble narrator to speak in his own person. Lord Danvers rapidly sketches the history of his youth. He and his brother, (who being the eldest, was the heir to the father's title) were remarkable for a strong mutual attachment, much as must have been done by domestic usages, in such families, to produce a contrary feeling between them.

Military fame being almost the only object for which the sons of the great in those times would think it worth their while to toil, the two young men entered the Austrian service, and acquired glory under the banner of Prince Eugene. One of those accidents, which the progress of war is continually turning up, brought Lord Alton, the elder of the brothers, into contact with a beautiful Greek lady, whose father, Colocotroni, with his family, had been obliged to migrate from their native place in the Morea, and to reside in Croatia, where the acquaintance of the noble adventurer with the young lady commenced; and it began under circumstances the most calculated to raise that passion in the breast of Lord Alton, which is identified with the deepest possible interest for another. Colocotroni had been just murdered near his house during one of the ravages of war; the wife shared the same fate; the daughter only survived them because of the seasonable approach of the gallant young Lord, who saved her from imminent death or more dreadful disgrace, and who soon afterwards added to that of a deliverer, the character of a lover. Peace was proclaimed, Lord Alton married the lovely Greek, and they proceeded to Vienna, in the environs of which beautiful city they began, conjointly, the path of life which, to their eyes, was strewed with the most delightful flowers. But they were mistaken; for the deadly winter fell upon them, and they were both struck out of life in the glowing morning of their happiness. Lord Alton embarked in a personal quarrel in a coffee-house; a duel ensued, which terminated fatally for the noble combatant: the devoted wife dropped to the grave almost as soon as the horrible intelligence reached her, not however before she gave birth to a lovely male infant. Danvers behaved to both the deceased, in their extremities, with the most admirable kindness, and both placed in him the most unbounded confidence; nature, indeed, seems to be dictating every action of the surviving brother, when suddenly a terrific thought flings its ghastly shadow over his heart,—the child alone stood between him and a coronet; an infant, its lungs but just inflated, a little being, vibrating between life and death, was all the obstruction which this man saw between him and the world's honours, wealth, and consideration; that infant, too, the offspring of a marriage which, but for an accident, would never have been; the child of a Greek girl, a stranger, out of the Morea: he paused, and asked himself, what course was to be taken. The situation is exactly the one in which Mr. Godwin is likely to be most successful, and it is a most powerful piece of painting. Almost every description of mental struggle is sure to be traced by him in an unequalled manner; but where we think he is most triumphant, is that case, in which a mind, yet innocent and accustomed to virtuous pratices, feels, as it were, the first odour of approaching guilt; it rushes from extreme to extreme, it acknowledges the vast enjoyment of a good conscience, but how eager it is, and how ingenious to find out motives of prudence for the deed which it meditates! The resolution is taken, the uncle determines on sending the child into obscurity, feigning an account of its death, and at once investing himself with the wealth and honours of his brother. The person whom to entrust with an agency in a plan, which was to be so extended and so permanent in its operation, was a point of great importance with the new lord; but the peculiar qualities of a confidential man, who had been in his service for some time, tempted him to open the terrible project to this person, and to engage him, by a lucrative offer, to become his partner in guilt. Cloudesley was the name of this servant, and his character is powerfully drawn. Really possessed of the kindest and best qualities, but without a large share of that sagacity and discrimination, which are necessary to make a man undeviatingly virtuous, Cloudesley was turned into a misanthrope during a short experience of the world. He entered, therefore, into this affair not so much for the money, and certainly not out of any propensity to do mischief, but because he convinced himself, that if others took advantage of him, he might take advantage of others; and that to overreach, and to make ourselves independent how we can, were justified by the policy every day pursued by mankind. He undertakes the care of the child upon such conditions as will secure his employer, afterwards Earl Danvers, from any disturbance. To keep the boy at a distance was an obvious measure. Cloudesley, whilst the impostor lord withdrew to England, retired to the south of Europe, and from that time forth had the care of the child. We have read, with the greatest delight, the subsequent history of this child; for nothing can be more fascinating than the manner in which the various little eras of childhood, and which are marked with such devout care in the mother's chronology, are developed by the author. All these descriptions are characterised by a glow of vernal freshness, a luxuriant beauty, that at once distinguishes the growth of nature from every artificial imitation. A second spring seems to have visited the heart of Mr. Godwin, and left its balmy influence within his bosom. No man can record so well the feelings of a parent,—can so exactly measure the nice shades of that delight which springs in a parent's breast, in modified forms, corresponding with the various causes of them, as those causes are observed in his own child,—without himself having been blessed with an organization fully to feel so exalted a pleasure. The following extract will serve as a specimen of Mr. Godwin's power in this sort of description:—

'He had received from his birth the invaluable inheritance of much sweetness of temper. There was that in his smile which irresistibly insured the kindness of those about him; it had in it the essence of confidence and love. He was all animation and life; his new-born limbs seemed to seek for a sphere in which to expand themselves. No cloud ever appeared on his brow; he never betrayed the slightest symptom of sullenness and stubbornness. Cloudesley and Eudocia were all he had of father and mother; and abundantly he paid them all the love they could have looked for from the offspring of their bowels. He stretched out his little hands to meet Eudocia, and to be received by her husband. His laugh was of genuine high spirits, expressive of, and exciting, gaiety; and he crowed with a voice of health and a bounding soul.

'But the season of jubilee to those by whom a child is truly loved, is when he begins to talk. Words of love and endearment are amongst the first he utters. How delightful is it to them, that his tongue should assure them of what they had before learned only from dumb signs and uncertain gestures! It is like the first declaration between a lover and his mistress. No; there was nothing doubtful before; but articulated sounds are as the seal to the bond, and make assurance doubly sure. It was now that Julian began to be caressing, that he would stroke down the hair upon Cloudesley's brow, and, when he saw him returning from the daily circuit of his fields, would run to meet him, and proudly lead him in to his refreshment and his rest. Cloudesley would present him with a flower, a fruit, or a cake. The lispings, the imperfect efforts which the child would make to tell his supposed father of what had happened in his absence, were all of them acceptable, and would smooth the brow of toil. In proportion to the want of power was the eagerness of the child to tell, till at length his mouth was stopped with kisses.

'It is very early that a boy begins to display invention and ingenuity, and a sort of childish industry, all of which is exquisitely entertaining to seniors whose time is at their command. He imitates every thing he sees; and plays, visits, and entertainments, with a seriousness of face, and an earnestness of attention, which is irresistibly comic. He gives his whole soul to it, and performs his part with a mixture of affected demureness and simplicity, which might put professional practitioners to the blush. The ingenuity of Julian was truly extraordinary. He made houses, and collected the little implements of furniture about him, which are usually supplied to children; and, when all of a sudden he observed Cloudesley or Eudocia laughing at the gravity of his demeanour, he would join in the laugh, and sweep away his little apparatus, with a sort of consciousness of its worthlessness: at the same time that, as soon as the laugh was over, and the attention of his critics withdrawn to other objects, he would return to his contrivance, and grow immersed in it, as if nothing had happened to tarnish its glory.'—vol. ii. pp. 89—93.

Cloudesley had been married about the time that he took upon him this singular charge. His wife Eudocia was a woman of uncommon mind and great tenderness of heart, and having no children of her own, she dedicated to little Julian all her cares, her fondness for him being as great as if he had been her own offspring. He repaid her kindness by the warmest attachment, and, when in the course of a few years, he was deprived of her maternal solicitude, Julian felt the privation as altogether changing his connection with the world. 'He was,' says the author, 'more at his ease with his mother, and poured out his youthful heart to her with great unreserve. If she had lived longer, she would, perhaps, have been less to him; but in the years through which he had hitherto passed, a woman was to him more than a man. If to the softer sex belong more fickleness and inconsistency, if they have less firmness of purpose and depth of combination, than are to be found in us, this was, to the present moment, totally, or almost totally, unadverted to by Julian. Add to these considerations, that we never know the value of a thing but by its loss, and that the benefit which has escaped from our grasp is that to which our recollection is linked; so that while our misfortune is recent, we can scarcely think of, and scarcely esteem, any thing else.' And this was exactly the case with Julian, whose grief is painted in the just character of being too deep and strong to allow of its being expressed by those signs which usually betoken the lighter and more evanescent emotions of that passion. The education of the boy was particularly attended to, and the facilities for instruction with which Italy abounded were amply used by Cloudesley, whose inherent benevolence of disposition, so long illegible on the surface of his character, was brought out by the heat which the charming qualities of Julian had applied to it.

In the meantime, the triumphant impostor was, we cannot say enjoying, but using, all the advantages of his ill-acquired success. He describes his remorse, he details his incessant sufferings and his vain efforts to crush the worm of conscience that prayed upon his heart; the hollow splendour with which he was surrounded only increased the misery of his state. Tantalus was not more cursed; he had all the blessings of life just within his command, the sun of happiness was continually about to burst upon him, but the still small voice broke from within the secret recesses of his soul, and bade him be miserable. He tried marriage as an alleviation, an amiable woman and a number of beautiful children surrounded him, and, if they could not solace his life, what other blessing was likely to do it? Those that are gifts of joy to most others, were to Danvers fresh afflictions in disguise. The children, one by one, just reached that age when their fascinations became least capable of being dispensed with by parents, and then they dropped like flowers in the spring-time. It was not until the tie of attachment was most firmly bound between them and their father, that the offspring was cut off. There is a mournful beauty in the expressions of Lord Alton whilst he is dwelling on these terrible bereavements; and, in spite of the association of his name with our direst hatred and aversion, we are induced to extend occasionally some degree of sympathy to him, so profound and so complete is the motive of his sorrow. 'Life and death,' continues Danvers, 'are conceptions of a peculiar sort: we habitually combine the idea of death with that of an age in a certain degree advanced; this is what we call the course of nature; we know that every man's time must come, and that all must die. But when we look on the roses and gaiety of youth, the mournful idea of mortality is altogether alien to our thoughts. We have heard of it as a speculation and a tale; but nothing but experience can bring it home to us. Infancy is, indeed, subject to peculiar perils, but my son had outlived the hazards of infancy. Parents who love their children in infancy, for the most part endure their loss with philosophy. The children in so short a period have not had time to entangle them in a thousand webs, to become the heart of their hearts. But at eleven years of age, the case is totally different. We have watched their stature, the unfolding of their limbs, the growing feeling and thought that speaks in their age, their accumulating proficiency. I began to regard my boy almost as a companion; I asked his thoughts upon a variety of questions. I drew hints from his innocent and guiltless suggestions. I began to connect the thought of him with the idea of the world, to consider what would be the destination and fortune of his manhood, in what occupation or pursuit he would be likely to prove most happy or most honoured. Every year he loved his parents better; every year we loved him more. All this was suddenly extinguished. In less than two months we saw him decline from the most enviable health; he became a corpse, and the earth hid him for ever from our sight. The loss of my son had introduced a new inmate under our roof. This was the grim spectre death!' At length Danvers was left, childless and alone, and losses so signal, he was ultimately convinced, could never have been exacted from him by the design of Providence, unless, in some measure, they were meant as signals of the Almighty's displeasure for a crime which it was still in Danvers's power to retrieve. Mr. Godwin shows the tact of a man of the world, in ascribing to Danvers the motives of his actions, which he does. It was not a love of pomp and splendour; it was no mean fear of a diminished income; nor any extraordinary desire to be an object of fear, respect, or love to a numerous train of dependants that still kept Danvers from making a clean breast of it at once, and restoring his nephew, which he easily might have done, as he was in constant correspondence with Cloudesley. It was none of these; the spell consisted of that trembling fear of the world, whose vengeance Danvers dreaded to incur, by an exposure such as must necessarily attend the transfer of his title and honours during his life, to another. Danvers would face an army of foes; he had distinguished himself by courage in the field; but the frown of the world, the unfavourable opinion of his own circle, had terrors for him, which cowardice, at its most creative moment, is scarcely able to conjure up.

Julian was growing apace, and he began to consult more and more his own taste, as to his occupations and actions, and to look out for associations without the interposition of his responsible guardian. He contracted a variety of acquaintances, and much that is very amusing in these volumes relates to the adventures which he entered into in company with them. Cloudesley, from the moment that the fine and interesting faculties of Julian first opened themselves, seriously determined on doing justice to his charge: as the young man's good qualities became more confirmed, and as Cloudesley was more and more invited to contemplate them, his resolution took additional force, and every succeeding post to England brought stronger and stronger remonstrances to Lord Danvers against the further prolongation of a fraud so cruel. At last Cloudesley came in person to this country, for the purpose of more decisively conveying his determination to his employer. It was necessary that, during his absence from Italy, his charge should be transferred to a competent guardian, and a person being unluckily selected of so very different a character from Cloudesley himself, that he was disagreeable to Julian, who after a very short trial of his new superintendant, eloped from his house, and went on the world. The intelligence of the extraordinary flight of the young man just reached Cloudesley as he was demanding terms from Lord Danvers in England; no time was to be lost; he set out for Italy, without the delay of an instant, where he learned that the unfortunate youth, whom he loved as his son, had taken to the association of banditti, and was then partaking with them in their career of guilt. Cloudesley followed to the Appenines, in search of Julian; he faces indifferently the most perilous passes of those mountains, in one of which, being mistaken for a government officer, he is mortally wounded by a robber. Julian, in the meantime, is apprehended amongst a gang of the brigands, towards whom the government had but recently begun a series of active and vigorous measures. Thus far Lord Danvers had proceeded in his account of himself to Meadows, and as it was only a confession made for the purpose of shewing how much confidence he reposed in this person, as well as in order to make him understand the nature of duties which he forthwith intended Meadows should be charged with, Lord Danvers instantly pressed him to become a successor to Cloudesley, so far as that was practicable. Meadows proceeded to Italy; his first care was to endeavour to obtain the enlargement of Julian from the prison from which he was, in all probability, never more to depart, unless to a place of execution. The assistance of our ambassador was employed in favour of Julian, and evidence unquestionable was adduced of his being entirely free from the guilt of the banditti, with some of whom only he was acquainted, and had followed them for no other purpose than the pleasure of their society. Meadows could not by all his exertions procure one ground of hope that the life of Julian would be spared, and he gives himself up to despondency. The day of execution, however, had not approached, before an intervention took place, which not only preserved Julian, but restored him to his long lost honours. Earl Danvers himself proceeded to Italy, voluntarily confessed the crime he had committed, and now gladly incurred all the shame that would attach to an exposure of the circumstances under which he had set aside the claims of the infant Julian, and villainously assumed the character that belonged to his nephew. Such is a brief outline of the story, which is, perhaps, sufficiently meagre for the melo-dramatic sensibilities of modern novel readers, but the imperfection of which will, to those who have a relish for more exalted and substantial intellectual food, be as nothing. The style of Mr. Godwin, which we think alone ought to obtain a place for his productions amongst the classics of our language, is really a model of its kind. The pure lustre of the chrystal is an apt illustration by which to describe the lucidness of his sentences, and the natural mode of his combining ideas. For the gratification which the perusal of such a work affords, the public are indebted deeply to Mr. Godwin; but on another account also he deserves their thanks, for we do not hesitate to express our conviction that the work of so manly and powerful a mind will operate strongly on the literary circles of the country, and, therefore, that it will strike a deadly blow at that idol of vapidity and trash which has been literally puffed into the dominion of English Romance,—we trust only for a time.

NOTICES.

ART. XIII.—*A Plan for redeeming the New Four per Cents., humbly suggested to the consideration of His Majesty's Government.* By John Brickwood. London. 1830.

THE ground work of Mr. Brickwood's able essay is the proposition to establish a new stock, bearing interest of 5 per cent., to be irredeemable *for fifty* or sixty years; and instead of reducing the Four per Cents by giving for each 100*l.* of such stock, an equal amount of stock paying interest at 3½ per cent.,— to reduce them by giving for each 100*l.* of Four per Cent. Stock, such portion of the New Five per Cent. Stock as shall return an equivalent amount of interest. For instance, instead of giving for each 100*l.* stock now receiving 4*l.* per annum, 100*l.* stock, receiving 3*l.* 10*s.* per annum, to give 70*l.* stock of the New Five per Cents., which would produce the same sum of 3*l.* 10*s.* per annum.

This system, by which it will be presently seen that immense saving may be effected, is obviously exactly the converse of the plan by which Mr. Pitt imposed such enormous burdens on this country. We need hardly repeat that that minister, when the market rate of interest was about 5*l.* 2*s.* per cent., instead of borrowing money at that rate which could have been reduced on the return of peace, gave an equivalent additional amount of 3 per Cent. Stock, so that, on the average during the war, the state only received about 59*l.* for every 100*l.* of 3 per Cent. Stock; which 59*l.* of debt we can now only redeem by paying between 90*l.* and 100*l.* Mr. Brickwood's plan is to borrow money by stock bearing interest above the market price, which stock the state is pledged not to redeem for sixty years, but which of course would be redeemed when the engagement for that period terminated. In this manner 46,000,000*l.* of the public debt will be cancelled, and not only 780,718*l.* per annum be saved by the less annual charge of interest, but also 14,052*l.* per annum by the decrease in the charges for management.

As it would be optional with the holders of the 4 per Cent. Stock, whether they would receive such transfer of 5 per Cent. Stock, or whether they would receive their money for more profitable investment, obviously no hardship would, by such transfer, be imposed on the national creditor. And not only is it expedient, but absolutely just towards the nation, that ministers should alleviate the public burdens to the utmost of their ability, and not give more than their just value for funds with the care of which they are entrusted.

That the change would be advantageous to the majority of the nation is very evident; that it is also practicable, our author puts beyond doubt.

'The following estimates,' he says, p. 9, 'shew the real value of the proposed New 5 per Cent. Stock, irredeemable for sixty years.

'First, as to the rate of interest. The Bank of England and the Branch Banks are lending money at 3 per cent. for short periods, and discounting bills of exchange at 4 per cent. for long terms. In consequence of this, the bankers and country bankers, in the spirit of competition for business, are lending money to their customers at 2½ per cent. and 3 per cent. Evidently any sums may be raised on good security at 2½ to 4 per cent. If a person wishes to invest money in Exchequer Bills, he must pay a premium of even 3*l.* 15*s.* to 3*l.* 17*s.* for a security yielding only 2*l.* 5*s.* 7½*d.* interest per annum.

'It appears, therefore, that a rate of interest between 3 and 3½ per cent. may fairly be assumed as a ground of calculation. And were it not for other circumstances of the country, which check the advance in the price of stock, probably the rate of interest would be decidedly under 3 per cent.

'Secondly, as to the real worth of the proposed new stock. It will consist of two values,—that of the capital, and that of the annuity of 5*l.* According to the tables of the new annuities for terms of years, the price of

5l. per annum continued for sixty years, added to the present worth of 100*l.* to be received at the end of the term (ascertained by Dr. Price's Tables), will give the real value of 100*l.* capital of the proposed new 5 per cent. stock.

‘When the price of 3 per cent. stock, ex dividend, is from 93*l.* 6*d.* to 94*l.* 9*s.* 9*d.*

‘The price of an annuity of *5l.*, continuing for 60 years, is	£132	19	10
‘The present worth of 100*l.*, to be received at the end of 60 years, discounting at 3¼ per cent. is . . .	14	13	6
‘100*l.* new 5 per cent. stock, irredeemable for 60 years, worth	£147	13	4
‘Therefore 50*l.* stock, worth the half that sum . .	£73	16	8
20*l.* do. do. one-fifth do. . .	29	10	8
‘Consequently 70*l.* stock (the proposed equivalent) worth	£103	7	4

Again, p. 13.

‘This hypothesis is further supported by the present actual price of 3 per cent. consols at . £93

‘By adding 2-3ds . . 31 31

‘This would give . . £155 as the value of a stock paying 5 per cent. per annum.

‘If 100*l.* new 5 per cents. be worth 155*l.*,

‘Then 50*l.* stock, worth the half of this sum . . .	£77	10	0
20*l.* do. one-fifth do. . . .	31	0	0
70*l.* stock (the proposed equivalent) worth . .	£108	10	0

Such is the general outline of Mr. Brickwood's plan, the ingenuity and importance of which are strikingly obvious. On some of the speculations which are advanced in the subsequent portion of his Essay, we cannot give him our concurrence, particularly with regard to his proposal to apply the surplus of revenue to the reduction of taxation, instead of to the diminution of our debt. But these are distinct subjects of controversy. In the leading features of his pamphlet, we agree with Mr. Brickwood, and refer our readers to his pages for a more minute investigation of his doctrines.

Art. XIV.—*Representation of the State of Government Slaves in the Mauritius: with observations.* By a Resident who has never possessed either land or slaves in the Colony. London: J. Ridgway. 1830.

We have known few instances of persons having a long opportunity of observing the conduct of slaves, who did not speak of their emancipation as a thing devoutly to be avoided. We are not, however, the less satisfied that emancipation is the goal to which justice and humanity will ultimately lead, not alone this country, but every other state whose commercial system is stained by the maintenance of slavery. The individuals who are conversant with the present race of slaves, no matter where, are but too apt to raise theories for the future out of the imbecility and degradation which they daily witness. It requires a more than ordinary reach of understanding in an European, to reconcile with what he observes of negro life in any of our colonies, the possibility of negro equality with civilised beings. All that comes within the cognisance of such a spectator on a plantation, is calculated to inspire him with a confidence that slavery is destined to be perpetual. The mistake, however, in the conclusion is this, that the slave is seen only in that condition to which slavery has brought him, and he appears to be fitted to his chain only because the chain was first fitted to him. Really nothing disturbs our equanimity more surely than the projects of those good easy gentlemen quoting scripture in every second page, and breathing panegyrics upon the beauties of religion, and who are after all prepared to protract the night of slavery over the race of devoted Africa. There is a very remarkable partiality in all such persons to the religious improvement of the slave; it is supposed by them to be a powerful aid to that "gradual amelioration," which they expect will be accomplished somewhere about the year twenty thousand. The colonists were not aware until lately of the use to which they could turn the Christian impressions of the slave. The religion of Christ is one of humility, of self-denial; it inculcates meekness and obedience;—nay, a passive spirit, and that, too, under the severest provocation, is the recommendation of the apostles. Slaves would not be able to appreciate the nice distinctions which that religion recognises; and they, of course, would be incapable of believing that whilst it teaches peace it will justify hostility on certain occasions, that whilst it inculcates general submission to authority, it does not condemn resistance to tyranny; and, that though misfortune is to be endured without repining, it is not profane in the pious Christian to seek its termination by all legitimate expedients. We confess that we have somewhat of the same reluctance to agree to the suggestions of our author, who is so anxious to turn the stream of religious instruction into the Mauritius as the only sure means of improving the condition of the slaves, that was entertained by him who uttered his apprehensions in the classic poem, "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes." We fear that the colonists have found out a use for Christian instruction which Christianity was never destined to contribute to.

After all, there is very little to be apprehended from individual partialities on a question of this nature. Our government is far too much interested in doing what is just and right, to allow us to fear that any particular interest will, even for an hour, experience a preference from the government, which would be inconsistent with the general good. This is a conviction which is settled in our minds, and therefore we may well amuse ourselves with the sincere proposals of the foolish, or the interested projects of the designing.

ART. XV.—*Lessons on Objects, as given in a Pestalozzian School at Cheam, Surry.* 8vo. pp. 194. London: Seeley and Sons. 1830.

PESTALOZZI, the founder of a peculiar system of education, has, we know been numbered by many an intelligent person, amongst that class well intentioned enthusiasts, who devote their lives to some impossible scheme of human improvement. But no imputation can be more unjust than that which is implied by those who would thus deal with the memory of Pestalozzi—for although unsuccessful himself in the execution of that plan of instruction which bears his name, yet, to no rational mind, can its principle appear in any other light than as one utterly profound in its conception, and perfectly practicable to the youthful mind. The system of education of which we speak has its peculiarity in this, that it endeavours to engender knowledge in the mind of a child upon those ideas which are already existing there. The activity of a child's perception is really astonishing; all the ideas he possesses, it is needless to state, are derived from his observation, and the stock of them which he may be made to acquire, at even a tender age, is not susceptible of almost any limitation. Pestalozzi's principle, then, was to ascertain, in the first place, the impressions of his scholars as to given objects—glass, for instance—and one of these objects being produced, nothing appears easier than the transition of the student from the knowledge of those of its qualities with which he had been familiar, to the knowledge of all its other properties.

The author of the present production, in a preface written with unusual force and elegance, states, that from long personal observation he became fully sensible of the errors which, in the hands of Pestalozzi himself, had rendered his principle so unproductive in its application, and he adds that he considered the most efficient course which he could adopt in order to recommend the Pestalozzian idea to general adoption, was the setting up of a school himself, and furnishing in such an institution an example of the beneficial effects of his favourite system. His ambition has been gratified, for the method has already begun to excite attention, and schools professing to teach upon it are much on the increase. The author, encouraged by such agreeable prospects, has commenced a series of popular publications with the work before us, which is a book destined for merely rudimental purposes, and which will be followed by other publications embodying the same principles, and, of course, varying the points of instruction. We do not know that we could convey, by any analysis or description of our own, a better impression of the mode of teaching which this work is meant to serve, than the following extract will give to the reader. The pupils are supposed to be arranged before a black board or slate on which the result of their observation is written. A piece of glass having been handed round to be examined by each of the children, the teacher takes it in his hand.

"Teacher.—What is that which I hold in my hand?

Children.—A piece of glass.

Teacher.—Can you spell the word "glass"? (The teacher then writes the word "glass" upon the slate, which is thus presented to the whole class as the subject of the lesson). You have all examined this glass; what do you observe? What can you say that it is?

Children.—It is bright.

Teacher.—(Teacher having written the word "qualities," writes under it—It is bright.) Take it in your hand, and *feel* it.

Children.—It is cold. (Written on the board under the former quality.)

Teacher.—Feel it again, and compare it with the piece of sponge that is tied to your slate, and then tell me what you perceive in the glass.

'CHILDREN.—It is smooth—it is hard.
'TEACHER.—Is there any other glass in the room?
'CHILDREN.—Yes. The windows.
'TEACHER.—(Closes the shutters). Can you see the garden now?
'CHILDREN.—No.
'TEACHER.—Why cannot you?
'CHILDREN.—We cannot see through the shutters.
'TEACHER.—What can you say then of the glass?
'CHILDREN.—We can see through it.
'TEACHER.—Can you tell me any word that will express this quality?
'CHILDREN.—No.
'TEACHER.—I will tell you then; pay attention, that you may recollect it. It is transparent.'—pp. 5, 6.

ART. XVI.—*Essay on the History, Religion, Learning, Arts, and Government of Ireland, from the birth of Christ to the English Invasion.* By John D'Alton, Esq., M.R.I.A. Published for the sixteenth volume of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy. 4to. pp. 379. Dublin: R. Graisberry. 1830.

THE very lively and agreeable style in which this Essay is written, has been sufficient to carry us triumphantly over a whole quarto of antiquities—a subject for which, we own, we were never blessed with any great predilection; the existence of such predilection being altogether impossible as to the antiquities of Ireland, on account of the foolish national enthusiasm on the one hand, or the ruthless bigotry on the other, with which their history is so usually found combined. The present volume is singularly free from those faults, which either justified our abstract indifference as to the subject itself, or afforded an excuse for the prejudice which we entertained against it when connected with the sister country.

The evidences of extensive and long-continued research are so striking in almost every page of this essay, that we were not in the least surprised to be told that our author had been all his life a collector of documents calculated to illustrate the history of his native country. How prodigious must have been the toil, the patience, or we might rather say the ardour of that man who could heap up such a vast accumulation of antiquarian stores, as that the indices alone of this varied treasure should extend to *five closely written quarto volumes!*

The difficulty of Mr. D'Alton's duty will be appreciated when we inform the reader, that the Essay before us (written upon a question proposed by the Irish Academy) was to be supported as to its facts, upon authorities exclusive of those written in Irish or other Celtic languages. No one that had not devoted a whole life to the inquiry, and used extraordinary diligence during the time, could have accomplished so much as Mr. D'Alton has done, with means and opportunities so narrowed. He had to represent the genuine state,—not merely the political, but what was infinitely harder, the social state—of the inhabitants of Ireland, together with the condition of science, literature, and the arts in that country, from the commencement of the Christian era to the twelfth century. Having settled these points, he was further to ascertain the character of the moral and religious opinions of the inhabitants, as these were connected with their civil and ecclesiastical institutions.

In his introduction, Mr. D'Alton arrays in irresistible force the authorities which support the great historical assertion, that Ireland was, at a period of high antiquity, colonized by the Phœnicians, and that they maintained with that island a long intercourse. The very best and safest antiquaries who have touched upon the history of Ireland, come to a similar conclusion. Indeed we should think it impossible that a doubt of the truth of this assertion should be allowed to remain in the mind of any intelligent inquirer, who has marked the resemblance between Eastern and Irish legends, and the identity of familiar expressions between the inhabitants of two so very remote parts of the earth. In the remainder of this Essay, our author has adopted the arrangement employed by Dr. Henry in his History of Great Britain; he has made four principal divisions of the time to which his work must be confined, and these again are each subdivided into six sections, each of which has its peculiar subject: thus the first and second treat of the social and political history of Ireland, its government, legislation, &c.; the two next sections are employed on the morals, religion, and intellectual progress of the country; and then the state of the arts, of commerce, with the habits and manners of the people, occupy the two last.

It would be an injustice to the author of this very elaborate performance to select, for particular observation, any one of the multitudinous topics which he has so learnedly and ingeniously illustrated. We have been very much struck with the novel and often satisfactory manner in which he disposes of some much litigated questions of antiquity—that of the round towers, for instance—throwing a degree of light upon them which puts even the most successful of his predecessors out of the pale of competition with him. We presume that no one who desires to be acquainted with ancient Irish history, will hesitate to become conversant with this volume.

ART. XVII.—*Cuba; or, the Policy of England, Mexico, and Spain, with regard to that Island.* By an Englishman. 8vo. pp. 22. London: J. Ridgway. 1830.

THE object of the author of this well-written pamphlet is to direct the public attention to a point of foreign policy, which, though lost sight of amidst discussions of a more captivating nature, is not on that account less important to the true interests of Great Britain. The commercial classes in this country have had just reason to complain of the embarrassments which have for some time, if not interrupted entirely, certainly rendered extremely inconvenient our mercantile intercourse with Mexico. These embarrassments altogether arise from the unsettled condition in which the latter country is placed, owing to the peculiar attitude of menace and vengeance, which the King of Spain perseveres in upholding against Mexico alone of all his revolted Colonies in the west. His Majesty of the Two Spains avails himself of the proximity of Cuba, to maintain in that island a constant force to be ready to pour down on the Mexicans at any moment he thinks proper. That under the most favourable circumstances, Ferdinand can ever succeed in making the slightest impression on the Mexican territory, no reasonable man believes; why then is he allowed to keep the unfortunate Mexicans in hot water so constantly, as that they are obliged to turn their ports into places of strength, and their ships of commerce into the engines of security for the coast? Remonstrance has been tried with the Court of Madrid, but in vain. A remedy for the evil has been, our author states, proposed, namely, that Cuba should be laid hold of by Mexico and Colombia jointly, and thus the means of annoyance by the King of Spain would be effectually removed. The objection to the accomplishment of such an enterprise, this pamphlet declares, lies in the dissent of England only, and the purpose of the author is to shew the impolicy and folly of our continuing this course longer.

ART. XVIII.—*An Authentic Account of Mr. Canning's Policy with respect to the Constitutional Charter of Portugal, in Reply to "Observations on the Papers laid before Parliament."* 8vo. London: J. Hatchard and Son. 1830.

THERE is no doubt, we understand, that this pamphlet comes directly from the pen of Lady Canning herself; and for a political combatant so unaccustomed, as her Ladyship must be, to public controversy, it shows wonderful dexterity in the use of some of the most effective weapons that are employed in that species of encounter. The present Ministry is rather roughly handled, if we may use such an expression in reference to a lady; the invective, however, having the disadvantage of being poured forth without any sufficient reason, at least appearing, to justify it. The merits of the dispute lie within a small compass. Lady Canning admits that the late foreign Secretary was neither the author nor suggester of the Portuguese Constitution, yet she urges that the circumstances attending its institution were such as to involve England in its support. The Charter, she says, was brought over by a British Minister from Brazil; the Cabinet of this country took upon itself the responsibility of Sir C. Stuart's act, and doing so, 'it was bound in honour to give the Portuguese Charter every *moral* support and countenance that was possible, consistently with the principles of policy on which it had declared it should act. Further, since many of the supporters of the Constitution in Portugal were led, in their confidence of British protection, to support that Constitution, it was incumbent on our Government to stretch a point in favour of the Constitutional party, to avoid being taxed with its betrayal.' Of such an argument as this, all that we shall say is, that we firmly believe, were Mr. Canning now happily alive, he would be the last man in the country to avail himself of it. That Statesman meant neutrality, or he did not, when he professed it. If he did not mean it, his words, and his manner of uttering them in Parliament, (for of the latter we happen to be able to speak personally,) constituted as gross a delusion as ever was practised, even on the House of Commons. But if, as we feel assured, Mr. Canning was actuated by a deliberate sense of the impropriety of any interference on our part in the internal concerns of Portugal, then it was impossible for him consistently with his avowed policy, to yield an iota of that moral succour of which Lady Canning speaks. "Of all the systems," says Lord Aberdeen, in the Parliamentary debate of the 23d ult., with that mixture of good feeling and good sense which characterises him, "of all the systems that might have been adopted, that which alone was perfectly indefensible, was to lay down a course of neutrality in the first instance, and afterwards to interpret that course according to our opinions, our feelings, or our interests."—(Hear, hear.)

It is related by Lady Canning, that the last words on politics spoken by the deceased statesman were to this effect—'I have laboured hard to raise the country to its present elevated condition; two years of the Duke of Wellington's administration will undo what I have accomplished, and sink her to a degraded state:" and then her ladyship triumphantly says, 'the two years are now expired, and has not the prophecy been fulfilled?' Let us suppose it to be so; how, we ask, could the country have been better off under Mr. Canning? for we see but little difference in the policy, foreign or domestic, pursued by the Duke of Wellington from that of which Mr. Canning chalked the outline. But in our turn, we may be permitted to inquire if Mr. Canning still held the reins of government, would the country be even in so good a condition as she is at present? It will not be denied that the settlement of the Irish question was one which Mr. Canning had at heart, and that principally because he believed it to be indispensable, not merely to the tranquillity, but to the safety of the empire. Could Mr. Canning have carried that measure? Impossible, we say, for it is only now that we can pretend to a full knowledge of the gigantic obstacles which stood in the way of success, and which called for the full measure of those abilities that could be found only in the modern political Hannibal. If, however, the spirit of exaggeration be ever entitled to lenient criticism, it is when indulged in the pious office of defending the memory of one who, when living, was dear to us.

Art. XIX.—*Two Essays on the Geography of Ancient Asia; intended partly to illustrate the Campaigns of Alexander, and the Anabasis of Xenophon.* By the Rev. John Williams. 8vo. pp. 325. London: John Murray. 1830.

The first of these Essays was partly read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and though relating to a monarch so renowned as Alexander the Great, it possesses, at least to our imagination, far less interest than the second and more enlarged disquisition on the Retreat of the Ten Thousand—that celebrated march, every step of which is imprinted on the memory of the classic student. We hardly know which most to admire, the vast learning or the ingenuity with which Mr. Williams illustrates the progress of the glorious band of Greeks, whom Xenophon conducted from the banks of the Euphrates to the Euxine Sea, and subsequently to their own country. We always thought that the difficulties which opposed the thorough and easy understanding of Xenophon's text, arose from the extraordinary changes which have taken place in the physical state of the country, between the river and the sea just mentioned, since the era of Cyrus. That seasons have varied the time of their approach and their maturity since those early times, there cannot be the least doubt; it is also very much a matter of certainty, that soils have suffered very considerable alterations as to their power of production; but what is beyond all question, is the fate which some of the most celebrated streams of antiquity have undergone during the lapse of ages. If any body were to say, that Palmyra could have been adequately supplied with water from such of the neighbouring sources, as those to which access could *now* be had, he would be laughed at for the stupendous folly of his assertion. And yet it is not to be denied, that the Tadmor was found a sufficient reservoir of water for the uses of the luxurious city, insignificant as that stream now appears to the traveller. In countries like those of Mesopotamia, Armenia, and the adjacent provinces, the surface was peculiarly subject to change; the total neglect of cultivation allowed a wild irregularity of growth to cover the face of nature, while the accumulation of sand, driven by the tempest, was every year rendering doubtful the localities of particular spots. Add to this, the vagueness with which ancient geography fixed the site of cities and the sources of rivers, and we shall have ample means of explaining the discrepancies between the itinerary records of antiquity, and the information which we have of the modern state of the same countries.

The judgment, ability, and indefatigable research of Mr. Williams, have done a vast deal for the easy illustration of one of the most delightful works of the Greek classics; and sincerely do we hope, that his ambition may induce, and his other avocations allow, the Reverend author to undertake a project, of all others the most desirable at this moment—the ancient geography of the whole of Asia. If Mr. Williams fail to succeed in such a task, we utterly despair of ever seeing it accomplished.

Art. XX.—*A Short Account of Experiments made in Italy, &c. for Preserving Human Life and Property from Destruction by Fire.* By Chev. Aldini. 8vo. pp. 24. London: P. Rolandi. 1830.

The author of this pamphlet is a venerable personage of opulence and station in his country—Italy. He has, after great labour and, we believe, expense,—certainly after a very extended application of his time,—framed an apparatus, which, as far as we can venture to form an opinion upon such a subject, is likely to prove of the deepest importance to society in general, but in an especial manner to the inhabitants of this crowded metropolis. The Chevalier being the nephew of the celebrated Galvani, and professing, himself, the most disinterested views, it is not surprizing that in this land of liberality and enterprize he should have obtained a great deal of encouragement. Several public bodies have investigated his invention, and approved of it; and the Chevalier, we believe, indulges the hope, that the Government will, ere long, entertain a proposal from him for its immediate practical application.

The Chevalier informs us, that being very anxious to find out some method by which flame could be effectually resisted, with the view of enabling persons more speedily and conveniently to extinguish fires, thought of a covering of armour, constructed in the ancient fashion. The weight of the armour proved a great impediment to the operations of the fire-men, and the author was induced to substitute a coat of mail, composed of the wire gauze, which, in the case of the Davy lamp, is so well known to be impenetrable to flame. But here again the inventor was met by a formidable difficulty; the wire gauze kept out the flame, but it did not exclude the heat, and the consequence was, that this improved protector was next to useless. To look out for some substance that would exclude heat as well as flame, became the care of the Chevalier, and this material he was fortunate enough to detect in the *amianthus*.

Amianthus is a variety of the mineral *asbestos*, and having the singular properties of flexibility and elasticity, is capable of being converted into threads, and consequently wrought into a tissue. The manufacture was well known amongst the Romans in ancient times, being used by them in numerous articles of domestic convenience as well as of costume. Veins of amianthus are to be found in several countries on the continent, and in some places in England and Scotland.

In order to bend and twist the cords of amianthus, the action of steam is requisite; but these cords, which may be made to any size, are particularly strong. The tissue, however, is found to be rather too expensive, and the Chevalier is engaged in experiments, the object of which is to find out some chemical compound capable of giving properties resembling those of asbestos, to a cheaper description of cloth. At present, he finds that cloth, dipped in a solution of alum, answers the purpose to a certain extent. With cloth so prepared he invests the body, arms, and legs of the fireman, while the covering for the head, hands, and feet is made of asbestos; the spaces for the nose, eyes, and mouth in the asbestos cap are protected by wire gauze. So much for the inner dress. The second or outer coat, which completes the apparatus, consists of a metallic net work, made of iron, the intervals between the threads being about 1-25th of an inch. The whole dress is comparatively light, and, having abundant joints, offers no impediment to the freest motions of the fireman. Mr. Faraday, of the Royal Institution, has furnished the following description of one of the Chevalier's experiments:—

'The third experiment was with the complete apparatus. Two rows of faggots, mingled with straw, were arranged vertically against bars of iron, so as to form a passage between thirty feet long, and six feet wide. Four such arragements were made, differing in the proportion of wood and straw, and one was with straw alone. Fire was then applied to one of these double piles; and a fireman, invested in the defensive clothing, and guarded by the shield, entered between the double hedge of flames, and traversed the alley several times. The flames rose ten feet in height, and joined over his head. Each passage was made slowly, and occupied from twelve to fifteen seconds; they were repeated six or eight times, and even oftener, in succession, and the firemen were exposed to the almost constant action of the flames for the period of a minute and a half, or two minutes, and even more.

'When the course was made between the double range of faggots without straw, the fireman carried a kind of pannier on his back, prepared in such a way as to be fire-proof, in which was placed a child, with its head covered by an asbestos bonnet, and additionally protected by the wire-gauze shield.'—pp. 22, 23.

The worthy Chevalier, in the simplicity of his soul, counts on the most ardent support of the insurance companies. He knows but little of the *policy* of those to whose patronage he thus looks up. If a security from the depredations of fire could once be established, the occupation of the companies is gone.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Connected with Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

The Meetings of the Scientific Bodies in London for the present month are as follows:—Royal Society, 1st, 22d, 29th; Antiquarian, 1st, 23d, 29th; Linnæan, 6th, 20th; Zoological, 1st, 29th; Horticultural, 6th, 20th; of Arts, 7th, 14th, 21st, 28th; of Literature, 7th, 21st, 29th; Geological, 2d, 16th; Astronomical, 7th; Royal Institution, 2d, 23d, 30th; Royal Asiatic, 3d, 17th. The Anniversaries in the same month are, Antiquaries, the 23d; Royal Society of Literature, 29th; Zoological Society, 29th.

There is in the press a volume entitled Oxford English Prize Essays, in which are to be included Academic Efforts of Lords Eldon and Sidmouth, Bishops Burgess, Coplestone, &c.

The Life and Correspondence of Admiral Lord Rodney is in the press.

Miss Mitford, we are happy to be able to say, is about to produce a new volume of Country Stories.

There are now in Rome no less than 101 foreign Painters; 3 foreign Sculptors; and 8 Architects. Of the first description of Artists, 8 are Englishmen; of the second, 8 also; and of the last, 9 are English.

Mr. Moore's second volume of the "Notices" of Lord Byron's Life, &c., is on the eve of appearing.

The literary circles in Paris have been lately agitated by a curious case of literary piracy. A Mr. Defaucoupret had some time ago published a translation of Sir Walter Scott's Ivanhoe. Another translation, as it purported to be, was prepared by a Mr. A. Montemont, in which, however, it turned out that the first eleven chapters were stolen from the version of the former translator. The matter was brought before the Courts, and the purloiners were mulcted in the sum of 2000 francs, and were also obliged to suppress the said stolen chapters.

Mr. Campbell, the poet, is busily employed in organizing a club to be composed principally of literary men, and thence to be called the Literary Club. No man of the present day could be found to unite a greater number of the qualities necessary to succeed in such an undertaking than Mr. Campbell himself.

The "Travels of Prince Paul of Wirtemberg," is shortly to issue from the New Orleans press.

A very curious paper was recently read before the Society of Antiquaries by Mr. Ellis,—a history of Naval Uniform in England. In the time of Queen Elizabeth, it appeared from this communication, the commanders were ordered to dress in scarlet, which they continued to do by royal ordinance until the Commonwealth, and from that period till the time of George the Second, naval officers dressed according to their own fancies, each commander of a vessel having a whim in costume of his own. A letter on the same subject was also read by Mr. Locker, of Greenwich Hospital, who states that the present naval uniform (blue, faced with white) was ordered by George the Second, in consequence of observing the effect of those blended colours, in a riding-dress of the Duchess of Bedford's. Epaulettes, it seems, are quite a modern invention, insomuch, that Nelson, in the early part of his life, threatened to cut two of his naval friends, as intolerable *coxcombs*, merely because they mounted epaulettes.

Mr. Stapleton, private secretary to the late Mr. Canning, has in the press a History of the Political Life of that Minister, from his acceptance of the seals, in September, 1822, to his demise.

The Meteor steam vessel, Lieut. W. H. Symons, is the first steam ship that has ever conveyed the Foreign Post Office Mail. Her first trip was from Falmouth, on the 5th February, to the Mediterranean.

Sir Thomas Lawrence's will has been proved in Doctors' Commons, and the personal property sworn as under 45,000*l.*

The Baron de Humboldt does not intend to publish an account of his excursion to the Ural mountains of Siberia.

A project is now seriously contemplated for converting Primrose Hill into a cemetery, after the fashion of Père la Chaise at Paris. Plans and elevations have already been drawn, and it is proposed to accomplish the object by raising a fund of 400,000*l.* by subscription. It is a fact of some importance, with reference to this plan, that the number of bodies annually buried in London is 30,000.

The Netherlands have a circulation of 60,000 sheets of Newspapers a day; France has 72,380; and England 70,270: being at the rate of 1 to every 100 persons in the Netherlands, 1 to every 437 in France, and 1 to every 184 in England.

The Custom-house regulations respecting the importation of foreign books and prints are these:—All maps and prints *which merely illustrate works of literature* are exempt from the duty, *as they pass with the book*, being included in the 5*l.* per cent. But when the letter-press is only an explanation of the prints which it accompanies, they are liable to a separate duty.

A Tale from the elegant pen of Mr. Mc. Farlane, author of the popular work on Turkey, is announced. It is entitled the Armenians, and is intended to illustrate the manners and habits of the Turks and Armenians.

It appears from a list furnished by the police authorities to the prefect of police at Paris, that the number of English residing at present in different places in France is as follows:—Paris, 14,500; Versailles, 2080; St. Germain, 150; Tours, 2795; Bourdeaux, 965; Bareges, 80; Montpellier, 300; Marseilles, 120; Lyons, 60; Fontainbleau, 30; St. Quentin, 200; Dunkirk, 500; St. Omer, 700; Boulogne, 6800; Calais, 4550; other places, 1865. Total, 35,695.

On the 2d of April will be completed Vol. 1 of the National Portrait Gallery, containing thirty-six highly finished portraits of illustrious and eminent individuals of the nineteenth century. Edited by W. Jerdan, Esq. F.S.A. &c. &c.

In the Press.—Four Discourses, by William Hull.—The first volume of a Treatise on Optics, containing the Theory of Impolarized Light, by the Rev. Humphrey Lloyd, A.M., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.—The second edition of a volume of Sermons, by the Rev. Charles Tayler.—Theological Meditations, by a Sea Officer, in one vol. demy 12mo.—The Nature and Properties of the Sugar Cane: with practical directions for improving its Culture, and for the manufacture of its various products, by Mr. G. R. Porter.—The Effects of the late Colonial Policy of Great Britain, by Mr. Barclay.—Four splendid and accurate Views of the Frigates Shannon and Chesapeake; shewing their various positions, &c. during the action, fought on the 1st of June, 1813, most beautifully drawn on stone, by Mr. Haghe, under the inspection of Capt. R. H. King, R.N.—

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Hernani.—The triumphant success of this Tragedy, at Paris, has given the romantic party a decided advantage over the classic school. As this piece nearly absorbs the attention of the Parisians at this moment, we shall give the plot of it. The story and character are Spanish. Hernani, the son of a nobleman, being of an adventurous mind, attaches himself to banditti, after, however, having fallen in love with Donna Sole, who returns his affection. This girl is also admired by Don Carlos, who afterwards became Charles 5th of Spain. She has a third lover in the person of an antiquated, disagreeable, but importunate uncle, Don Gomez, with whom she resides. Under the oppression of the uncle's power, and, by various arts, the lady consents to a union with her relation. Whilst preparations for the wedding are going on, Hernani arrives in disguise, and, being pursued by the King and his men-at-arms, Don Gomez takes him under his protection, and secures him in a secret place. To all the King's entreaties the old man is firm, refusing to do an act contrary to the laws of hospitality. At last the royal pursuer is silenced by the offer of the lady to yield herself as a hostage for Hernani, and his majesty and train withdraw. This affair being over, the jealousy of the uncle returns against his guest, on whom he now looks only as a successful rival, and he provokes him to fight; but Hernani declines, and contents himself with giving a horn to Don Gomez, declaring to him, at the same time, in the most solemn manner, that whenever the sound of that instrument should reach his ears, that instant he would kill himself. An event arises now to call upon both to unite their efforts in a common object,—namely, to prevent Don Carlos from being elected Emperor. Hernani even attempts his person, for which Charles generously pardoned him, after his elevation to the throne, and further, gave him permission to marry Donna

Silvia. The tragedy, then, so far, appears likely to run the ordinary course of all comedies, and terminate in matrimony; but that would never do,—so old Gomez, sooner than see his niece united to his rival, avails himself of the effectual means of preventing it which Hernani left at his disposal. He winds the horn; the fatal sounds are obeyed by Hernani; he swallows poison; his intended bride follows his example; and Don Gomez completes the catastrophe by stabbing himself. Of this tragedy, full of the most striking innovations on the French Drama, a parody has been got up at the Porte St. Martin, and it is admirably humorous and pointed. The title is 'Ni Ni, a drama in Rhythmical Prose, translated from the Goth by a Vandal. Music by a Hun.' As a specimen of the manner in which the caricature has been done, we may mention one instance, in which the satire is not less amusing than it is critically just. The tragedy would appear to have its natural termination, as we already mentioned, where Charles pardons Hernani, and sanctions his marriage; this ends the fourth act. The parodist imitates the fault; but before the fifth act commences, which is to protract the action, and give it a different turn, one of the actors, gravely habited, and with a face of melancholy, comes forward, and begs to know from the audience if they will allow a few more last words.

Two more volumes, completing the literary labours of the celebrated Burckhardt, will shortly make their appearance. They are occupied chiefly with an account of the Wahabys, and Bedouins, and the modern Egyptians.

Paganini, the celebrated artist on the violin, is shortly expected in England. The great superiority of this performer is said to consist in an astonishing and unexampled effect which he produces on the fourth, or bass string, alone.

The first *Valet de Chambre* of Napoleon, M. Constant, is about to give us the late Emperor in his Slippers,—we do not know in how many volumes. This valet was only eight days absent during sixteen years of personal attendance on his imperial master.

Mr. Rankin, of Bristol, will shortly publish a Familiar Treatise on Life Assurances and Annuities, comprising a Historical Sketch of the Origin, Progress, and Present State of the Science, and of Life Assurance Offices, together with Observations on the Duration of Human Life, and on Various Objects of Interest connected with the subject.

*** Dr. Bowring again! Ecce iterum Crispinus! We have received, since our last Number, an Epistle, left at our office, like an infant in a basket, in a most anonymous predicament. It is, however, so comically extravagant, that we have no hesitation in at once swearing it to Dr. Bowring. They are as like as two eggs. The Doctor complaineth; he is wroth at the familiarity of our reprehension, and can never forgive us for so unmercifully putting him in the pillory of a doggrel chorus beside the shade of the unfortunate Miss Bailey. Now all this, Dr. Bowring ascribes to personal malice on our part—sheer envy, no doubt, being the proximate cause. Malice indeed—*The Monthly Review* entertain malice against Dr. Bowring? Marry, but this is a more exqusite song than the other. Does any man imagine that Lord Tenterden is actuated by personal ill-will against the offender on whom he passes the just sentence of the law? But this is the way with all these delinquents. Convicted on the fairest evidence, they have no other resource than some such recrimination as this—"Its all a conspiracy; and judge and jury are at the bottom of it. Poor Jack is as innocent a lad as the babe unborn; so help me,"—and the fellow rips out an oath.

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